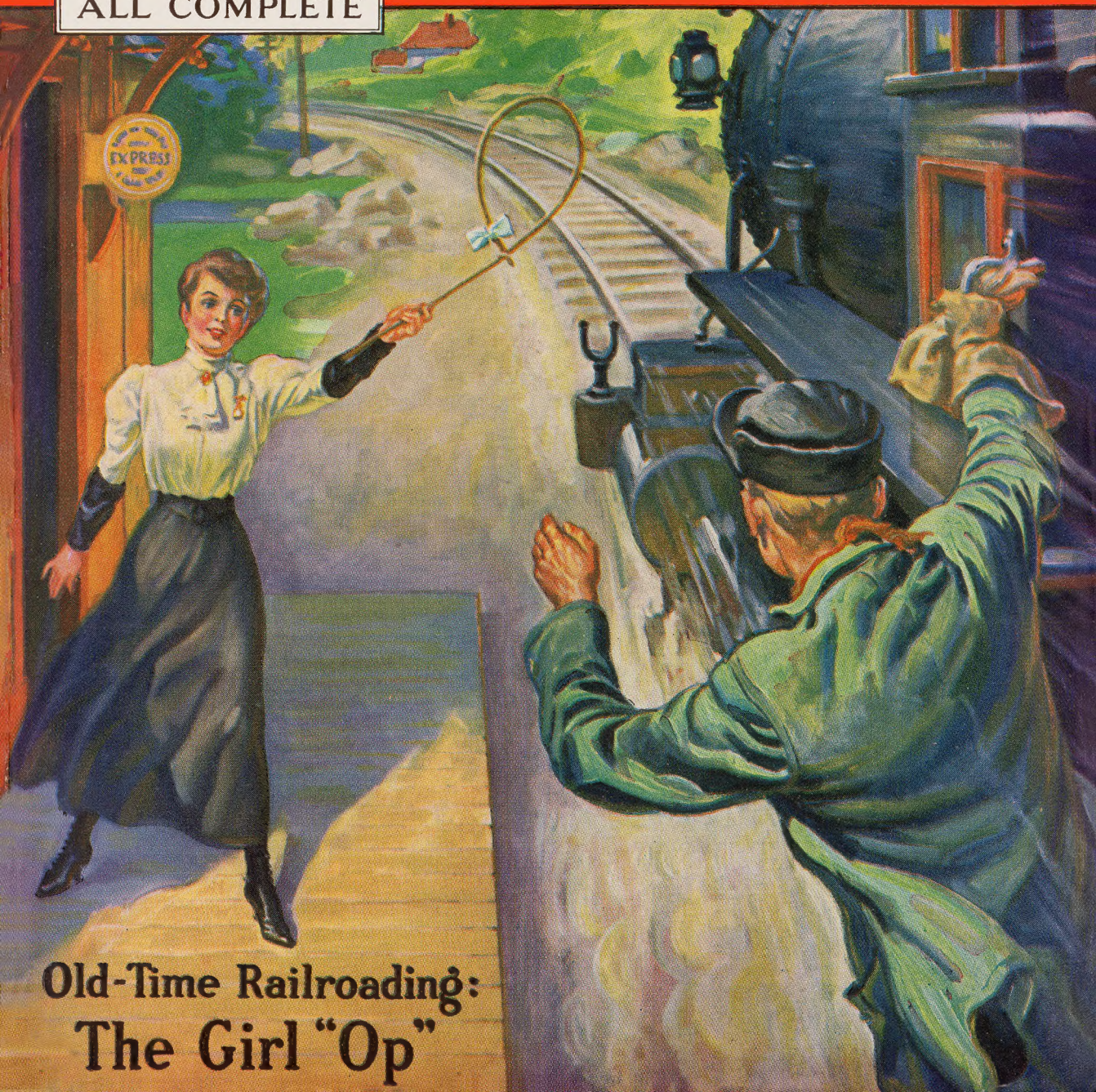
THE SPOTTER—*by* Frank L. Packard

RAILROAD STORIES

SEPTEMBER 15¢

ALL COMPLETE



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SEPTEMBER, 1935

Vol. XVIII, No. 2

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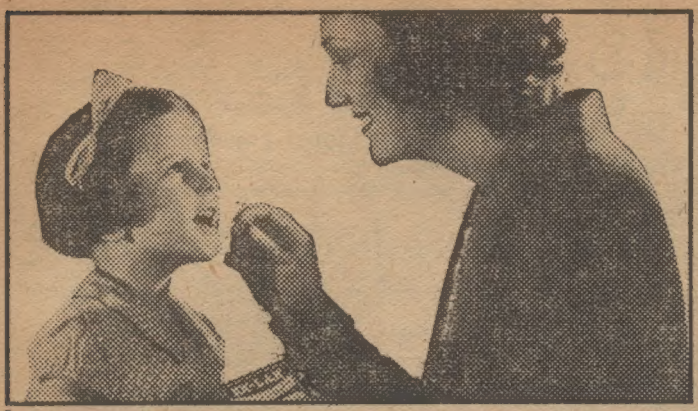

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32x6.00-20		3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21		3.65	1.25
29x6.50-17		3.45	1.35
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Box Cars

By BRIAN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH EASLEY

I CAN remember
When I was a boy
Lying on a grass-carpeted hillside,
In the warm, lush air of early summer
Watching the heavy trains roll by—
Puffing, snorting, wheedling engines
Pulling each a caravan of romance.

I can remember
The magic mystery of names,
The sounding sonorous syllabic titles
Boldly flaunted from drab brown cars.
Down the corridor of years
I see them yet.

The Santa Fe, road of the Holy Faith,
Redolent with the smell of cordite
From the barking guns of the James Boys;
Hocking Valley, painted in white
On cars, black as the coal they carried;
Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Great Western;
What dreams of Piutes, Shoshones, Cheyennes,
Of General Custer and Wounded Knee Creek
And the Little Big Horn!

Ah, the magic mystical music
Of names unknown
But dimly remembered from other sunny days
Filled with music . . .
Reminiscent of far-off places and
The pull of the open road,
Green fields—greener because far away.

Musical, melodious, romantic names like
Monongahela, Dominion Atlantic, and Lackawanna,
Piedmont & Northern, Tidewater & Southern,
Lehigh Valley and the Denver & Rio Grande,
Apalachicola Northern and the Bangor & Aroostook.

Alabama Central, Big Four, Nickel Plate,
Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic,
Chesapeake & Ohio, the Grand Trunk,
The Seaboard Air Line—what a name!
Cairo & Kanawha, the Cimarron
& Northwestern,
Abilene & Southern, Boston & Maine,
The Amador Central and the Blue Ridge
And the Dover & South Bound.

There they go—rattling, squealing, noisy,
Coupled together, north to south, east to west,
My train of memories and magic names.

Rattling and rumbling, they steam onward,
Down below me they clattered and grumbled,
Biting with dissonance their message
Into my consciousness,
The message of far-off places.

In later, less unhurried years
I can remember
Lying sleepless in my berth,
Impatiently slipping up the window shade
To stare restless into the flying night.

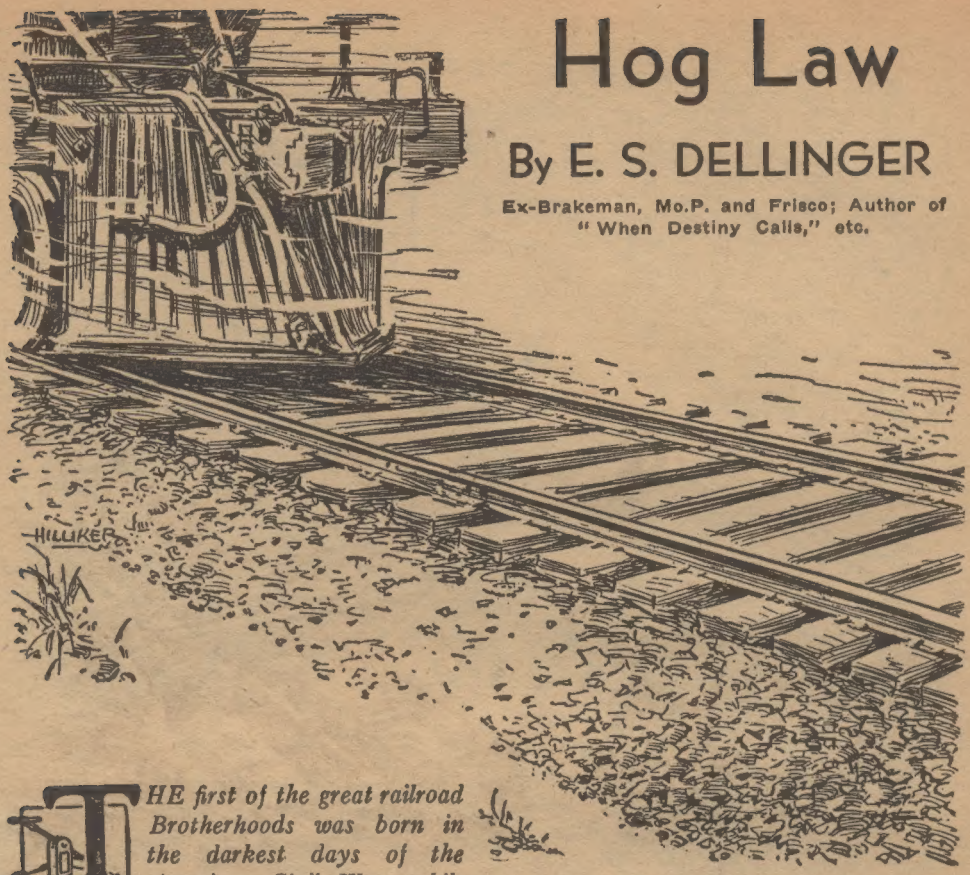
And, as the train flashes through lighted yards
I see like old friends, like old faces, on the cars:
The cross of the Santa Fe,
The mountain goat of the Great Northern
And the bold white Hocking Valley
On the black coal cars;

And I can remember a boy on a hillside
Dreaming of far-off places,
Watching, untroubled, the magic caravan below him.
Dreaming through the lush warm days of early summer.

Hog Law

By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Brakeman, Mo.P. and Frisco; Author of "When Destiny Calls," etc.



THE first of the great railroad Brotherhoods was born in the darkest days of the American Civil War, while General Grant's troops were closing around Vicksburg, Mississippi, and General Lee was heading northward.

On April 17th, 1863, a few hours after the Union fleet had successfully run the Vicksburg batteries with a convoy of transports, and a few days before the Union Army of the Potomac was badly beaten at Chancellorsville, a group of twelve locomotive engineers on the Michigan Central met at Marshall, Michigan.

These engineers, having lost the strike of '62, saw the need of organization. They planned and held a convention in Detroit, at which they formed the "Brotherhood of the Footboard." Their next convention was held in Indianapolis in 1864, when the name was changed to the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," and an intelligent membership set to work building the first of the powerful railroad labor unions.

On July 6th, 1868, the Order of Railway Conductors was formed. On December 1st, 1873, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen was added to the list; and on September 23rd, 1883, train and yard men created the fourth of the Big Four, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

BEFORE Rud Randall was twenty-one he knew he was a Brotherhood man. He decided that nobody who worked on a railroad could be anything else because in the organizations was the social life, and the union of effort which could bring better things.

Rud cast his lot with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and al-

After a Man's Been on Duty Four Days and Four Nights, He Gets Kinda Sleepy!

though he lapsed his membership when he quit railroading for a while and went farming up at Beulah Bend, he never lapsed its tenets in his heart.

After being off the road for a few years, Rud took a job running on the M. & M. in the late nineties. The M. & M. was a new road. Sol Kaplin was its chief stockholder and general manager. Old Sol, financier rather than railroader, had bought a pike to save its bonds, and had taken over its management determined to turn a white elephant into a dollar machine.

The M. & M. was a " non-air " road. That is, an " open shop" road. Kaplin told his associates it must remain such.

" We own the railroad," he argued,

"and we will run it. We don't want any Brotherhood telling us how. *We* will be the Brotherhood."

He scratched a bald pate with bony forefinger, pulled steel-rimmed specks down over sharp eyes, and went on being the Brotherhood.

Rud did not enjoy the situation. No Brotherhood man is ever satisfied outside his order. Here was jealousy, favoritism, injustice. Soft-soapers, kinsfolk, and "yes-sir" boys got the favors. Capable men were discharged for standing up for their rights. No job was safe.

Rud missed the protection of the order, but he kept still. Why worry? He intended to railroad only a few months to pay off the mortgage for Molly and the babies. Then he was going to quit—at least he *thought* he was.

Months grew into years. Brotherhoods were doing things which Rud thought all railroad men should be in on. They had secured the Safety Appliance Law, compelling roads to equip with air brakes and automatic couplers. They were fighting for more stringent regulation, for the eight-hour day, for the sixteen-hour limit of service, for wage increases.

When in the summer of 1904, Max Schaffer, nephew of a director of the M. & M., was run around eight engineers and given the throttle of the "Mississippi Mail," Rud used the occasion to tell the boys it was time to bring in the Brotherhoods and establish seniority.

Brotherhood men set quietly to work. Alert officials were on them. Within a month, half the dozen had been discharged on one pretext or another. Instead of turning Rud off, Superintendent Goodman called him into the office.

"I understand you engineers are trying to organize on the M. & M.," he said sternly.

"What of it? This is a free—"

"Listen, Randall." The official laid a hand on Rud's shoulder. "I like you. You've done things for me that I can't forget. But I'm warning you as a friend that if you aim to work for the M. & M., you'd better forget the organizations. There are no Brotherhoods on this job—and there won't be!"

The official exacted no promise. Rud made none, but from that day on, he never relaxed in his determination to see the Brotherhoods organized on the M. & M.

Fall rush struck the M. & M. like a bolt from the blue. As usual, it found management unprepared to handle it. Red-ball freight blocked terminal yards, and green-ball cars clogged blind sidings. Frantic officials burned up telegraph wires hunting men and power to break the jam.

As usual, the train and engine men took the rap. More trains made longer days. Rest periods grew shorter and shorter. Soon they were working night and day—twenty hours on the road, turn around and go back again—with never a minute's freedom from responsibility.

THROUGH the blistering August noon, dead freight train No. 67 crawled wheezing and groaning up Swing River Valley. Although the No. 541 had been resurrected two weeks before from the roundhouse graveyard and her rotten slats smeared with new paint to hide her rottenness, officials had pressed her into service.

A stuttering yardmaster in Darrel had hung full tonnage on her tail, and had profanely ordered Engineer Ran-

dall and Fireman Dave Hall to "G-get this p-pile of sh-shiverin' sh-sheet iron out t-town" before she laid down and died on them.

That was seven o'clock at night. For nineteen hours they had headed in and out of passing tracks, had doubled hills and hogged down on hummocks, had reduced at Windigo and filled at Benton.

For nineteen hours Dave Hall had baled rotten coal through a blistering firedoor, had fished hundred-pound clinkers out of a furnace hotter than hell's brimstone ribs. For nineteen hours Rud Randall, changing off with Hall, had coaxed and cursed and petted and pounded the ancient No. 541 trying to get a train over a railroad.

And for sixty hours before that they had wheeled other scrap heaps dragging other trains over their hundred-twenty mile run of Ozark hill and valley, sweltering in the summer heat of 1904.

Seventy-nine hours on duty! Seventy-nine! Hundreds who rode the rail at the turn of the century before the Brotherhoods got the Hog Law through Congress will remember and shudder at the recollection.

Backs ached. Stinking sweat oozed from grimy pores, ran down into heavy shoes which had not been unlaced for more than three days. Dirty denim clung to stained bodies like plaster, and white salt glistened where sweat had dried.

At fifteen miles an hour they labored up the valley. Steam was down on the gage and the needle slipping. Not Vulcan himself could have held it to the peg. Exhausts *whooshed* weakly. Wheezy air pumps raced.

Steam leaked in a hot fog from pump and piston; and through the white fog Engineer Randall peered dazedly from over half-closed eyes at fields of corn whose blades, twisted into shoestrings, drooped in the heat of the breathless valley.

Nine miles up the valley was his home at Beulah Bend—the end of this run and the beginning of another. Heavy eyelids came together. The engineer's head drooped lower.

A dozen rail-lengths clacked unheard beneath his wheels. Through a haze of half-sleep came familiar sounds —the firebox door closing, a disgusted "damn!" dull clank of a shaker bar coming big-end down on scooping apron.

Rud jerked up his head, blinked foolishly into the deck at Dave Hall, fumbling with the bar, trying to find peg with socket.

"Forget it, Dave!" he babbled. "Let 'em clean the fire in Beulah if they want her cleaned. You've rawhided enough on this lousy pike."

"We'll never make it in with this fire," Dave rasped back. "She's clinkered and choked . . ."

Dave fitted bar to peg. Rud untangled himself from his levers and came to help, for no one man could shake those old grates when they were clinkered. They tugged and heaved. The top of the bar wiggled, a quarter-inch, a half-inch, an inch, a full swing. The engine was running herself.

Rud took the bar away from the fireman. "You get up and twist her tail awhile," he ordered. "I'll shake 'em down and build up your fire for you."

THE grateful fireman took the throttle. Rud fished clinkers through the door and sent them slithering into green weeds. When the fire was cleaned, he laid aside the bar, flung the water jug over his shoulder, took a draught and came to the right side.

Dave was slumped over the brake stand. Rud aroused him. "Tired, old-timer?"

"Tired?" Dave muttered. "I'm too near dead to be tired."

"You might as well get resurrected," said Rud grimly, "because you're going to turn around and start back as soon as you get into Beulah."

"They *surely* won't turn *this* crew again," the tallowpot groaned.

"Don't kid yourself, Dave! We'll be the first out when we get in; and if they've got an engine that'll hold together till she gets by the yard limit, they'll put us on her and start us east again."

"But listen, man, think how long we've been at it!"

Rud was sardonic. "Little do the brass hats care how long," he said, referring to the company officials. "They hired us serfs to move tonnage. They'll keep us at it as long as there's a wheel to roll and a hog to roll it with."

Dave Hall glanced away and climbed down from the platform. Dave was not a Brotherhood man. He looked to the office for his favors. When brass hats snapped fingers, he stood on his hind legs and said, "Yes, *sir*," with an emphasis on the *sir* which brought ready notice.

Though Dave had been firing less than two years, he had been run around a dozen men and promoted. Already he had made several trips running; and officials, knowing that the Brotherhood crowd was after him, had promised to give him a regular throttle as soon as they could squeeze him in.

Returning to his post, Rud continued: "That's the trouble with these non-air pikes. Officials can rawhide the life out of you, and you have no recourse. Our only hope is to line up with the labor organizations, get contracts and laws which will work for our protection."

But Dave Hall was not listening. Dave was in the deck working like a black slave.

THEY dragged into Beulah Bend at 12.50, cut off engine No. 541 and headed her into the roundhouse lead. Before they could get off, hostlers had come to run her over the pit and clean her fires. Rud turned in a work report, and registered. They started home. The red-headed call boy and the roundhouse foreman were waiting at the door.

"You birds don't need to rush off," the kid barked importantly. "Yuh're gittin' right back out, both of yuh."

"But—"

"Don't say it, Randall," the caller cut in. "I know. Yuh been on duty since Christmas Eve without washin' yuhr feet or changin' yuhr sox. Yuh couldn't stay awake another hour to save yuhr souls from perdition. Yuhr grandma's dyin' of old age. Don't *but* me. I'm callin' both of yuh. Randall, yuh're takin' out Number Four at 2.15. Hall, yuh're gettin' wheat drag in Randall's turn."

Dave perked up, raised his tired head and said, "Yes, *sir!*"

The roundhouse foreman slapped him on the back. "That's the way to take it, Dave. Man makes his money stayin' on the job."

The call boy continued. "Yuh're gittin' the 541, Hall, an' a fresh fireman just hired on today."

"But you can't turn that old No. 541," Rud protested. "I just turned in a work sheet on her as long as your arm. She's got to have a boiler wash, and an air pump and two pistons repacked, and—"

"You brought in a train with her, didn't yuh?" challenged the foreman.

"Yeah, but—"

"Hall's goin' to take one out with her—savvy? We ain't got time to fool around doin' a lot of unnecessary work on these engines just because some crabbin' hoghead turns in a work report. She'll be all set to go in forty minutes, Hall. You be ready to grab her."

Rud did not protest further. He had written a conscientious work report. Anyway, *he* was not taking the old mill out.

Leaving his grip in the crew room, Rud went to town. A four-hour run on passenger with five or six hours dark sleep at the other end was something to look forward to. He called Molly and told her he was turning again.

"But, darling," his wife remonstrated, "how can you—"

"Don't you worry now," he bantered. "If this rush keeps up, I'll have that mortgage paid off by the time the snow flies, and then I'll quit the danged job and come home to live with you and the kiddies."

A ringing laugh of unbelief came from the other end of the wire. Molly drove into town with clean clothes and a hot lunch for her mate. Rud kissed her hello, turned her around and kissed her good-by, and left town at 2.35 with the Mississippi Mail.

A Windjammer Fireman

DAVE HALL, elated at the prospect of getting a throttle, even on a hog that wouldn't steam, wouldn't pull and wouldn't run, hurried to the "greasy spoon" (restaurant), gulped a hasty meal, and returned to the roundhouse to help get engine No. 541 ready for the road.

Long before leaving time, the engineer was aware that his new man off the Michigan Central was a windjammer instead of a fireman. When Dave took his first look into the firebox, he saw a load of green coal neatly rounded up on the center of the grates with the corners bare. He called the man over and pointed dramatically into the hot maw.

"Is that the way you fire an engine?" he demanded with official sternness.

"Sure is, old bean," came the answer. "That's the only way to fire one. Feed her the fuel and keep the blower goin'."

Immediately the engineer knew that whatever else his helper might have done, he had never fired a locomotive. Hall asked searching questions. The windjammer blustered, and finally admitted that his *three years' experience* on the Michigan Central had been firing a sawmill engine with cordwood.

"I sure put one over these hill-billies down here," he boasted. "First time I ever throwed a scoop of coal into a firebox in my life."

Upon discovery of this deception, Rud Randall would have reported to the roundhouse and held his train for a competent fireman. But Dave Hall was different. Dave was a *good fellow.* He wanted to do his bit to help overworked officials to keep traffic on the road instead of in terminal. He proceeded to help the windjammer raise steam, and to instruct him in the art of making a coal-destroyer function.

In spare moments he helped the

roundhouse boys make necessary repairs on the old scrap pile. When finally the yard had his train ready, Dave followed the Mississippi Mail out of town at 2.55 with twenty-one cars of export wheat for New Orleans.

The Lord was with him on the first fifty miles. Dave had a tank of real coal out of Beulah Bend, the first he had seen all summer. The fifty miles to Benton was down an easy water grade. He made a good run. In spite of three stops to cool hot boxes on wheat cars, he arrived in Benton at 5.30.

Dave patted himself on the back. Although he liked Rud Randall, he could not help thinking how much better time they were making on the down trip with himself at the throttle than they had this morning going up with Rud there.

" Randall's so infernally tied up with this Brotherhood stuff," he thought aloud, " that he can't take time to do a job running an engine. That's the trouble with these boys. If a man's a real engineer, it won't make much difference . . . "

But when Dave started up out of Benton, the Lord must have been busy somewhere else. Dave took a full tank of water down there. All freight did that at Benton, because it was twenty-eight crooked miles over the hills to Windigo.

Dave also took on a full tank of coal. He frowned when he saw it spilling down from the chutes. He'd had good lump coal out of Beulah Bend, but this stuff was slack mixed with black Kansas dirt. It was worse, if possible, than the tank he had taken here this morning, and almost failed to get in with.

The engineer groaned, because he knew that with the old 541 not steaming, with a tank of rotten slack, with a cordwood fireman, he was going to work tonight as he had never done before.

Dave started to curse official incompetency, as Randall did. Then he charitably remembered that officials could not help it because contractors furnished them with dirt instead of coal, and whistled a few bars of " My Wild Irish Rose."

GRIEF started before they got around the first curve. In spite of Dave's solemn warning to fire thin and keep it scattered, the windjammer fired to suit himself. He had kept the engine popping most of the way down the valley. He probably thought he'd keep her popping off the rest of the way over. But he was to be quickly disillusioned.

Dave pulled out of Benton with the reverse in the corner and the throttle out, making a run for the heavy grade leading up to Vance. Immediately the needle took a nose dive. He slipped into the deck to look into the firebox.

While the engineer had been oiling around, the windjammer had loaded his grates a foot thick with slack, so that no draft could get through it. Dave called the new man, talked to him like a missionary. But it was too late now. They hogged down before they got to the hard pull, and Dave whistled out a flag.

The conductor was " Three-Fingered" Jim Kindle. Jim was an old O.R.C. marooned by fate on this non-air pike. Forty years of playing night nurse to freight trains had edged his tongue to dagger sharpness. He came up the engine steps slashing with it.

" Of all the disreputable excuses for railroads I ever seen," he was screeching, " this M. & M. takes the prize.

Scrap heaps for power! Nipple-suckin' student firemen tryin' to run engines; brass-veneered woodchoppers tryin' to fire 'em! No coal! No steam! No nothin' but rawhide all day and all night . . ."

Three-Fingered Jim talked while Dave took two pieces of train into Vance. By this time the engineer's sweet mood was gone. Eighty-eight hours on duty and a twenty-minute lecture from Jim Kindle would sour the temper of an angel.

Dave dropped remarks about old fossils who ought to be in lunatic asylums instead of running freight trains, and the irate conductor stamped through heat and darkness to the sacred precincts of his red caboose.

The weary crew had their train coupled ready to leave Vance at 8.20. The moon was down. Sleep devils were prodding. Dave waited ten eternal minutes for the air brakes to pump off. Pumps in those days were slow.

Dave was in a hurry to get out of town. If he stayed here another ten minutes he'd be stuck for No. 1.

He kept blinking at the air gage. Pressure came up slowly, because the air pump needed repacking. He had set brakes at 75. When the gage showed 68 he figured leakage would have helped let the last ones off. He had to get going or he'd fall asleep at his post.

He whistled a *whoo-whoooa!* A fumbling light at the rear swung a highball. Dave braced his feet, pulled the Johnson bar toward the caboose and went back to get some slack. He didn't take time to ease ahead and find out whether his brakes had all released. Brains drugged from lack of sleep don't think of things like that, and habit doesn't function with student brakemen.

He braced his feet again, let the long bar go into the forward corner, yanked the throttle against the peg. The head end started. The rear end didn't, because it was anchored to stubborn brakes not yet pumped off.

For ten feet the engine stumbled forward. It stopped suddenly with brakes in emergency. Dave looked foolishly back along the train. Taking the slack, he had pulled out a drawbar.

Chaining up bad order cars at night after four days on duty doesn't soothe freight conductors. Old Three-Finger, without looking to see which end of the car the lung was out of, came hurtling toward the cab. He was dead tired but his tongue wasn't.

"An' they call you an engineer!" he screamed. "You! Why, blast your incompetent hide . . ."

WHILE Jim was talking, Dave got signals from the trainmen and shoved the bad-order car into the house track so they could pick it up behind the caboose pulling out. The conductor talked until he was black in the face. His last bellow was:

"All I've done since I been on this lousy pike is go around leadin' on behind the caboose with a lung out of it because some ignorant excuse for a engineer didn't have brains enough to pump off his brakes before he took the slack out of a million tons of wheat!"

They remained at Vance for No. 1. Dave checked orders. He had until 11.20 to make Kelton, seven miles away, for No. 61. They could make it if No. 1 was on time.

He and the windjammer shook down the fire and got it in good shape. Then for the first time since leaving Beulah he sat down to rest. Dave felt discouraged. This run which had begun so beautifully had gone to smash.

"All because of my own bungling," he muttered thickly. Then he thought that maybe if he hadn't been so dead on his feet, he might have handled the situation better.

He yawned. Four days and four nights on duty! Elation which had at first kept him alert was gone. Reaction had set in. Paralysis seemed tugging at heavy eyelids. He could not hold them up. Longingly he looked back at the dingy "hay-board."

Before the sixteen-hour law was passed, some railroad officials had recognized the fact that Nature's laws cannot be set aside; that even railroad men could not go on forever without sleeping. They had equipped engines with portable beds called "hay-boards," pieces of plank seven feet long by twenty inches wide, with flat cushions to cover them.

When they were in sidings, the engine crew would lay this hay-board from seat to seat, and take turns about watching and sleeping. It was a dangerous practice, because there were orders to be looked after and trains whose engine numbers must be checked.

Dave looked at his hay-board, then at his green fireman, and remembered something Randall had said about his not being able to stay awake another night. He climbed stiffly down from his cab to walk the cinders until No. 1 came.

No. 1 was due at Vance at 9.03. Dave kept watching the trees for sign of its headlight. 9.03 came and went. 9.20—9.30. Why in heaven's name didn't that streak of varnish come on?

"Looks to me like they'd put out time on these trains when they're an hour late," he grouched, "so a man wouldn't get stuck for them."

Dave hushed. He remembered that he was in a blind siding and had not been near an open telegraph office for three hours.

He kept pacing the cinders. He watched the green marker. It grew large and dim. It broke up into a multitude of sparks, and the sparks faded out. The engineer stubbed his toe on a fishplate and stumbled into a box car. He came to himself with an oath. He had gone to sleep walking the cinders.

He went around the engine, opened the faucet on the tender and bathed his dirty face in cold water. That aroused him a bit, but not enough to make him close the old faucet tightly when he turned it off.

If Dave Hall could have read the future he would have taken special pains to turn off that faucet.

A WHISTLE rang to the east. A headlight shuttled through the trees. At 9.55 the belated train roared up the line. Her engineer was whistling a series of short, sharp blasts—signal to the crew of the marooned freight that he had orders for them.

Dave darted up to the cab, returned with a lighted torch, and picked up the tissue sheets tossed down tied to a heavy washer.

In the roll were two orders. He read the first one:

C & E, exa 541 east c|o No. 1. 1st No. 61, eng. 769, and 2nd No. 61, eng. 855; wait at Windigo until 12.40 a.m., Sarvice 12.55 a.m., Kelton 1.15 a.m. for exa 541 east.

The second order, similarly addressed, read as follows:

No. 7, eng 324, and 1st No. 3, eng 302, and 2nd No. 3, eng 308; wait at Windigo until 12.20 a.m., Sarvice 1.30 a.m., Kelton 1.42 a.m. for No. 62 and eastward extras.

Dave had to struggle to keep his mind focussed on those orders long

enough to understand them. To be sure of himself, he read them aloud to the windjammer.

"We've got till 12.20 to go to Windigo," he explained. "If we don't get other orders we'll meet three passenger trains and two freights there."

"I get yuh, cap," the windjammer answered.

The windjammer commenced baling in coal. The head brakeman opened the switch. Dave checked back through his orders. He had two hours and fifteen minutes to go twenty-three miles and get in the clear. He certainly ought to make it—*if* nothing happened.

But the Lord was still busy looking after somebody else.

Dave left Vance with plenty of steam. He kept rolling steadily over the flats. Twice within a mile the track fell out from ahead of him and the engine started toppling into empty space. Dave jerked himself awake, shaking his head to stop the birds from singing. How he wished the Brotherhoods could get that law passed so a man wouldn't have to work all day and night!

"I'd give ten dollars for one good hour's sleep," Dave thought.

He looked longingly down at the wet coal pile. It seemed smooth and soft. He scrambled out from among his levers, peered into the firebox, picked up the scoop and threw a scoopful in each corner.

Then he returned to blink dumbly along the tracks. He made the eight miles to Kelton in twenty-six minutes. It seemed like twenty-six years.

Kelton was the last open office to Windigo, two miles beyond the tank. The order board was green, and the operator waved and shouted at him to hit the ball.

The seven miles from Kelton to Jarvis is over a succession of hollows with short sharp grades. Dave went into the first one at forty miles an hour. That was as fast as the 541 would run. He hit the opposing grade at a good clip and smiled sleepily. He was going over in fine shape.

When he was halfway up, the exhaust began slowing rapidly. Dave looked at his steam gage. It showed 150. His trouble wasn't steam. He looked at the air gage. It had dropped from 75 to 70. He shouted across the deck to the brakeman:

"Get out of here, quick, Barton, and dash back on that train. You've got some brakes sticking."

Barton came into the deck clawing cinders out of stiff-lidded eyes. He dropped off into the weeds to watch the train run by him. Dave whistled "Release brakes!" He whistled it like he meant it, but before the echoes of this whistle had died on the night woods, the train was stopped dead still a hundred feet from the rest of the ridge.

INSTEAD of Three-Fingered Jim coming over now, it was time for Dave to go back. He went. He told the train crew what he thought of a gang of witless wonders who would sit on their bottoms and let sticking brakes drag down a man when he was trying to go somewhere.

But the trainmen had an alibi. The drawbar on the third car ahead of the caboose was weak. With the added weight of the "bad order" wheat car they had switched behind at Vance, it had stretched until the hose connection was leaking like a sieve.

The conductor sent his brakeman to the caboose for a "dummy." Now a dummy, as every railroad man knows, is a short piece of hose with couplings

on its ends used to splice regular hose connections when weak drawbars permit them to stretch and leak air. The crew slipped in the dummy and were ready to go.

Dave hustled back to his engine. He took the slack. The old 541 stood still and tap-danced. He tried again, with the conductor holding a handbrake on the caboose to help him.

The only way he could go was back. He was stuck here on this nasty little grade. Unless he could manage some way to get in motion he was going to have to double into Sarvice. If he doubled into Sarvice, he would be the laughing stock of the division.

He scratched his head sticky with sweat and grease and coal dust. The grade was short. If only he was back across the hollow, he could get a run for the hill and make it over. It was not far, a mile and a half at most. The track was straight.

He knew he had no rights back there. Somebody else might be coming over that hill. But he had seen other engineers "back up and take a run at it." His leaden brain didn't warn him that he had been long upon the road, that a faster extra might be right behind him, ready to pop over that hill.

He whistled *whu-whu-whu,* signal that he wanted to back up. A white light swung a stop sign. Dave whistled again, longer and louder. Maybe Jim Kindle didn't understand.

But Old Jim must have understood. He swung the light so hard this time that Dave could almost hear it screaming cuss words. A few seconds later a headlight popped out of the cut. If Dave had started back he would have rammed squarely into that other extra!

The lantern was coming over to the head end again. Dave figured Old Jim aimed to continue educating a student engineer. He determined not to wait for the education. He rammed back another time to take the slack. Before the rolling wheels stopped, he horsed the Johnson bar toward the pilot and opened up.

The iron horse went a few feet, then his hand fell off the air gage. He had pulled out another drawbar.

Dave's heart went down. Why, oh why, hadn't he cut off and doubled into Sarvice instead of pawing around trying to take slack on that nasty little grade? Now he'd have to double in, and lose an hour chaining up a car besides.

Old Jim was coming. Maybe he had a hunch Dave couldn't take another lesson tonight, or maybe he thought this student engineer was hopeless. At any rate, he gave a go-ahead sign, and caught a box car, somewhere back in the darkness, and they took the head end of their train into Sarvice.

IT was after eleven when they dragged their rear end into Sarvice. The following extra ran around them, and went on to Windigo. Dave coupled up, intending to follow. He still had plenty of time.

But he didn't go—because as he laid his hand on the whistle cord to say he was ready, the left injector quit working. Dave tried the right one. It refused to pick up the water.

Dave was dumfounded. He knew he had not used a full tank of water, the way he had been loafing along. He called the fireman.

"Did you fill that tank full, at Benton?'" he demanded.

"I sure did. Clear to the top."

Dave went back to investigate. The tank was dry. He looked around. The old faucet had jarred open and leaked away their water.

He stumbled back and glanced at his gages. There was enough water to run the light engine to the Windigo tank, but not enough to take twenty cars of wheat with him. He ordered the fireman to cut off. The brakeman had the switch open. Dave picked him up as he ran out, pulled over the hump, and drifted the four miles to Windigo tank.

He took a half-tank of water, ran back to Sarvice, tied into his train and pumped off the air. It was then 11.45. No. 7 was due out of Windigo at 12.20. Thirty-five minutes was short time. He might make it.

Dave whistled a questioning *whoo-whooah* and peered back to see whether the rear end wanted to go. The white light hanging under the cupola window did not move.

The engineer swore a little. Unless No. 7 brought orders, he was stuck again in a blind siding, this time for three passenger trains and two freights. He might be here all night.

He looked rearward. No white light was moving. Evidently the men in the caboose had hit the hay to sleep until the "procession" ran.

As a matter of fact, the head brakeman was scaring the snakes from a soft spot up by the east switch. The fireman was taking it easy, with both feet on the brakeman's seat, and a black pipe in his big mouth.

Dave looked longingly at his hay-board. "Wait till Number Seven runs," he thought. "If she don't bring us orders . . ."

He climbed to the ground and oiled around. The hogger could not sit still and keep awake. He walked to the caboose and back. Neither Jim nor the hind man knew when he went in the back door and got a drink out of the water keg.

At 12.40 train No. 7 showed. She had no orders. Lighted cars streaked through darkness with passengers asleep in berths.

Tail lights disappeared. Dave Hall returned to his cab. The hay-board beckoned like the devil's own finger. Often he and Rud Randall had taken turns using it. He looked over at the windjammer. The fellow was still smoking the short-stemmed pipe. He looked wide enough awake. Dave went over to him.

"Reckon, buddy," he queried, "you could look after things for a little while? I've not been in bed since the day before I was born. I'm about all in."

"Me! Sure! I may not be the best fireman in the world, but I can sure'n hell stay awake."

Dave forgot a maxim of Randall's which ran: "Never trust the loud-mouthed ones till you've tried 'em out." He gave necessary instructions, reminded the fireman that they were meeting two more passenger trains with engines 308 and 303, and two freights with engines 769 and 866, cautioned him about keeping the boiler full, and fire under it.

"Leave it to me, cap," breezed the windy one. "I'll look after 'em. You go right ahead and get your rest."

Dave pulled down the board and laid it cross the seats. He adjusted the grimy uneven cushions. Tonight they felt like eiderdown. He smoothed the humps and slept.

YEARS of night went by. They were troubled years. Trains kept coming and going incessantly, dream trains. Finally he heard a terrified clap of thunder. It was followed by the voice of an engine whistle bellowing a long and two short blasts. His

tortured brain registered: "First Number Three. I've got to answer—"

Then the two answering blasts from his own whistle rang out. The fireman was awake and on the job. Dave did not get up. He mumbled: "Whassa—whassa engine number?"

"Figgers on the headlight says it's 303," the fireman quoted. "Go to sleep and forget it."

Dave went to sleep. He did not sleep long. He awoke to the sound of coach wheels receding w e s t w a r d. Little dreaming that seconds only had elapsed, and that this was the rear end of 1st No. 3, which had whistled signals when he was last awake, he registered in his dull brain "Second Number Three," and slept once more.

This time he slept longer, much longer. Other trains passed. How many he did not know, because some of them were dream trains. He snapped awake to the clack of caboose wheels going west, and the gleam of crimson markers falling in his cab.

He blinked up at the dingy cab roof. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the fireman. The windjammer was rubbing his eyes and yawning. Dave got off the hay-board. He had the feeling that something was wrong, that too many men had slept that night.

He looked at his watch. It was 2.50. He looked at the steam gage. The needle was down under a hundred. He peered into the firebox. Fire was almost dead.

The windjammer came into the deck, and they soon had it going. Dave postponed asking the question that he knew must be answered. Finally: "How many of 'em's gone, buddy?"

"All of 'em." The windjammer did not hesitate. He was not the best fireman, but he could stay awake!

"Sure?"

"Sure! I checked 'em all off the list."

Dave knew the windjammer had been asleep; how long or how soundly he could not even guess. He was aware that the last train by had been a freight. From the orders, that was what he had expected; three passenger trains following each other rather closely, and two freights following the passengers.

He reasoned further that if this last freight had whistled signals, he would have heard the whistle. And that if no one had answered the signal, the crew would have stopped to investigate. Therefore, this last train must have been 2nd No. 61, which by rights should have been the last one of the five. He had no reason to doubt the fireman's word.

No reason in the world, yet he checked back mentally through the procession. He had heard 1st No. 3 go by whistling signals. The fireman had checked him the engine No. 303.

He remembered having heard the rear end of a passenger train—another passenger train, he thought—go by. The fireman had been awake then, standing in the gangway. Though Dave had asked no questions, he reasoned that train should have been 2nd No. 3, engine 308. He had no knowledge of 1st No. 61. He turned to the fireman.

"What time did First Sixty-one go?"

"First Sixty-one?" The fireman looked at his watch. "At 1.55, or about that."

"Did he whistle signals?"

"Yes, and I answered."

DAVE went back over the thing. Two hours of sound sleep had somewhat cleared his fogged brain. With No. 7, two No. 3's and two No.

61's out of the way, he was ready to leave town.

He whistled two short blasts. The light under the cupola window did not move. He whistled again. The light disappeared inside, and a moment later re-appeared coming toward the engine. Three-Fingered Jim swung up into the cab.

"Where yuh goin' for thet Second Number Three?" he queried.

"Second Number Three?" Dave smiled broadly. Evidently Old Jim had let one get by him.

"Sure. They've not gone, have they?" There was uncertainty in Old Jim's voice. Eighty-nine hours is a long time for a man of sixty-eight to remain on duty.

"Sure they're gone. They followed the first one."

"Like hell they did!"

"*Absolutely,*" breezed the fireman. "I checked their engine number, 308."

The fireman did not lie. He had checked engine No. 308, but it had been on one of those dream trains—a train conjured up by an awaiting subconscious mind.

Old Jim wavered. Both he and his hind man had been asleep. He had aroused and checked No. 7, then 1st No. 3, and 1st and 2nd No. 61, but he had no recollection of 2nd No. 3.

Jim turned around twice and started down the engine steps. He turned back and faced the two enginemen.

"If that train got by without my knowing it, it's the first time in forty-three years that one ever did," he said uneasily.

"It got by you all right!" Dave's voice carried conviction.

The fireman backed him up. They worked with their fire. The conductor aroused the head brakeman. The head man had heard a lot of trains go by. He was not sure how many. He had left it to the engineer and the conductor to do the checking. He thought there had been five.

Jim Kindle walked back to the caboose and talked with the hind man. The hind man was not at all sure that 2nd No. 3 had not run. He thought it might have done so. Jim returned to the engine. Both enginemen were still positive that all of the trains had gone.

The first streaks of dawn were coming into the east. The head brakeman opened the switch. Dave whistled off. The hind brakeman swung a highball. Old Jim started toward the caboose. Then he changed his mind, returned to climb into the cab, and they left town with him standing at Dave's elbow, watching uneasily through the treetops as the crimson flush climbed higher.

Main Line Meet

MEANWHILE, Rud Randall brought No. 8 into Darrel at 6.30. He went to bed and slept until 10.20. He was called for 2nd No. 3 at 11.15 with engine No. 308. When he came to the crew room his engine, which had gone into the roundhouse early in the night, had not come over the table.

Because the No. 308 was not ready, an overworked dispatcher was chewing an overworked roundhouse foreman. The foreman was blistering overworked helpers, and everybody was on the jump.

A hot-headed hostler, raw from long hours and too much chewing, barged into the cab to run the engine over the

table, and helpers lined for the No. 308. The hostler put his reverse in the back corner, snatched out a few inches of throttle and brought the nice new Pacific type passenger engine from the roundhouse, ready to jump to a stop six inches from the edge of the pit when he set his driver brakes.

A light signalled "Stop!" The hostler twisted the brake valve. He waited in stunned surprise. The engine did not stop.

Some bungler had turned the cutout cock on the driver brakes, and left it turned. The engine came plowing back. Startled men fled for safety. The tender of the 308 came over with the left wheels in air, and the right ones on the table, and stopped tilted so that the next move would send it crashing into the pit.

The roundhouse foreman fired the hostler, and called the big hook to put the tank back on the iron. Rud and his fireman stretched out on hard benches behind the coal chutes for another hour of shut eye.

At 11.15 train No. 7 came. Twenty minutes later, first and second No. 3 followed ten minutes apart. No. 7 left at 11.25. First No. 3 got out at 11.50, leaving Rud to come with 2nd No. 3 when her engine was ready.

The dispatcher considered sending Dave Hall another order, giving him the time on 2nd No. 3. Then he reasoned that with two sections of No. 61 and two passenger trains to meet, Dave would not be able to move until 2nd No. 3 had run. He let his old order stand.

At 1.40 the wrecking crew had the tank re-railed. The newly promoted hostler brought the engine to the chutes. Rud aroused his fireman, and they coupled to their train.

Rud left Darrel at 2.15. He was wide awake now. Six hours' rest had renewed his vitality. He felt as if he could go on for another week. His train was heavy—ten Pullman loads of delegates for a fraternal convention in Kansas City—but he urged the Pacific through the hills at fifty miles an hour.

At 3.20 he whistled for Windigo. He would not take water because he had plenty to go to Benton. He went down the tangent toward the tank at fifty-five running to make the four-mile grade leading up to Sarvice. Ten Pullmans, a heavy grade and Rud Randall would use plenty of steam. The fireman was in the deck making it.

The Windigo tank darted by on the left. Rud had kept an eye out for the No. 541 all the way. He knew he had not met it.

"Poor old Dave!" he mused. "Guess he's hung up in a blind siding somewhere."

Rud crashed through a cut, and nosed around swinging curves. The grade came down to his pilot wheels. He hooked his reverse forward notch by notch. He was still thinking of Dave.

"A few seasons like this, and all the no-bills on this pike will be bellowing for Brotherhood relief," he muttered to himself. "Poor fish! They'd all join us in a minute if they could see an inch—"

HE quit musing. He stood up to peer forward. What was that spark shuttling through the trees? It looked like— He could not see it now. He wavered, shoved up the throttle, spoke quietly to his fireman.

"Come here, Ben."

The fireman stuck the scoop. Rud had the air set, and the Pullmans were slowing.

"Grab that red light and a fusee and be ready to get up the hill. I think—"

"I don't see anything."

"I don't either now but—"

They both saw it. A ball of yellow fire flashed out of the cut. Rud did not take time to whistle out a flag, nor even to sound a back-up signal. His train had already stopped. With one hand he yanked the reverse toward him. With the other he flipped his brake valve on release, opened the throttle, and started backing up.

The ball of yellow fire did not stop. The engine behind it came into the glow of Rud's electric headlight.

The fireman jumped off with the red light and the fusee. He did not need them. As he hit the ground a fusee flashed out of the window of the oncoming engine, and her whistle rang on the night.

Nearer, nearer they came! Dave Hall worked air on the wheat drag. Rud Randall worked steam on the Pacific.

The gap closed. Pacific and Mogul were face to face, lone eyes burning, pop valves roaring, sending white geysers into the sky where the first touch of dawn was crimsoning the treetops.

Old Jim Kindle and the windjammer hunted frenziedly for the right-of-way fence. Dave Hall's stiff body filled the right cab window of the 541. Rud Randall's stiff body filled the window of the 308.

The gap between pilots became a thin slit. Tight-throated listeners held breath waiting for the impending crash. When scant inches separated the pilots, the slit widened. Rud backed 2nd No. 3 to safety, and came up the track to meet the men who had overlooked their hand.

"I thought I'd taught you better than to try to smoke through these woods after midnight," he said jokingly to Dave.

A hothouse smile wavered for an instant on the greasy grimy countenance of the young engineer.

"I—we—"

"Went to sleep and lost count, eh!" The brass-bound brains of 2nd No. 3 asked the question.

Dave nodded. "Looks like it. What are you fellows? Second Number Three?"

"You guessed it, student. Didn't the dispatcher tell you he was running two No. Threes? Or maybe the first one forgot to put up the green, and whistle signals?"

Dave winced under the sarcastic tone. "We had the dope all right, but we checked you on the block of the first one."

"You ain't the first guy that's dreamed a train by, kid. Maybe next time yuh git a job on the railroad, yuh'll stay awake in these sidetracks."

THREE-FINGERED JIM usually talked. Tonight his tongue was still. His days railroading were done. When a man fixes a main line meet, punishment is always swift and certain.

At sixty-eight, a conductor could not find another railroad job. He was making his last trip. There was trembling in the hand which held a skeleton frame lantern—the old lantern which had lighted his feet over the tops of many a swaying freight train. The voice when he spoke was old and cracked, but the words were railroad words.

"We can't back up," he said. "You fellows will have to back into Windigo and let us by."

Rud was in no hurry to return to his engine. He rubbed the crystal of his

gold watch with a pensive thumb. Imagination conjured pictures — they were not pretty pictures:

A marble-pated Sol Kaplin instructing division officials to "Hire nobody when you don't have to. Make one man do the work of two. Even hiring and firing costs money."

Grimy men in overalls working incessantly through hellish heat and tortured darkness, while officials turned away applicants whose employment would have given them relief.

Old Three-Fingered Jim Kindle, forty-three years on the railroad, job gone, dragging up the last long mile in misery and disappointment.

Young Dave Hall, not a Brotherhood man but still a brother, discharged at the beginning of his career with a blot on his record that death alone could efface.

Behind these pictures, imagination painted in a dismal background. There were Old Jim's daughter, Mrs. Farge, and five children. They had been left without support through an accident in the rush last year. Charley Farge, dead on his feet for want of sleep, had been caught between car and platform at Windigo. Because the claim adjuster had a loophole, the M. & M. Railroad escaped employer's liability; and since then, Old Jim's check had gone to feed mouths which must now go hungry.

Rud Came up the Track to Meet the Men Who Had Overlooked Their Hand

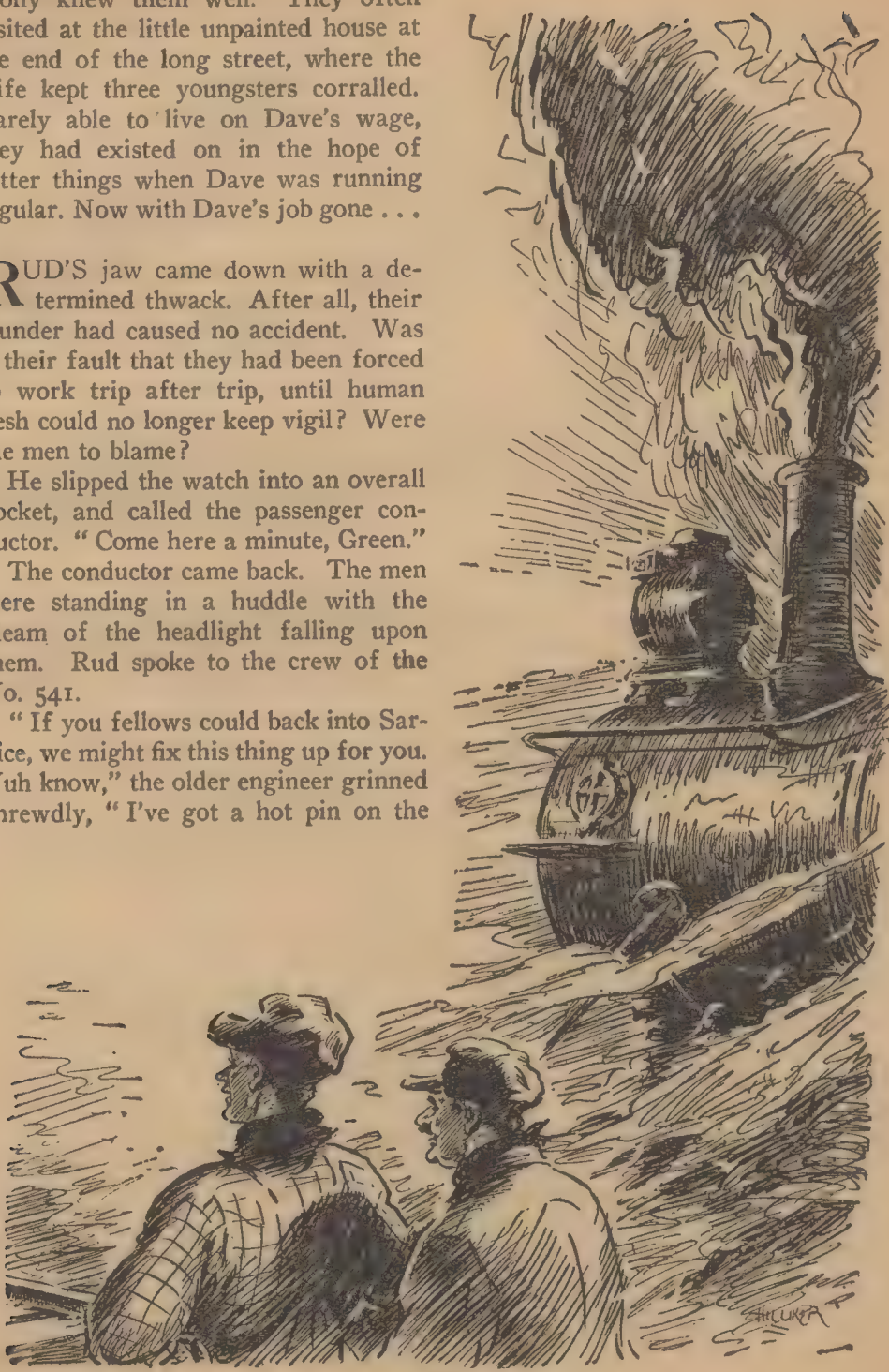
Then there were the Halls. Rud and Molly knew them well. They often visited at the little unpainted house at the end of the long street, where the wife kept three youngsters corralled. Barely able to live on Dave's wage, they had existed on in the hope of better things when Dave was running regular. Now with Dave's job gone . . .

RUD'S jaw came down with a determined thwack. After all, their blunder had caused no accident. Was it their fault that they had been forced to work trip after trip, until human flesh could no longer keep vigil? Were the men to blame?

He slipped the watch into an overall pocket, and called the passenger conductor. "Come here a minute, Green."

The conductor came back. The men were standing in a huddle with the gleam of the headlight falling upon them. Rud spoke to the crew of the No. 541.

"If you fellows could back into Sarvice, we might fix this thing up for you. Yuh know," the older engineer grinned shrewdly, "I've got a hot pin on the



engine. I been smelling it for the last ten miles. See?"

"Nothing doing, Randall!" Three-Fingered Jim was quite positive. "That's out of the question."

"But why? We didn't hit. If we all keep still—"

"If you and Green try to shield Hall and me, the super will fire you too quick to talk about. He'll hear the news. Ten of us know what's happened. *Three* of us *might* keep the secret. That's one reason. The other is, this old mill would never budge the tonnage we've got. The only way we can go is down. No boys, Hall and me blundered. We'll take the rap. You back into Windigo. We'll follow you in and make full report."

The old conductor spoke with finality. They reported. Officials were hard in those days. The dispatcher relieved the whole crew and sent another to take their train into Darrel.

There was no investigation. No grievance committee went to the office to intercede. Superintendent Goodman did not see the men. His clerk gave them their last checks, and they were out.

DAVE HALL could not realize it! He had been faithful. He had obeyed orders—except this once—and when others criticized, had defended the very officials who were firing him.

Serge cap tucked under crumpled sleeve, he stood before the clerk's desk. His throat was dry, his lips parched. He was drawing the pink slip through stiff fingers.

The clerk stared coldly. "Well?"

"I— Could I—see Mr. Goodman for a minute, sir?"

Superintendent Goodman had been very nice to Dave, had clapped him on the shoulder and said: "You're the kind of man we need, Hall. I'm going to see you get promoted."

"Mr. Goodman is busy," the clerk said curtly. "Is there something—"

"I thought maybe—" A bleak smile was above the white collar. Dave flushed. "You see, we had all been on duty so long—"

"You'd be wasting valuable time, Hall. You're out. The sooner you realize it the better."

Hurt and stunned, Dave went into the August sunshine, and head down, returned disconsolately to the unpainted house at the end of the street.

Mrs. Hall went to pieces. She had been reared in Beulah. Her whole life was centered in the little river town. With the prospect of going away she was heart-broken. Molly Randall tried to console her. Then Molly talked to Rud.

"It will kill that woman if she has to leave," said Molly, whose father had been a traveling engineer. "Isn't there something you might do? On the Southwestern, father used to go straight to the office and get action there."

Rud shook his head. "The Southwestern is not the M. & M. There we had organizations. Here we are a flock of sheep without a leader. I couldn't get by the front door . . ."

Nevertheless, he went to the office. Mr. Goodman drew a gold watch fob through blunt fingers and looked at his desk while Rud presented the case.

"Of course, I'd like to help poor Hall," the super admitted. "He was a good man. But you know Mr. Kaplin. He has no use for the man who blunders. He holds us strictly accountable—" Goodman broke off and smiled faintly. "Perhaps," he breathed, "you'd like to present your arguments to Mr. Kaplin in person."

Rud had the feeling that the super was laughing up his sleeve. He knew Mr. Kaplin was in town. He knew also that Mr. Kaplin was as hard as the iron he owned and the dollars he wrung from it.

But Rud was not afraid of high hats and stiff collars. Rud had been on grievance committee work since he was twenty-two. He tapped the desk with hard knuckles. "If you would not think me impertinent—"

"Oh, certainly not!" The official voice was oily. "Come back about 2.30."

RUD dressed in his black suit and returned to the office. Mr. Goodman introduced him as "Mr. Randall, one of our engineers, who has a little matter—"

"What is it, Mr. Randall?"

Sharp eyes bored through the engineer. Rud met them levelly, came directly to the point.

"It concerns the crew of Extra 541, discharged last week for overlooking Second Number Three on Windigo Hill."

There was a long drawn: "Oh-h-h-h! Went to sleep, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Fired, weren't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" Old Sol threw out bony hands in gesture of final dismissal. But Rud would not be dismissed.

"Mr. Goodman," he continued, "was kind enough to grant a few words with you. I wonder if you realize, Mr. Kaplin, that with the exception of the fireman, who was making his first trip over the division, that crew had been on duty for more than ninety hours—"

"Well, they were getting paid for it, weren't they?"

"Sure, but—"

"Mr. Randall!" The sharp voice was impatient. "When we don't give our men work they howl for higher wages. Can't make a living. When we give it to them, they go to sleep on the job. It's a wonder we didn't have a million-dollar wreck. Me, I have no patience with men who go to sleep on the job."

"But men are flesh and blood, Mr. Kaplin," Rud persisted. "They cannot go on forever functioning like iron railroad spikes. Nature's law decrees that where there is life there must be periods of rest."

Rud was eloquent, presenting arguments that his order had been presenting in managerial offices and in legislative halls trying to secure contract or law to regulate the length of time a man might be kept on duty.

"Without proper rest," he continued, "man cannot function. It seems to me—"

Old Sol Kaplin pounded the mahogany table. "Wait a minute! What is this? A committee from one of these blank-blankety Brotherhoods?"

"If you want to so term it, yes."

"Well, Mr. Randall! I'll give you to understand that we have no Brotherhoods on this railroad, and no committees. We hire the men. We pay them. We fire them when we get ready. Now you get out, and tend to your own damn business."

RUD, his ears burning, went through the outer office. The last he heard, as he closed the door behind him, was Old Sol Kaplin's sharp voice abusing a division superintendent for letting one of those "impudent upstarts" try to tell him who he might hire and fire. But as he went down the carpeted stairs, his jaw went back.

"Some of these days," he said bitterly, "we'll show you, Mr. Kaplin. Show you whether you can work a man weeks on end and then fire him because he can't stay awake on duty."

Dave Hall did not go look for another railroad job that summer because the shock sent Mrs. Hall to her bed. She went from it to the grove where yellow walnut leaves sprinkled softly down on a new red mound. Her sister took the children. Dave remained like a haunting shadow.

Sight of him and knowledge of his fate did more than any other thing to arouse men on the M. & M.

"Dave was loyal," they told each other. "Yet his loyalty did not save him when he blundered. And next year— Next year, who knows? It may be your turn or mine. Let's line up with the Brotherhoods and get into the fight to eliminate the abuses which send such men as him on the jobless trail."

Rud renewed his crusade to organize the M. & M. He aroused other men who had grown cold in Brotherhood loyalty. He talked to those who had never joined. He pointed always to Dave Hall as an example of what happens to the man who stands alone.

Conditions did not improve. The rush of 1905 was worse than that of 1904. The rush of 1906 threatened to be worse than that of 1905.

"The only avenue of relief," he told the men, "lies in law and contract. Congress has looked after the pigs and the bulls.* They'll look after railroad men next if we pull together. Politicians listen to two things—votes and money. If we've got votes back of us, we can get somewhere."

Even among the workers there was opposition. Young men feared that Brotherhood membership might spoil long chances for promotion. Rud answered this by citing the case of Dave Hall. Old men declared they could not make a living unless they worked day and night.

"You can't *live* working day and night," Rud argued. "What do you get of existence? Let's pull together and put a limit on hours of service. Then when we ask for wage increases, slick talkers can't point to big checks we draw by working night and day as an excuse to keep wages where they are. Maybe we'll get a working day that'll leave railroad men time to live, as well as time to make a living."

By midsummer 1906, five men out of ten on the M. & M. had been won over. With this percentage, they could organize despite official opposition, and force old Sol Kaplin to recognize them.

General chairmen promised Rud and his friends some organizers to complete the work in the early fall. With this assurance of successful organization, and with legislative committees pressing Congress to enact the Hours of Service Act, and to strengthen employer's liability, and other "half loaves" with which the Brotherhoods had come from conferences, it seemed when Marcus Kaplin came into the picture that a new day for the men of the M. & M. was about to dawn.

King Solomon's Son

MARCUS KAPLIN was Sol's boy. He was a handsome chap, Mark was. Burning dark eyes, curly

** The regulation limiting the time that animals in transit might be held without food and rest went into effect in 1906.*

black hair, shrewd as they ever get to be.

When Mark was eighteen, his father thought it was time he should commence a life's work. Old Sol had learned that railroads coin dollars. Despite his own lack of experience, he had made the M. & M. profit him more in four years than any other venture he had ever undertaken. He determined Mark would be a railroad man.

They talked it over. The boy grinned and said: "Sure, Dad! I'll run your railroad for you. Where and when do you want me to start?"

"Wait a minute, son," the wise one admonished. "Not quite so fast! Executives are made, not born. The man who runs a railroad must know all about it—ALL about it. See?"

Because he himself had gone into business at the bottom, laying the foundation for a fortune with a peddler's pack on the dusty roads of Indiana, Old Sol figured every *great* man must begin at the bottom. That's what he told Mark.

"Begin at the bottom and work up. Brakeman, conductor, trainmaster, superintendent, president. That's the way it goes."

Mark was not too sanguine. Wearing overalls and working in the dirt was not young Kaplin's idea of starting in life. Neither was it his mamma's. Mrs. Kaplin kicked up a fuss.

"What you want to do, Solomon?" she chided. "Send our boy away to be killed in a train wreck?"

"Ah! Tut, tut! Nobody but fools and imbeciles get killed in train wrecks, mamma. Mark won't do that! He's too smart."

And because Old Sol believed what he said, Mark was sent out to learn the road.

Though the men had worked with greatest secrecy, Old Sol knew early in the summer of 1906 that the "Big Four" Brotherhoods were getting ready to move in on the M. & M. Kaplin was furious. He ranted and raved and accused division supers of aiding the organization.

The superintendents knew nothing. They had fought the Big Four from the start to finish. They had fired Brotherhood men, and had never hired one whose record even hinted at membership in the hated orders.

Old Sol was skeptical. He figured a *key* man was heading the organization. The more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that the big engineer who had come into Goodman's office in Beulah Bend trying to save the job of men whom a constituted superior had fired, would be the type of man to head the movement.

He talked to Goodman.

Goodman would not admit the possibility. "Randall's a Brotherhood man, all right. But he wouldn't take a chance. He wouldn't risk his job."

"Well, we'll find out, Mr. Goodman, and if you've been fooling me . . ."

The official left his threat unfinished, but the meaning was quite clear.

IT was because suspicion centered on Rud Randall, and because Old Sol was the kind of man who lost no opportunity to shoot two doves with one bullet, that he sent Mark to Beulah Bend to begin his railroad career. Mark went into the office the morning he left, for a word of final admonition from his proud parent.

"Keep your eyes and ears open, my son," said Mr. Kaplin. "Keep your mouth shut. Watch out for men who talk Brotherhood. We must weed them out like poison ivy. There's a man

named Randall, a big engineer with a voice like a foghorn . . ."

And Old Sol proceeded to warn his son against the machinations of this man Randall.

Mark did not go to Beulah Bend under a flag. He told who he was and why he was on the job, crowed and strutted a little.

"Dad wants me to learn railroading from the bottom," he breezed. "Aims to let me run this M. & M. some day."

The men had seen other kinsfolk come on the job, work a short time to learn it, and go up for official duty. Some resented them. Others, thinking he might remember and give them a hand as he went up the ladder, were nice to him. They fawned and petted him.

Rud treated the youth just as he treated Mike Cassidy and other sons of section men who came to learn the road that summer. Rud nicknamed him "The President," wheedled him into raking down coal for the fireman when it got low in the tank, complimented him when he did well, and bawled him out when he made student blunders.

And Mark made them—made them like Mike Cassidy did, only worse, because Mark was nervous and high-strung.

ONE night at Benton, Rud was pulling the merchandise peddler, and Mark was braking ahead. They had a car for the house track at Benton. The house track was on the north side of the main line, the passing track on the south. They went in the hole at Benton to meet No. 3.

Conductor Short gave Mark instructions. "As soon as Number Three runs, shove it into the house track."

"Okay, Mr. Short," was the reply. "I'll look after it."

Mark went back to look over his train. He found a journal box on a lumber car warming up a trifle. It was not hot enough to hurt anything, but because Mark was to run this railroad, he never missed a chance to prove how thorough he was. He brought a pail of water from the tank faucet and cooled the box.

Charlie Short came with an order for Rud. While they were reading it, No. 3 ran. Because Mark was back on the train working, the conductor lined the passing track switch so they would not have to stop heading out.

When No. 3 had gone, Mark came bustling into the cab and left the pail.

"Did you get her fixed, Mr. President?" Rud bantered.

"Sure. I think she'll run."

Mark having previously lifted the pin and bled off the set-out car, darted around to the pilot, perched on the right step and signalled, "Come on!"

Rud got the signal. He knew the switch was lined for him. He opened up to five or six miles an hour and started out. Mark disappeared. Rud figured he had crossed to the left side of the pilot where he would be ready to jump and grab the crossover switch on the north side of the track.

Rud kept rolling right along. The fireman was busy. Nobody was watching the green brakeman. Nobody ever knew why he did it. He rolled down toward that switch, with the red light staring him in the face. Certainly he thought the switch was wrong. Every student does. He leaped off the pilot, raced ahead of the engine, jerked the lever out of its socket and set the switch for the main line.

Pilot wheels hit the points. They squealed and groaned and clattered. Dust fogged. The switch stand almost jumped off the long tie. Mark leaped

out of the way, uttered a startled: "Stop! STOP!" and swung a washout.

It was too late for stop signs now. He had thrown that switch the wrong way. The engine had run through it, bending the points as if they had been horseshoe nails. Mark walked around and met Rud coming to look it over.

"I've played hell now!" he groaned.

"You *have* played hell," admitted Rud. "They'll fire you off this pike as sure as God made little apples."

MARK didn't say much. Rud took the engine through the ruined switch, because he couldn't back it. The conductor called the section foreman and a helper. Mark watched disconsolately while they fixed up the switch so it could be used again. Charlie Short came back and the two older men kidded the student.

Rud said: "They'll fire him sure as fate, won't they, Charlie?"

"I'll say they'll fire him. Not a chance in the world of his making another trip. Old Sol Kaplin ain't got any use for a guy who pulls boners."

"That's just it," Mark cut in. He was not joking, either. He was serious. "Dad's going to know about it. I'd give a month's pay if I could keep him from finding out."

Rud winked at Short. Section Foreman Bill Cassidy was amused. He did *not* know Mark was *The President*. He *did* know that not every split switch was reported. Only last week, Randall had fixed it up with a foreman over at Windigo when his son, Mike, had run through one. Bill Cassidy gave Rud a wink.

Rud laid a hand on the miserable shoulder. "If you'd talk right nice to Bill Cassidy, kid, the old man might never find it out."

"Could you boys fix it up for me?"

Mark was eighteen. The other men were all up in their thirties. Rud grinned at Bill Cassidy, and Bill grinned back.

Rud asked: "What about it, Bill? Do you forget things like patching up split switches when you go to sleep right afterward?"

Bill said: "Sure, an' Oi do, Mr. Randall. The bye didn't aim to do it; did ye, son?"

Mark admitted he'd had no such intention; it was all a mistake.

"And now forget it, kid," Rud warned. "But next time you throw a switch, be sure you know which way you're throwing it. This time it didn't hurt much because the engine was running out. But suppose the engine had been coming in, and a train in that siding. You see there'd have been more than a split switch to repair."

The President was silent. He pictured an engine running through an open switch into a standing train with men grouped about its pilot. The picture burned itself into his consciousness.

He managed to say: "Yes, I see."

THAT was one of Mark's early lessons in being a president. There were others. Rud caught No. 86 one night with a tonnage train, with Mark braking ahead, and with a green fireman on the scoop. When they stopped away back, clear of the passing track switch, Mark, ever inquisitive, wanted to know why.

"Because—" Rud always took time to answer his questions fully—"we're going to be on short time going to Vance against Number One. If we get a few minutes delay taking coal, we'll have to head in here for them. That's one reason.

"The other is that I've got a green fireman. If we get our usual tank of bum coal here, he'll probably have trouble keeping her hot. By stopping away back here, we can help him out a little, because it will give us a longer run for the hill. You see, Mark, tonnage ratings on these engines are fixed when the engines are in perfect working condition with expert firemen and expert engineers. Steam is always kept at full pressure. If it happens to lag a few pounds, we'll double into Vance."

Mark listened closely. Despite paternal admonition to beware of the big engineer who was poison ivy, he was beginning to like Randall. He could not escape the feeling that Randall, even if he did belong to one of those obnoxious Brotherhoods, knew what he was doing.

Rud got coal and water and coupled back into his train. While the air pump recharged his train line, he studied his timecard. Mark came into the cab to ask, "Are we going to Vance?"

"What do *you* think?" Rud grinned when he asked the question.

"Well, let me see." Mark checked *his* timecard. "Running time for Number Eighty-six is twenty-nine minutes. It's 9.45 now. Number One is due out of there at 10.30. Twenty-nine minutes running time and ten minutes clearance gives you thirty-nine minutes. You have forty-five. We can go. Right?"

Mark's black eyes twinkled. Rud smiled.

"We could go, but we're taking a chance. With plenty of steam and a little run for the hill, we ought to make it. But if our steam falls down—and it's likely to—we'd double into Vance and stab Number One at least thirty minutes."

"If you take the chance and don't make it," Mark inquired, "what happens?"

"I'd have to explain why."

"What explanation would you make?"

"Well—" Rud hesitated to tell a future railroad president that a good engineer never blames a fireman when he can honestly put the delay elsewhere. He looked at the column of black smoke, and back at Mark. "We've got a mighty bum tank of coal back there. Take a look. The devil himself could never keep an engine hot with that coal."

The black eyes twinkled again. "And if you stay here instead of taking the chance, what happens then?"

"We'd have to explain why."

"So it's hell if you don't and hell if you do, eh?" the youth commented.

"That's about it, Mr. President."

THEY went. Twice on the lower hill, while they were moving at a good rate, Rud took the scoop to help the green fireman keep the needle up. They dragged up the heavy grade at six or eight miles an hour, then struck the hard pull.

Speed fell off until they were barely creeping. The needle began dropping back, but Rud did not dare leave his throttle now. He had to run his engine. One slip of the drivers would stick them.

The green fireman never relaxed. Sweat came out in great drops and streaked down through the soot and grime. He worked like an automaton, but did not know where to put his coal. Back and back the needle came from the peg. When the engine was halfway over the hard pull, Rud called his brakeman.

"Mark," he said, "we're going to double into Vance. You drop back and

cut off ten cars when we stop. We'll run through the passing track with them, and you stay at the other end to hold Number One."

Mark was on his toes. When the train stopped, he was hanging to the tenth car back. He dropped in between, turned the angle-cock, broke the hose connections, called for the slack, pulled the pin, and signalled, "Let's go!"

While Rud roared up the hill with half his train, Mark walked the tops to the engine, crawled through the cab window and went out to the pilot to be ready to open the switch.

There was a level mile between the top of the hill and the west switch. Rud made time on that mile. He came down on the green light running plenty fast, timed his braking so he would come to a stop close to the points.

Mark, waiting on the pilot step, missed his guess on how fast they were running. When the engine was a hundred feet from the switch, he decided it was time for him to lope off and make a run for it. On heavy drags he always ran for it, so the engineer would not have to stop for him.

He leaped off the step. His right toe tangled with his left heel. He turned a flip-flop, skinned a pretty nose, two knees, and a pair of elbows, and put his lamp out.

Rud stopped. Mark came up, limping forward and trying to light the lamp.

"Hurt, kid?" he called.

"Shucks, no! I'm all right!"

Rud opened the switch for him and ran back to the cab. Mark's mishap had cost them precious minutes. Unless he ran straight through the passing track, he would not have time to clear No. 1 at the east switch. He would have to send a flag to protect the movement. That would cost fifteen minutes more.

Expecting Mark to catch the head car, as an experienced trainman would have done, so as to be ready to pull the pin on it when they stopped, he went barging into the passing track. He did not tell Mark what to do. The youth stayed to line the switch.

Rud did not have time to stop. He plunged through the passing track. The fireman ran to line the east switch. He cut off the engine, threw a burning fusee in the track to hold No. 1 until Mark could get over, left the flagging equipment beside it, and raced back for his train.

Mark lost his temper when he saw the cars flipping by. He did not know why Randall was leaving him. He lined the switch and started eastward. Rud did not slow as he came back, but he shouted down: "Hurry over there and hold Number One!" The foghorn voice did not sound pleasant.

Mark limped that cindered mile. No. 1 was waiting at the east switch. Rud's fusee had burned out, but the red light was there, and two unlighted fusees and some torpedoes. Mark picked them up, and played with them, while the engineer came striding angrily forward.

"Who in blazes are you and what you doin' out here on the main line?"

"We're Number Eighty-six doubling the hill," Mark explained indignantly.

"What'n hell did you start over here for, if you couldn't pull the hill?"

The driver of the varnish stalked back to his cab, looking at his watch, and expressing his opinion of freight crews, and green student brakemen who never knew what to do nor the proper way to do it.

Twelve minutes later, the rear end of No. 86 was in the clear. The whistle called in a flagman from the east. Some white lights on the rear began waving plain and fancy highballs, and Mark passed them to the waiting engineer of No. 1.

Asleep at the Switch

THE affair at Vance occurred in June. Rud did not see much more of Mark until the wheat rush came the middle of July. When the rush set in, Rud used to get him quite often, because he was braking ahead for Charlie Short. The engineer soon became aware that Mark had been an apt pupil. He knew lamp signals and hand signals, and he could even set out a car and double a hill without being told what to do.

As usual, traffic piled up. Men worked day and night. Rud was out for a hundred hours at a stretch, and Mark was with him. Once when the boy came down from the tender with soot and grease all over his face, and his eyes red-rimmed from cinders and loss of sleep, Rud called him over.

"How do you like this working twenty-four hours a day, Mark?" he asked in a bantering tone.

"Oh," Mark shrugged, "if it has to be done, I can do it."

"It don't have to be done, and unless I've got my signals mixed, we won't have to do it much longer."

"No! Why?"

"Because the Brotherhoods have things all set for Congress to pass that hog law this winter."

"Hog law?" Mark feigned ignorance.

"Yeah, sixteen-hour law. They're going to fix it so after a man works sixteen hours he can tie up and sleep awhile."

"It won't work." Mark was very positive.

"Why not?"

"What you going to do when sixteen hours catches you on the road with a freight train?"

"Tie up and go to sleep."

"Yes, and you'll have half the engines on the job tied up between terminals."

"That's when train delayers are going to make a grand-stand rush to get a man into terminal before his sixteen hours are up. He might even get his rest in terminal instead of turning every time he gets in sight of home."

"Congress has better sense than to pass it."

"Wait and see!"

Rud was feeling pretty sure of himself. The end of August was near. Organizers were soon coming to finish the job he had started two years ago. That the movement would be successful, he had no doubt. He even felt like having a little fun out of Mark Kaplin.

"You're going to be a Brotherhood man, aren't you, Mark?" he asked in a jest.

"Me Brotherhood?" Mark was serious.

"Sure. Every railroad man that's worth his salt is Brotherhood."

Rud was grinning down into the sooty face. Mark was not returning the grin. He said shortly: "Then I guess I'll never be worth my salt, because I don't aim to belong to any Brotherhood. They're the curse of the roads. If you'll take a tip from me, you'll let them alone."

The young brakeman strode angrily

across the deck and sat down in front of the fireman. The engineer muttered: "Almost spilled the peanuts."

Maybe he did, because Mark Kaplin was a trifle cool after that.

SHORTLY before the organizers were due in Beulah Bend, Old Sol learned they were coming. Whether Mark stumbled into the information and relayed it to him, or whether paid agents got it, is uncertain, but he knew the very day when the first man was coming to Beulah Bend.

Mr. Kaplin was like a mad elephant in the jungle. He swore anew that "the damned hoodlums" should never come on his lines. Swore he'd see the whole outfit in perdition before he'd recognize them.

Realizing that it would be better to prevent their organization than to try to break them after they had formed, he sent code messages to division officials, threatening to fire every one of of them unless they immediately spotted Brotherhood men and got rid of them.

"We'll throw them out!" he screamed. "We'll show them who owns the railroad."

He said plenty more, but words don't stop a movement. Rud urged his buddies to "Sit tight and play dumb. We've got the thing in the bag. We can make 'em come across, or we can tie this railroad up so tight a flea couldn't hop over it. We'll soon have contracts and protection."

But if men thought Mr. Kaplin was going to quit without a fight they were mistaken. Old Sol was a fighting man of vision. He was fighting Brotherhoods because they represented united action among his natural enemies. He was fighting their programs, because those programs would cut his profits.

There was the hog law. With no limitation, mileage hogs worked day and night. They drew big checks. Shrewd business men told the public *how big*. That set the public against the orders, because the public thought railroad men were getting too much pay already.

Advertisers never hinted that in earning these big pay checks, men worked day and night, ruining health and disposition, endangering human lives. They let the pay checks tell one side of the story and skipped the other. Old Sol was fighting the hog law, because when working hours were cut, pay checks would drop and men would howl for higher wages.

He set frantically to work preparing to head off a strike or to break one if it came. The directors met. He called in his chief of detectives. He contacted employment bureaus. Three days after he heard the news, he left by special train for a hurried tour.

Four of the directors went with him. They stopped in Riverton on August 29th. They consulted division officials. They strengthened their detective forces, and the chief hired new men, so as to be ready to protect strike-breakers of the worst came.

On the afternoon of August 30 they left Riverton for Beulah Bend. They spent two hours in Darrel, interviewing trainmaster, and roundhouse foreman, and left there at 7.35 with a Pacific passenger engine in charge of Engineer Max Schaffer, trailing the old wooden office car and two heavy Pullmans.

THE first hint the men had that their secret had leaked to the throne was when two engineers were let out on the River Division for failing to make schedule.

That happened on the 28th. The next day, a class of no-bill firemen were set up running, and a lot of new men were hired for firing.

On the 29th Lem Arlington and Lew Wells, in charge of a banana train, were fired in Buelah Bend for exceeding the speed limit. Men who had refused to join Brotherhoods were promoted, and some strangers were put on the board.

Rud was uneasy, not for himself, but for the cause. He knew it would be diffcult for Old Sol to break the organization now. But not impossible.

He came into Beulah Bend at midnight of the 29th. Superintendent Goodman was waiting for him by the coal chutes when he left the engine. Rud thought: "Uh, oh! Here's where I go back farming." Then he remembered that Mr. Goodman, though not actually sanctioning the organization, had admitted that the Big Four handled a lot of problems which were up to officials on no-bill roads.

The superintendent gave Rud a hard look. "You fellows have sure played hell around here," he barked.

"How so?" Rud wanted to know.

"Unless I've got my orders balled up, there's going to be a lot of names scratched off the pay roll shortly, and yours and mine will be two of them."

"Maybe so, Mr. Goodman. You can't tell."

Rud did not go home. He was getting out at 2.50 with No. 86, the eastbound merchandise peddler.

Dave Hall, now firing on the Kansas City Southern, had been in town two days visiting his children. He came to the engine while Rud was oiling. He was wearing a Brotherhood emblem. He held it out and asked:

"What's the chance of getting over to Darrel with you, Buddy?"

The two men clasped hands. Rud was chuckling. "Sure!" he said. "Never yet refused to carry a brother."

Dave looked over the engine. She was one of ten new "monkey-motion" decapods which the M. & M. put into service on the Hill Division.

"She's a good jack," Rud explained. "If they didn't try to hang all the cars in the world on her tail, she'd be a pleasure."

They discussed the rush, and the prospects for the sixteen-hour law, and the ten per cent raise which was sure to follow.

"If they keep making these engines bigger and bigger, companies could afford several raises," Dave remarked.

"I'll say. We used to pull twenty loads with those old engines. This one handles thirty-five, and Charlie Short tells me we're getting two tracks full tonight."

They did. They coupled to fifty-one merchandise and empty reefers and left town in the crimson dawn. Mark stumbled into the cab. He looked like the last chrysanthemum of summer. He had attempted to wash at the eating-house sink. But the water was cold, the soap was strong, and Mark had not yet learned how to wash.

Besides, having been on duty three days and nights, he had reached that stage in life where he "didn't give a damn." His eyes were black circles. Black streaks were down his tired face. His ears were full of cinders and coal dust.

He stopped in the deck to stare questioningly at Dave Hall. Dave looked around at him, and when he had gone to his place in front of the fireman, muttered to Rud: "Yuh head brakie looks like he was pretty badly clinkered."

"That's Mark Kaplin," said Rud.

"What's the old man tryin' to do? Make a Brotherhood chief of him?"

"In a pig's hind foot," Rud grumbled. "The kid's a tooth out of the old saw."

TROUBLE began at sunrise, and Mark fired the starting gun. Their head car went into the house track at Clever, sixteen miles from Beulah. Now setting out the head car being a simple job of switching, Charlie Short left it up to Mark. But Mark was worn and weary. He had dozed all the way from Beulah. Rud had to shake the sleep out of him when they stopped at Clever.

Mark stumbled down to the cinders. Though the burnished sun was crawling up into the sky of molten copper, Mark was still carrying his lighted lantern.

Rule says that in cutting off cars, trainmen shall always separate air-hose connections by hand, *never* permit them to be jerked apart. Mark forgot the rule, forgot there was an air-hose on the train. He called for the slack, lifted the coupling lever, and signalled "Ahead." He signalled with the lantern.

Dave said: "Mark's sure sleep-walkin'."

Rud added: "And he's the boy that thinks we don't need any hog law."

Rud cracked the throttle. Engine and head car moved a few feet and came to a violent stop. Air was blowing. Dust was fogging.

Mark came alive. He closed the angle-cock toward the engine. He did not close the other, because instead of connections, separating, as usual, the hose on the car of sheep for Garver had broken the end off the iron brake line.

Rud waited for Mark to give another signal. After a long time, the brakeman came to the engine. There was a hot flush on his weary face where skin showed through the dirt.

"What's the matter now?" The engineer was tired, too.

Mark told him.

"They fire brakeman off this pike for pulling stunts like that," Rud said banteringly.

"I don't give a damn if they do."

Rud whistled for the conductor. Charlie Short trudged wearily down the weed-grown right-of-way. The sun was already sizzling hot. He looked the situation over. He did not compliment the future president. With the train-brake pipe broken off the head car, there would be no air brakes on the train.

"We'll set it in the house track and pick it up next the caboose," Charlie decided.

While they were getting their sheep car next the caboose, the dispatcher sent Charlie a hot message to "Please explain!" Since there was nothing else to do, Short wired the explanation. The dispatcher then sent him a message to "Stay at Garver for Number Nine."

Charlie didn't object. He was too tired. He had to walk fifty car-lengths to take the message to the engineer.

"I suppose it's that Number Eighty-five fooling around over at Hill," guessed Rud.

NUMBER 85 had left Beulah Bend before midnight, with another monkey-motion engine in charge of one of their newly employed engineers.

They backed up and headed into the passing track. But the passing track held only forty-four of their fifty cars. The rest stuck out behind like

the giant's feet from the dwarf's short bed.

"We'll have to saw 'em by," Bud told Mark.

With a red flag and some torpedoes, Mark walked a quarter-mile through the blistering August morning to flag No. 7, which pulled up the main line between the switches and stopped. Mark opened the east switch, and Rud pulled enough of the train through it so No. 7 could get by the west. That took time. Another message came: "Stay at Clever for Number Three."

They stayed at Clever and "sawed" No. 3 by. It was 10.30 when they finally got away. They had been seven hours making sixteen miles, and the sun was scorching paint off car roofs and squeezing hot pitch out of pine boards.

Mark rode the pilot out of Clever because that seemed to be the coolest place on the train. Wind whipped across his dirty face, and the corner of the red bandanna flapped back over his shoulder. He nodded. His head drooped. He jerked it up, almost fell off into the track, looked wildly about and took a new grip on the brace rod.

Rud said to Dave: "You run her a minute, I'm going out there and make that kid come into the cab. He'll fall off and be masticated."

Mark was stubborn, and tired enough to be nasty. He reckoned he would ride where he pleased. Rud liked the kid, but he knew that when men have gone without rest too long, they grow feverish and unreasonable.

He asked: "What's the matter with you, son? Are you sick?"

"Do I look sick?"

"You look like a boy who's stayed awake so cock-eyed many hours, he can't stay awake much longer."

Rud dragged fifty cars up hill and down. He pulled out a drawbar setting the car of sheep into Garver, and received a message from the dispatcher to report to the office when he arrived at Darrel.

He showed the message to Dave with the comment: "I see where they hire another student engineer."

AT 1.10 he left Garver and overtook No. 85 two miles from Benton, blocking the main line. The conductor came back to say that they had a broken eccentric rod on the monkey-motion engine.

"This ignoramus that's pulling us don't know soup from nuts about what to do with it," he complained. "Wish you'd come over and help him get it blocked up so you can shove us into a sidetrack."

Rud and Dave left the engine in charge of the fireman. They met the new engineer. He might have "run engines on every railroad in the country," but he certainly did not know anything about Walschaert's valve gear, didn't even know the names of its parts.

Rud and Dave helped him disconnect his radius rod and block it. Then they shoved No. 85 into Benton. They met two freights. When they were ready to leave, the order board was set for them and the operator signalled that he had a "31" order for them to sign. Dave and Charlie both went to the office to sign it. It was a schedule on a "passenger extra" with right over everything.

When the operator tore off the tissue, he remarked: "Dispatcher said tell you guys to get into a passing track that's long enough to hold you and stay there till this brass hat special goes by."

"Brass hat special?" Rud and Charlie exchanged glances.

"Yeah. It's old King Solomon and all the stiff shirts from the general offices. They're out looking things over, fixing up to crack you guys' tails when you pull that strike next week."

Rud and Charlie laughed. Rud said: "We've got time right now to go to Kelton or Sarvice for them. Kelton holds forty cars. Sarvice holds forty-eight. Vance holds sixty. You tell that dispatcher if he wants me to stay at Vance, he can put out a message to that effect."

The operator slung some lightning. He turned with a grin: "Delayer said tell you to go to the devil!"

"I won't. I'll go to Sarvice unless he gives me a message. I don't expect to spend the rest of my days explaining why I stayed at Vance when I had time to go to Sarvice. Short sidetracks might not be a good excuse to King Solomon."

Rud started out. The operator called. "Wait a minute." He clicked off a few syllables over the dispatcher's wire, and the message came:

To C & E, Number 86 Benton. Stay at Vance for Number 1 and passenger extra 912 west.

Rud said: "That's better. Now tell your delayer to give me an order to put up white signals. We'll be dead before the brass hat special runs."*

Prepared to "live" indefinitely, Rud slipped order and message into his pocket and left Benton. He doubled into Vance. He knew he would, because the long train dragged like more tons than Charlie's train book had credit for. He arrived in Vance at 7.40. No. 1 was due there at 9.20, and the special at 10.35.

When Mark started to open the switch, Rud talked to him. "You might as well drop back to the caboose and sleep awhile, Mr. President," he advised. "We'll be here until nearly midnight."

"Not sleepy," Mark averred.

He did not go. He looked his train over, although he had looked it over at Benton eight miles back. He returned to sit around the cab for awhile. The fireman had gotten down the hay-board and was snoring like a whole brass band. Mark dozed, snapped awake, nodded again. When he awoke, he came to with a start. He was drinking often from the water jug.

"He must have fever," said Dave Hall.

"Probably has," Rud answered shortly.

"Why don't he go back to the crummy and go to bed?" Dave inquired.

"Tooth out of the old saw. Too damned contrary to admit a railroad man needs to sleep."

IT was sweltering hot in the cab. Rud and Dave went down to sit on the ends of passing track ties. Mark walked up to the switch. Because there was no other task to keep him awake, he unlocked it, took the lock out, looked at it, hooked it back into the hasp, but did not lock it.

A big pile of ties was thirty feet north of the switch. Mark went out and walked around the tie pile. The grass was short and soft as a carpet. It was tempting. But his father had admonished him, "Never go to sleep on duty, my boy. When men go to sleep things happen."

Mark walked back to the switch, and started down the main track toward

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* *Regular trains lose their timetable rights when they are twelve hours late, and must be run by train orders.*

the caboose. He knew No. 2 was due after while. He went inside and looked into the cupola. The hind brakeman was asleep. Charlie Short was smoking. He started back toward the engine. He stumbled as he walked, and his dragging feet were like clammy metal.

No. 1 whistled. Mark heard it, but he did not get off the track. He kept walking straight toward it. The headlight gleamed in his eyes. He blinked foolishly, wondered what was burning. Then he snapped out of it, leaped from the track, stood trembling between two box cars while the train thundered by.

By this time he had decided that walking the main track might not be exactly safe for him tonight. He returned to the engine where Rud and Dave were. He did not tell them he had almost walked into the face of No. 1. He went to the switch, and turned out to the pile of ties. He walked twice around it, kicking in the thick grass. Evidently no snakes were there. He set his lantern on a tie and flopped down on his back.

He should not have done it. Sleeping on his back gave him nightmares.

Thirty minutes went by. An hour. He slept fitfully. His conscience was prodding. In lying down here, he was disobeying his father's stern injunction. He dreamed of things which happen around a railroad when a man goes to sleep.

Again he lived through the night he had thrown the switch under Rud Randall's pilot wheels at Benton. He could feel the jar and hear the clatter. He could hear the engineer's foghorn voice saying: "This time it didn't hurt much. But suppose that engine had been coming in instead of going out, and suppose there had been a train in that siding. . . ."

Rud had told Mark that his father's special train was coming, that they were meeting here at Vance.

Lying flat on his back, he could hear it—hear it plainly—and he had thrown the switch the wrong way. He knew it was wrong, because its red eye was shining full in his face. He must go turn it before the special came. Lives hung in the balance!

Four sharp blasts of a crossing whistle ripped the night. A headlight flicked through the trees. Mark moved a foot. His eyes flashed wide with terror. The red light of the switch was in them—the light on a switch set for the main line shows red to the sides—and blending with it the headlight of the special.

Mark leaped to his feet. He dashed madly for the switch. He jerked away the lock from its hasp, and set the switch for the passing track, set it to throw the special squarely into the face of the standing freight.

RUD and Dave were still visiting when the special whistled for Vance. Instinctively they looked at their watches.

"10.34," said Rud. "Schaffer's got them right on the dot. And is he 'balling the jack with Number 912."

"He is," Dave agreed. "Listen to the so-and-so run!"

They listened. The exhaust was a roaring volcano. They stood up brushing gravel from overalls. Rud looked toward the tie pile, and back at the cab.

"You go and shake Tom out of the hay," he said. "I'll wake up Mark."

But Mark Kaplin was already awake. Ten seconds after Max Schaffer whistled for the crossing, Mark was stumbling toward the switch. He was panting, and muttering about

"That switch! My God! Let me get to that switch!"

At first Rud did not understand. Then it dawned upon him that Mark must have been dreaming the switch was wrong, and now he was going to throw it!

Rud did not become excited. He did not know that Mark had unlocked the switch while he was waiting. By the time Mark could get the switch unlocked, he would be wide awake, and the train would have passed it.

Rud grinned. This was going to be good, when Mark did shake off the spell of sleep.

The grin turned to wax. Mark was *not* going after a switch key. In one frantic sweep Rud saw him jerk the open lock away, yank the lever from its notch and set it for the passing track. Rud shrieked:

"Throw it back! Throw it back!"

But Mark did not throw it back. Instead, he held the lock and pressed down the lever.

Rud was twenty feet from the switch stand. The engine seemed infinitely nearer. She was running seventy miles an hour. Once he leaped—and the terrified whistle broke on the night.

Max Schaffer, helpless in the cab, had seen the light go red. Twice he leaped—and air brakes went into emergency. Schaffer was trying desperately to stop the special. Three times he leaped—and the hot shaft of the headlight drove over them.

The terrified youth, now wide awake but too panicky to move, was gripping the lever, and the shadowed pilot wheels of the No. 912 were almost into the gaping points!

With his stout left hand, the engineer swept the brakeman out of the way. His stout right found the lever, jerked it from the passing track notch, and as the wheels touched the points he set it to the main track.

The short train crashed by. Rud held a weeping "president" who was muttering: "I thought—I thought—I must have dreamed—"

Rule book says that "Employees observing irregularity in displaying fixed signals shall stop, investigate, and report to the superintendent . . ."

A switch light is a fixed signal. When it flashes red in the face of a special wheeling brass hats seventy miles an hour, that is certainly an irregularity. That is why Max Schaffer stopped, whistled out a flag and came back to investigate.

Both the conductor and Mr. Kaplin came with him, because Old Sol, standing on the forward platform to see whether freight men in siding were on their toes, had seen that light change color twice in as many seconds, had seen the excitement by the stand, and had almost rammed his head through the water tank.

Old Sol was screaming: "Who threw that switch? What are they trying to do? Kill us all! What is it? Some of these damned Brotherhoods!'

But the "Brotherhoods" were grinning wisely and keeping to the background. Mark, his knees wobbling painfully, his stiff tongue refusing to function, was holding to the switch stand.

Old Sol, recognizing his offspring through the four-day coat of grease and coal smoke, edged up and seized the limp arm.

"What is it, Mark? Who tried to kill—"

"Nu—nobody was trying to kill, father," the penitent answered meekly. "I— You see I'd worked so long, I went to sleep, and when I woke—"

"You! *You* went to sleep! You went to sleep and almost caused a million-dollar wreck!"

CONGRESSMEN were dumfounded when lobbyists for Solomon Kaplin and his colleagues suddenly withdrew violent opposition to the "Hog Law."

On March 4th, 1907, driven by the "Big Stick" down the lane between opposing fires, they enacted into law the measure forbidding train and engine crews from working more than sixteen hours without "sleeping awhile," as Rud Randall had put it.

Some of them who were depending upon Old Sol's millions for their re-election might have slept more soundly if they could have read the message Rud Randall passed around among the boys in Beulah Bend that evening.

"You and your organization should be commended for untiring efforts to secure passage of this much-needed legislation, and congratulated upon successful termination." It was signed, "Solomon & Mark Kaplin."

Let There Be Light

ABOUT ten years ago I was the night operator at Stryker, Mont., a small, isolated Great Northern station at the top of a 30-mile hill. For two nights the semaphore light had mysteriously gone out just before Train No. 1 came through. The next day I received a wire from the super asking how come, and I wondered why I had been bothered about it. It wasn't my duty to clean or fill the light, nor to put it on top of the pole. And then that night, for the third time, the light went out, and No. 1 stopped. The super sent a hot wire this time, so I was prepared. When I heard No. 1 whistle miles away, I stepped out into the cold winter night (it was a few days before Christmas), and glanced up at the ice-covered forty-foot semaphore pole. I was dismayed when I saw the light was dark again.

I could hear the rumble of No. 1. There was no time to fix the lamp now. But if I could get up the icy ladder, open the slide in back of it and either re-light or hold a match in the lamp and thus show a clear board until No. 1 passed, all would be O. K. I started up the pole. Just as No. 1's headlight rounded a curve I opened the slide and struck a match, waiting breathlessly until it flared up, praying that it would stay lit until the train passed. When the stick started to die out I heard the engineer shut off. I hastily struck another, and was rewarded with the chuckle of the exhaust in the stack as he opened her up again. The match went out just as the last car cleared the signal post.—Irving E. Adams, 6703 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Narrow-Gage Roads of Maine

By LINWOOD W. MOODY

Fireman, Trainman, etc., on Knox R.R. for 10 Years, and on W.W.&F. for 8 Hours. The Author, Who Lives at Union, Maine, Supplied All Photos Except Those Otherwise Credited. He Also Has Many Other Photos of These Roads

Snow and Ice Wrote Themselves Large on the Operating Sheets of the Narrow-Gage Lines. This Scene, Taken Along the Monson Right-of-Way Last March, Was Typical of Them All

THE State of Maine is a very unusual state, as any of its 797,423 inhabitants would probably tell you. Since I am one of them, I'll modestly refrain from argument. Anyway, extraordinary as it may or may not be in other respects, Maine *was* just about the world's most unique spot from the standpoint of railroads. Within its borders were five genuine two-foot gage lines, the only ones of their kind in North America, and the greatest assortment of them within such a small area anywhere in the world.

This distinction, alas, has practically disappeared. Only two of these midget iron roads are still operating, and they are far from prosperous. The other three have given up the ghost for good, and all that mark their places are the desolate, weed-grown embankments of what once were flourishing rights-of-way. I am proud to mourn their passing. These little pikes were more than transportation devices; they were warm and human and personal, and they richly deserve all any man can say about them, for they live in the memories of those of us who knew them as vividly as the two tiny roads yet operating hold a large place in the affections of their friends.

Smallest of them all, and the first to be abandoned, was the five-mile Kennebec Central. It has no doubt hauled more passengers per mile of track than any short line road with the possible exception of those entering great cities. Running between the city of Gardiner and the Soldiers' Home at Togus, its several daily trains were always loaded with passengers, mostly veterans, going to and coming from the city.

The line was built in 1890. It was laid with 25-pound rail, and the track got little ballast, chiefly because there was no gravel pit on the line. Unique in that it had no physical connection with any other railroad, it really ended in the town of Randolph, which is separated from Gardiner by the Kennebec River, along which the Maine Central runs and in which (until recently) Boston boats have plied for a hundred years.

"They began business," I was told,

"with only one engine, a little Forney type Baldwin, built from patterns of the Franklin & Megantic No. 1. They had a couple of coachés—the same ones that you saw over in the car shed just now—and a couple of box cars."

Later another engine, a little Portland-built Forney, was added, and then two combination cars and two or three flat cars. Years afterward, when the road got the government contract to haul coal from the river barges to the Home, they were all in steady use. The little dropside gondolas, still sitting in the weeds at Randolph, were the last two-foot gage "lowsides" in existence, as the other roads use flat cars, with temporary side boards. All rolling stock was link-and-pin equipped to the last. They were famous in their day.

The Sunday band concerts at the Home were for many years an attraction to which people flocked for miles around. Hundreds from Augusta came to Gardiner by trolley, and thence to Togus by the K. C.

"We made four round trips a day," the old fireman told me, "hauling mail, express, and quite a lot of way freight. Some trips we'd pull only a combination, but when many soldiers were riding we carried a coach or two, for luck. The five-mile run took twenty minutes, including one station stop at Chelsea.

"Gosh!" the fireman mused, with a smile. "The soldiers from the Home used to come to Gardiner and get drunk. Just before we'd leave for our last trip over someone would come across the river with a cartful of them, pile 'em into our baggage car, and we'd start for Togus! We had a place near the Home that we called 'The Drunkards Roost' where we would unload 'em and let 'em sober up. Sometimes, when it was raining, they would sober up quick!"

The K. C. was remarkably free from the nasty wrecks the other roads occasionally indulged in. Only a few times did they actually pile up, and then not with serious results.

But one serious thing it did have was a rate war; that occurred when the electric road between the Home and Augusta began to make a dent in K. C. earnings. The K. C. dropped fares until people could ride to the Home for almost nothing, but that of course didn't last long. (The elec-

Photo by Harry W. Peterson, 29 River Ave., Gardiner, Me.

Kennebec Central's No. 3 as She Looked Just Before She Was Shipped (by Truck!) to Wiscasset

The Once Busy Kennebec Central Station at Randolph, Now Standing Hopeless and Forlorn

tric road, too, has gone. It was torn up in 1934.)

The fireman pointed to the spot where the old grade crosses the main street in Randolph. "You see that crossing there?" he asked. "One time we came onto it and struck a great big feller from Gardiner. He was drunk, or we wouldn't have hit him. Well, he did a nose-dive down that same bank, and landed in a heap down there. We stopped and hurried back, expecting to find him dead. He was just picking himself up, swearing and roaring: 'If I've hurt your little tin engine any I'm willing to pay for it, and if I ain't, git out of here!'"

But finally the soldiers all rode either on the trolley or in private cars; the government was good enough to give the coal haul to the trucks; and the narrow-gage folded up. The last train ran June 30, 1929. Three years later the road was bought by the owner of the Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington, torn up, sold for scrap, and the two engines, Nos. 3 and 4,* were taken on a truck to Wiscasset. The four little passenger cars, in excellent condition, the two box cars, and the nine "lowsides" are still in Randolph, where they'll stay either until they rot or until a fire finishes their career.

SLIGHTLY larger, and still operating, is the six-mile Monson R. R. The reason for its existence in the first place is also the reason for its present decline. It is slate, that scaly, black rock used for shingles, sinks, gravestones, hot dish holders, and blackboards.

At Monson are the quarries of both the Monson Slate Co., which is said to own the railroad, and the Portland Slate Co. In order to get their finished products down to the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. without letting trucks haul it, they give the business to the railroad. Without this tonnage the road's revenue would decrease just about 100%.

The Monson was built back in 1882, laid with 30-pound rail, and reasonably well graded, for a grand total of about $50,000. But somehow it always seemed to be having a streak of hard luck. Since the beginning it has used a lot for red ink on its books and not so long ago it had accumulated a deficit of $300,000, which isn't so good for a six-mile road. Old records, and late ones, agree that the line's total earnings ran from six to eight thou-

** Both were Baldwin-built in 1893; No. 3 for the Bridgton & Saco River (now Bridgton & Harrison), and No. 4 for the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes. They were later bought by the K. C., but towards last only No. 3 was used.*

At the End of the Sandy River's Carrabasset Branch, a Month Before the Tracks Were Torn Up. Engine No. 24, with Ed West at the Throttle, Is Pulling Out for the 24-Mile Run to Strong (See Map on Page 51)

sand a year, but the expenses always seemed to keep a jump or two ahead of them.

Unusual is the Monson method of running trains. There is no wye, and the little turntable is far too small for engines. It is very light, similar to the one on the Sandy River Line at Eustis Junction, and is used by snowplows only. So Monson engines simply don't get turned; the train makes up in Monson, runs to the Junction, and backs back, so to speak, to Monson.

Other unusual features are the link-and-pin couplers and the absence of power brakes. A year or so ago the road installed a "butterfly" fire door and an electric headlight on the engine, but these are the only noticeable modern inconveniences.

"Why, years ago," the B. & A. agent told me, "that road ran eight trains a day, meeting every one of our Bangor-Greenville trains, but now look at 'em!"

Following his advice, I let my eye wander out to where the Little Vulcan No. 3 stood, waist-high in a snowdrift, with one lone flat car for a train. Sometimes it hauls the fifty-year old combination car, for mail and express, but today it had run down with the mail on the engine, and a few crates of slate on the flat car.

That morning the engineer had been stricken with the grip, a malady for which our frigid climes are famous, so Superintendent H. E. Morrill was running the engine. Not many officials would have ambition enough to mount an engine, stick their heads out in the sub-zero temperature, and run the mill over the division!

"Where's the conductor?" I whispered to the old agent.

"There ain't any," he replied.

When the B. & A.'s Bangor passenger train—a mail car and coach—went through, the Monson outfit tooted defiantly and puffed back toward home. I don't know even now what they'd do if darkness overtook them on that return trip.

The Monson owns 12 box cars, 12 flat cars, the combination, a snowplow, and a real snow-spreader, the only one of its kind

(Upper Photo) The Bridgton & Harrison "Roundhouse" at Bridgton, with Nos. 8, 7, and 6 In Their Stalls. (Lower) No. 6, Which Has 11½x14 Cylinders, 35-Inch Drivers, 180 Lbs. Pressure, Weighs 55,560 Lbs. Without Tender, and Exerts 8,094 Lbs. Tractive Force

on two-foot track, not to mention the speeder, which, when there is no freight, is used to carry the mail. It saves a steam train.

Two trackmen do the work, and do it surprisingly well. The light rail is in good shape, except that many of the heads are battered or split. One man acts as super, station agent, conductor, and several other jobs-in-one. Yet only a few years ago the completeness of the Monson Railroad's personnel and wages was an envy to the neighboring B. & A. men, whose own jobs are more desirable than those of their brothers on many of the larger railroads.

So, with the passing demand for slate products, this little road is creeping toward the finish line, but like its brothers, it is dragging both feet all the way.

AND now for the third largest, the 16-mile Bridgton & Harrison, which no longer runs to Harrison, despite its name. It was once a money-maker, like its neighbor, the Sandy River Line, but when lumber shipments fell, either before the sweep of the depression or the glib tongue of piratical truck operators, this little pike

And from This the Glory Has Departed! It Was Once the Sandy River Line's Busy Roundhouse at Phillips; Today It Is Just Another Old Building That Has Outlived Its Usefulness

had to economize, and it began to wear patched britches and let its whiskers grow. Last summer it was doing its best to hang on, but the men began reminiscing, and that's usually a bad symptom.

"She was built in 1881 and 1882," an old conductor recalled as he settled in a shady spot on the station platform. "Everyone was pretty pleased then, when the crews graded through their orchards, or cut a hole through their timber-lot, and built 'em a railroad. It only cost about five thousand dollars a mile; swamping, grading, laying the thirty-pound rail, and building twelve bridges.

"It went as far as Bridgton at first—sixteen miles—and that was enough for one time. Leaving Hiram here, or Bridgton Junction as we call it now, the road hits Rankins Mill, West Sebago, Perleys Mill, South Bridgton, Sandy Creek, and Bridgton, where the four-stall enginehouse, the shops, car sheds, and so on were built. We had two coaches, a baggage car, and fifteen freight cars to start with; but as lumber business began to boom we added a few cars, both passenger and freight, from time to time."

During the first years the road stimulated business along its line. The town of Bridgton grew. It has always been a popular summer resort, and people flocked to its lake and mountain camps.

"Harrison got pretty sore," one old fellow confided. "They was five miles north of us, and while we had good railroad service they was still ramming a goad-stick into some wall-eyed oxen, or else meanderin' up the lake in a side-wheeled steamer, which wa'n't so hot."

These river steamers, picturesque as the railroad, ran through a series of canals and lakes, among them the famously crooked Songo River, and had done a staggering business for many years. It was only two or three years ago that they were discontinued.

"Harrison folks hollered so loud," the old man added, "that in '98 we built the road up there, following the shore of Long Lake for the most part. That was laid

Top Photo by E. R. Bailey, 20 Beech Grove Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

When a Sandy River Train Pulled in Alongside the Maine Central Equipment at Farmington (Top Photo) It Seemed Incredibly Small; but When It Highballed Over Its Well-Ballasted, Heavy-Railed Right-of-Way (Center Photo)—Especially Back When It Hauled the World's Only Two-Foot-Gage Parlor Car (Bottom Photo)—Its Smallness Was Forgotten. In Its Palmy Days the Sandy River Line Came up to the Best of Them!

How's This for the Spirit of Transportation? Two Sandy River Trains at Strong Last January, Waiting for the Highball. The One on the Left (Engine No. 17) Is Going to Kingfield; the Other (Engine No. 10) Is Headed for Farmington

with thirty-five pound steel, and it stayed till it was torn up two years ago."

The road entered Harrison from the west side of the lake, but rather than follow the bay it crossed directly into town on a long trestle. This trestle is about all there is now to show for its existence, although the station and roundhouse are still warping in the sun.

The first two engines owned by the Bridgton & Saco River R. R., as the road was originally known, were tiny Forneys. No. 1 was a Portland engine, while No. 2 was either a Portland or a Hinkley. No. 2 eventually went to the W. W. & F. as No. 5. In 1892 the Portland Works built No. 3, an 18-ton Forney which hauled trains until August, 1922, when she was sold to the Kennebec Central as No. 3. She later went to the W. W. & F. as No. 9 (see March, 1935, RAILROAD STORIES).

In 1901 the H. K. Porter Co. built No. 4, a 28-ton Forney of a somewhat different design, which ran until 1925, when she was scrapped. Five years later Portland built the last B. & S. R. locomotive, No. 5, a 2-4-4T type engine which remained in service until a few years ago. She now sits out in the weeds at Bridgton, probably the last existing engine built by Portland, that renowned maker of some of the finest locomotives in the world.

No. 6 was constructed in 1907 by Baldwin, in a joint order with the Sandy River, whose No. 8 was from the same patterns. She is still in service, along with Baldwin's No. 7 (1913) and No. 8 (1924), both 2-4-4T type.

"Oh, they topple over now an' then," the night watchman told me, "but dammem, they hang pretty good!"

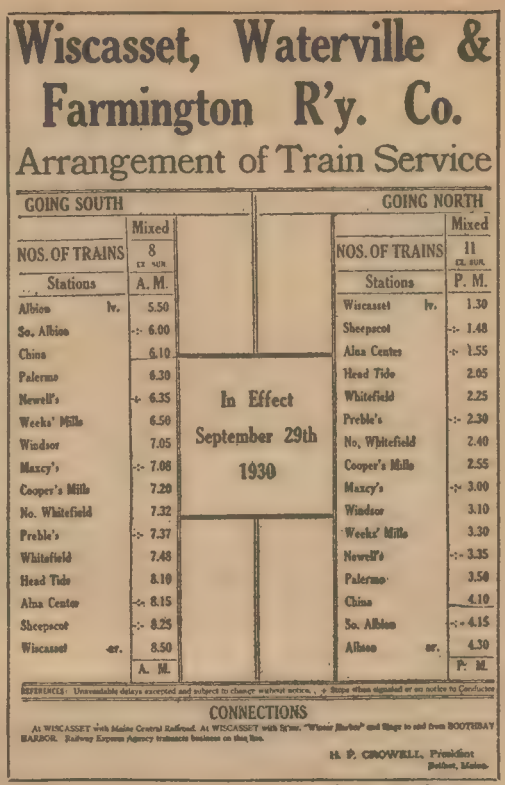
Last winter, though, they didn't hang so good; Nos. 6 and 7 were doubleheading a wedge plow over the road after a big storm, when for some reason No. 6 shied off into the alders, hauling the other engine with her. Even though they stopped some distance from a railroad, neither engine turned over.

"The snow was flying so thick you couldn't see, anyway," the head engineer said. "I had closed my windows to keep dry, and was running by feeling. I didn't know we were off the iron until she began rolling around among the cradle-knolls!"

But now the yards at both Bridgton and Bridgton Junction are full of little cars, waiting for a load. About 60 box cars and flats and two genuine tank cars, the only two-foot gage tank cars in existence, are standing idle.

It is a pity! There are also four excellent coaches, which could still give the folks a clean, comfortable ride, if they'd only ride in them. Two baggage-mail cars, relics of the days when an R. P. O. rolled into Bridgton; a combination passenger-baggage; a caboose without a cupola; a snowplow and a flanger complete the list.

The 50-pound steel is still shiny and bright, but it isn't wholly from the pound-



Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington R'y. Co.

Arrangement of Train Service

GOING SOUTH		GOING NORTH	
NOS. OF TRAINS	Mixed 8 EX. SUN.	NOS. OF TRAINS	Mixed 11 EX. SUN.
Stations	A. M.	Stations	P. M.
Albion lv.	5.50	Wiscasset lv.	1.30
So. Albion	6.00	Sheepscot	1.48
China	6.10	Alna Center	1.55
Palermo	6.30	Head Tide	2.05
Newell's	6.35	Whitefield	2.25
Weeks' Mills	6.50	Preble's	2.30
Windsor	7.05	No. Whitefield	2.40
Maxcy's	7.08	Cooper's Mills	2.55
Cooper's Mills	7.20	Maxcy's	3.00
No. Whitefield	7.32	Windsor	3.10
Preble's	7.37	Weeks' Mills	3.30
Whitefield	7.48	Newell's	3.35
Head Tide	8.10	Palermo	3.50
Alna Center	8.15	China	4.10
Sheepscot	8.25	So. Albion	4.15
Wiscasset ar.	8.50	Albion ar.	4.30
	A. M.		P. M.

In Effect September 29th 1930

REFERENCES: Unavoidable delays excepted and subject to change without notice. ✕ Stops when signaled or on notice to Conductor

CONNECTIONS

At WISCASSET with Maine Central Railroad. At WISCASSET with S/Smr. "Winnie Shelton" and Stage to and from BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Railway Express Agency transacts business on this line.

H. P. CROWELL, President
Bethel, Maine.

From R. H. Perry, 262 Union St., S. Portland, Me.

One of the Last Public Timetables on the Old W.W.&F. The Distance Between Wiscasset and Albion Is 44 Miles

An Old Sandy River Way Car and Caboose, Which Saw Plenty of Service in the Busy Days of Long Ago

ing of 35-inch driving wheels and reeling box cars.

"We don't run an engine every day," they said. "When there are some loads to haul we steam one up, but the rest of the time the track-auto makes the two daily trips. It doesn't cost nearly so much to run."

In 1913 the Maine Central, with an eye for the future, gobbled up some of the narrow-gage lines, and relaid the B. & S. R. with big steel. Other improvements followed, and many sights along the road now are typically Me. C.

For years the little feeder brought millions of feet of long lumber, and thousands of tons of lumber products to the wide-gage road at Bridgton Junction. Saws howled through big-butted pine, and heading-machines, stave-saws, shingle-cutters and other mill machinery converted the soft-woods into something marketable. Pulpwood, too, made for heavy revenue on the line.

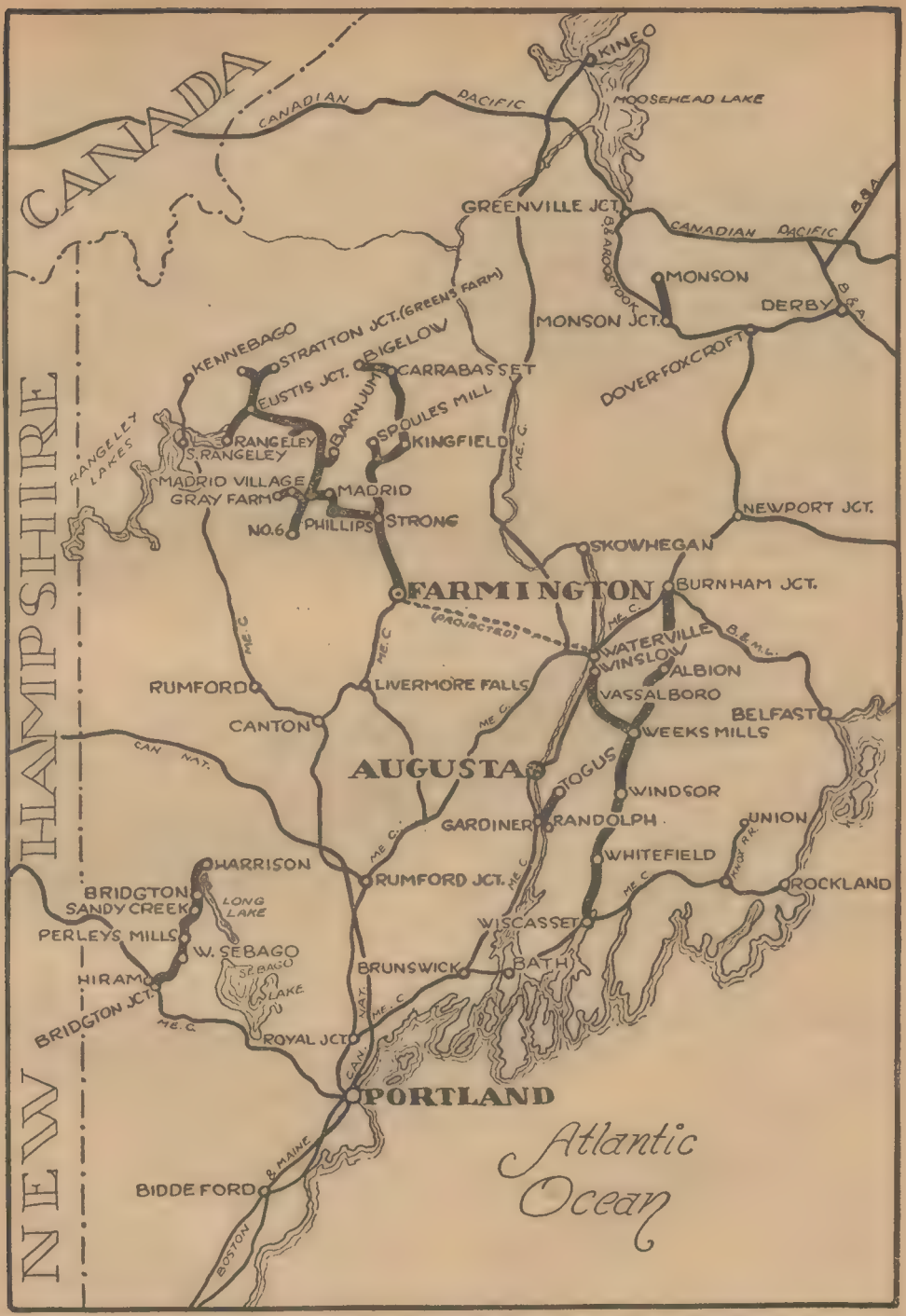
But little forerunners of calamity began to come in on the breeze, and business went either to the trucks or the Devil; no one seems certain which. Then the depression proper struck. The Maine Central hitched up its trousers and got out from under.

"We thought the road was gone for sure," one old-timer said. "They were talking of scrapping it, when a company formed of local men raised about thirty-five thousand and bought the stock. I guess maybe it would have been just as well to have let it gone, first as last."

The road reorganized as the Bridgton & Harrison Ry., which, as I have pointed out, was a misnomer. Forthwith the line from Bridgton to Harrison, along the scenic lake-shore, was sold for scrap, and the original sixteen miles again became the total mileage.

Expenses were slashed from $51,000 in 1929 to $25,000 in 1930. Crews were cut off, trains abolished, wages reduced; but still, despite the rarity of a load of lumber, they "are hanging on pretty well."

One day last summer things looked like old times, for a while. A girls' camp was opening the season, and the whole outfit came in by rail—trunks and all. No. 8 tied all the passenger equipment on her tail and beat it for town to haul the crowd



The Narrow-Gage Roads of Maine at the Height of Their Glory. The Bridgton & Harrison Ran All the Way Between Bridgton Jct. and Harrison. The Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes Covered the Territory Northwest of Farmington with a Network of Steel. The Monson Rested Content With Its Six Miles Between Monson and Monson Jct., as Did the Kennebec Central With Its Five Miles Between Randolph and Togus. And the Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington, Which Never Got to Waterville or Farmington, Was Dreaming Great Dreams About Its Projected Line Between Those Two Towns and on to Quebec

Engine No. 3 of the S. R. & R. L.: (Upper) Snapped About Fifty Years Ago, and (Lower) on a Trestle West of Strong (Long Since Filled In)

up. It made two trips, at that. Weary townsmen sauntered to the station indifferently to watch the temporary reincarnation.

But like men on most short-line roads, the B. & H. crews are looking for the end. They can't continue much longer with only money for bare operating expenses; maintenance work has to be done sooner or later, and it costs money.

THAT leaves the Wiscasset, Waterville & Farmington and the famous Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes. I told you all about the abandoned W. W. & F. in the March, 1935, issue of this magazine; and the Sandy River Line has appeared in its columns several times, once as the subject of an article by Freeman H. Hubbard (Nov., 1931).

It is—or was—the most interesting of them all and I think I'm justified in adding a little more about it. Certainly the fact that it was America's longest two-foot gage line entitles it to some additional space!

Three years ago this system, with more than a hundred miles of track, petitioned for abandonment, was granted it, and on the chosen date ceased operations. The ten attractive little engines were locked up in the brick roundhouse at Phillips; the 300 freight cars were stored at several yards;

the six coaches, three combinations, two postal-baggage cars, and the only two-foot gage parlor car in the world were also stored in Phillips and Kingfield.

A winter came and went. Trucks and stages gave doubtful service to Franklin County, and only a rolling strip of unbroken white marked the old railroad track.

But apparently the people—the wisest and most far-seeing ones, anyway—got enough of it, because in April, one warm morning, the doors of the roundhouse slid back and a tiny locomotive wooooshed out. The Sandy River began running again. (Incidentally, whenever you talk with any of the railroad men, officials or otherwise, it is always "the Sandy River," and never the full name of the road. It was first the Sandy River, and it always will be, even now that the rails are gone, and rank second-growth of birch and stunted pine flourish where once the little trains scooted by.)

The Sandy River system was for years on a par with the larger standard gage roads in track, rolling stock and service. The well-equipped shops at Phillips, where locomotives could be totally rebuilt, were especially interesting. Although toward the last only three or four men were working where once a dozen or more were busy, and only the most meager jobs of patching are done where once engine and cars were given thorough overhauls, it was still a good shop.

Since 1920 the Sandy River's business slumped beyond belief. Revenues of $200,000 a year or more fifteen years ago fell to $21,000 in 1933. Train service was cut from twelve and sixteen trains a day to one freight and two gasoline rail-cars. Instead of 150 men working on track and trains and in shops and offices, a mere two dozen or so were left.

"Once we had sixteen engines," a Sandy River man revealed, "and every one of them was working. That was when every branch was sending out trainloads of lumber, and pulpwood, and half the trains were wearing white."

No. 23 was the largest locomotive the line owned, and the biggest ever built for this country to that gage, although a 60-centimeter line (about two feet) in China has some Baldwin 0-10-0's that are several tons heavier.

Photo by T. T. Taber, 43 Hilcrest Rd., Madison, N. J.

This Old Covered Bridge Is Still Standing on the Sandy River Line near Phillips

"She is the best engine I ever worked on," the engineer told me. "She rides easy, steams free, and doesn't make any fuss over hauling thirty loads from Phillips to Farmington."

The 23 has been out of service now since 1931, as have also the 19, 22; and the 21 since last year. Then it was No. 16's turn. Those serviceable a few months ago were the little No. 9, No. 10, the old 17, and Nos. 18 and 24.

Several old-timers worked for the Sandy River until the last; Charlie Hodgeman, Kingfield engineer with half a century rating; Elmer Voter, conductor for more than

(Upper) No. 24, the Last of the S. R. & R. L.'s Line of Engines, on the Turntable at Strong.
(Lower) The Station at Rangeley on Sept. 15, 1934, the Day Before the Tracks Were Taken Up On the Rangeley Branch

fifty years; Dana Aldrich, second engineer; and Ed West, next in line, who fired for Dana.

The track has been very well kept, and trains often made 35 and 40 miles an hour. The main line from Farmington to Phillips was laid with 50-pound rail, and it extended beyond to Madrid Station, on the Rangeley Line, which has never been operated since the road closed in 1932. The Kingfield-Carrabasset branch was still 35-pound and in excellent shape, despite the scarcity of passengers and freight.

Conductor Voter told me of the big crowds he used to have, when ten passenger trains were run every day. "Why, years ago I used to collect 200 tickets between Farmington and Rangeley. Now just look at 'em!"

A quick survey of the little combination showed the brakeman sitting in the baggage door and the conductor on a seat. I was the only passenger.

The conductor on the Kingfield rail car said one morning at Strong: "I had a passenger down this morning who has lived in Kingfield thirty years, and this is the first time he ever rode on the line!"

The courageous slim-gage pike really died from a lack of appreciation.

Originally the narrow-gage system was a network of independent lines: the original Sandy River R. R., from Farmington to Phillips; next, the Franklin & Megantic

Ry., from Strong to Bigelow (in 1926 the 6 miles from Carrabasset to Bigelow were torn up); then the Phillips & Rangeley R. R., between those two towns, 29 miles. (The P. & R. has been dismantled for several months.)

There were also the Eustis R. R., running 10 miles from Eustis Jct., on the P. & R., to Greens Farm, with branches into the pulpwood and timber regions; the Madrid R. R., from Madrid Jct., on the P. & R., down through Madrid village to pulpwood lands; and a sub-branch to Berlin Mills, No. Six township. In 1908 these roads became the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes Railroad—with the exception of the Eustis R. R., which didn't come in until 1911. Other shorter branches—the Barnjum, the Alder Stream, and the line to Soules Mill, have been gone many years. There hasn't been a train over the Eustis Branch in sixteen years. In 1919 logging gave out up there, and now the grade is either grown up with six-inch trees or has been taken over by the highway department for state roads.

The P. & R. was laid with 43-pound rail, and although mighty crooked, it was kept in good line.

"Dana went from Rangeley to Phillips one time," Ed West said, "in exactly fifty-six minutes—twenty-nine miles!"

"How quick did you ever make it?" I asked him.

He grinned. "I made it in fifty-six, too."

During the early months of this year business seemed to be picking up. Many people hoped to see the old pike come back in some of its glory. And then, early in May of this year, the fatal announcement, no doubt innocently but nevertheless appropriately edged in heavy black, appeared in the newspapers. The Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes would be sold at auction in the court house at Farmington on May 18, 1935.

Sold it was—but not to a railroad operator. For the paltry sum of $20,200 the whole railroad, including rolling stock, motive power, track, shops and tools, went to a couple of junk dealers who announced that the steel was re-sold to Japan and the engines and rolling stock to a company which probably will use them to haul bananas in Nicaragua. The last train ran over the old Sandy River Line on June 30. And now it is no more.

Locomotives of the Old Sandy River Line

For the benefit of thousands of fans who are interested in its engines, Mr. Moody has compiled the following all-time roster of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes R. R.:

Nos. 1 and 2, Hinkley-built in 1877, 0-4-4T type, were formerly Billerica & Bedford engines, had 8x12" cylinders, 30" drivers, weighed 23,000 lbs., were scrapped before 1909.

No. 3, built by Porter in 1883, 0-4-4T type, had 9x14" cylinders, 32" drivers, 120 lbs. pressure, weighed 26,000 lbs., became Wiscasset & Quebec No. 1 in 1893.

Second No. 2, Baldwin-built in 1893, 2-6-0 type, had 12x16" cylinders, 33" drivers, 140 lbs. pressure, weighed 39,360 lbs. Rebuilt by Me.C. in 1916 to 2-6-2 type and renumbered 18, with 160 lbs. pressure and 52,000 lbs. weight.

Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, Portland-built 1890-1892, 0-4-4T type, had 10½x14" cylinders, 33" drivers, 140 lbs. pressure, weighed 36,000 lbs. No. 7 was formerly Phillips & Rangeley No. 1, "Calvin Putnam"; all scrapped except No. 6, which became Kennebec Central No. 4 in 1925.

No. 8, Baldwin-built in 1907, 2-4-4T type, formerly Sandy River R. R. No. 16, had 11½x14" cylinders, 33" drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighed 55,650 lbs. Scrapped about 1925.

No. 9, Baldwin-built in 1909, 2-4-4T type, practically same as No. 8.

No. 10, Baldwin-built in 1916, 2-4-4T type, had 12x16" cylinders, 36" drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighed 75,750 lbs.

No. 15, Baldwin-built in 1891, rebuilt to 2-6-2 type by Me.C. about 1916, originally Phillips & Rangeley 2-6-0 type No. 3 "Geo. M. Goodwin," had 12½x16" cylinders, 35" drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighed 52,000 lbs., scrapped about 1926.

No. 16, Baldwin-built in 1892 as 2-6-0 type "James Wyman" of Laurel River & Hot Springs, rebuilt by Me.C. to 2-6-2 in 1916, had 12x16" cylinders, 36" drivers, 160 lbs. pressure, weighed 52,000 lbs.

No. 17, Baldwin-built in 1893 as Phillips & Rangeley No. 2, 0-4-4T type, had 12x16" cylinders, 35" drivers, 160 lbs. pressure, weighed about 56,000 lbs. Rebuilt about 1916.

No. 18, see Second No. 2.

No. 19, Baldwin-built in 1904 as Sandy River R. R. No. 8, 2-6-2 type, had same dimensions as No. 18 except that she weighed about 2,000 lbs. more.

Nos. 20, 21, 22, Baldwin-built in 1903 and 1904 as Nos. 7, 8, and 9 of Eustis R. R., had 12x16" cylinders, 33" drivers, 140 lbs. pressure, weighed 57,950 lbs. No. 20 scrapped in 1928.

No. 23, Baldwin-built in 1913, 2-6-2 type, had 13x16" cylinders, 33" drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighed 63,000 lbs.

No. 24, Baldwin-built in 1919, 2-6-2 type, had 12x16" cylinders, 33" drivers, 170 lbs. pressure, weighed 54,000 lbs.

Old Print from Collection of Fred Westing, 219 Academy St., Jersey City, N. J.

Federal Forces Burning the Georgia Central Railroad Bridge Over the Ogechee River, November 30th, 1864

Old Print from Scrapbook of Paul A. Gleason, 376 8th St., Troy, N. Y.

Funeral Train of Gen. U. S. Grant Passing the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. The Whole Train Was Draped in Black

General Grant's Last Ride

By JIM HOLDEN

GENERAL GRANT died July 23, 1885, near Saratoga, N. Y. His body was to be brought to New York City for the most impressive funeral procession America has ever seen, for Grant was a national hero.

"If the cortège from Albany comes by river," proposed ex-Governor Cornell, "it will enable each town on the Hudson to furnish a boat."

But the General's widow and son would not hear of it. For most of his life Ulysses Simpson Grant had been identified with the railroads. Almost his first stratagem of the Civil War—the beginning of his rise from a tanner's helper to the foremost man of his country—had been to rebuild a railroad. Other roads had been destroyed by him for military reasons. The continent had been spanned by a steel trail during his Presidency. And it was by rail that he made his final and most remarkable journey.

Grant's last days were spent on Mt. McGregor, some twelve miles from Saratoga, served by a narrow-gage line known as the Mountain Railway. Here the journey was to start; and long before that time every detail had been perfected.

Union Troops Burning the Roundhouse of the Western & Atlantic Railroad (Now N. C. & St. L.) at Atlanta, Ga., November 14th, 1864

"The body will be placed on what is known as an 'observance,'" the line's manager, D. H. Fonda, explained to reporters, for no detail was too small for people who idolized Grant. "That is a car 35 feet long, with standard posts at the corners and sides which support a roof over all. The car is enclosed on all sides to a height of three feet. Every part of the car will be draped in mourning. Next will come a car called 'Eastern Outlook,' to be used by the family. Others will follow."

In order to understand the lavish care of the arrangements a person must realize what sort of person the General was. It was Grant, the people felt, who brought the Civil War to an end. When battles were raging almost at the walls of Washington, it was his bold advance which saved the capital and perhaps the entire Union. This made Grant a popular figure.

Even the Southerners appreciated his fairness, remembering that he kept his word. When General Lee, the gallant leader of their lost cause, was obliged to surrender, Grant told the boys in gray to keep their horses; they would need them for plowing. The South never forgot that.

Grant was born in Ohio, graduated from West Point Military Academy with lower than average grades, served in a few border troubles, resigned from the army and went home to Galena, Ill. When the Civil War broke out he took command of a regiment of volunteers. His first big victory was the capture of Vicksburg, Miss. This was also his introduction to railroading, a study he used constantly during the war and afterward—and which nearly drove him from public life in disgrace.

At Vicksburg he found the remains of a railroad—locomotives battered by the fleeing Confederates, cars burned, rails twisted. At once he ordered it rebuilt, appointing General G. M. Dodge to one section. Dodge did the work in two months. By keeping supplies running into Vicksburg he earned the gratitude of Grant, who thus was able to hold the entire Mississippi River. Grant remembered this later, when Dodge was building the Union Pacific.

Upper Photo from Jos. Lavelle; Lower from H. Kingsbury, Jr., 60 Carroll Rd., E. Hartford, Conn.

Two Old-Time Gals Named for Gen. Grant. (Upper) Burlington & Missouri River 0-4-0 Type Built in 1866 by N. J. Locomotive & Machine Co. (Lower) Boston & Maine 4-4-0 Type No. 41, Built in 1867, Rebuilt in 1887 (422 on Headlight Was Probably Number of Train)

Moving East, he appointed Dodge to rebuild another line, the Nashville & Decatur. This country was full of rivers. Later he wrote:

"All the bridges over these had been destroyed, and the rails taken up and twisted. All the cars and locomotives not carried off had been destroyed . . . Dodge had the work finished within forty days."*

With the war coming to a close, Grant visualized a much grander railroad—from California to the North. Talk there had

** Further details may be found in "G. M. Dodge, Pioneer Railroad Builder," by Earle Davis, May, '33, Railroad Stories; and "The Art of Railroad Wrecking," Jim Holden, July, '34.*

been; but nothing was done until Grant, now a man of influence, saw the line's military value. Wouldn't it bring the resources of California to the aid of the Union? Energetically he favored the project.

The war ended, Grant was President in 1868 and the Union Pacific was being built by Dodge. Money and still more money was needed. Grant backed the construction with all of his influence and with government bonds. All at once he found that he had put his head into a noose. This was the Credit Mobilier scandal of 1872. A railroad official had sold stock to Congressmen for less than it was worth. There were cries of " Bribery," and scorn was pointed at the President. But Grant had nothing to do with the sale.

When the old general died in 1885, he was the idol of the country—of the world. His funeral became a national affair. Washington and New York wrangled for days over which city should have the tomb. But New York had been Grant's home after the war, so the tomb of Grant and his wife stands today on Riverside Drive, just above the New York Central Railroad tracks that skirt the bank of the Hudson.

At one o'clock on an afternoon early in August, thirteen G.A.R. veterans reverently lifted the catafalque into the first of six little cars on the Mountain Railway.

Engineer Martin shut all steam from the cylinders; and the train, standing as it did upon a grade, slowly started by its own weight. Sweeping about curve after curve, to right and left, the train passed slowly down the mountain.

In the valley its tracks ran parallel to the Delaware & Hudson where, at Mt. McGregor station, the narrow-gage engine puffed up opposite the New York Central's black-draped special train of nine cars. Several thousand people were silently waiting. Here the catafalque was transferred to the first car, " Woodlawn."

This train was worthy of attention. From the pilot to tail lights it was draped. The engine's boiler rails had festoons of crape, the sides of the cab were covered, walls of the tender completely sheathed with black cloth radiating from rosettes. All the cars had draperies, and their interiors were covered except for the windows.

At 2.10 P.M. the train left Saratoga, reaching Albany at 3.40. When Voorhies, the local superintendent, climbed out of the cab he remarked to one of the officials: " During this trip you have heard no sound of bell or whistle." Nor did either sound on the whole trip.

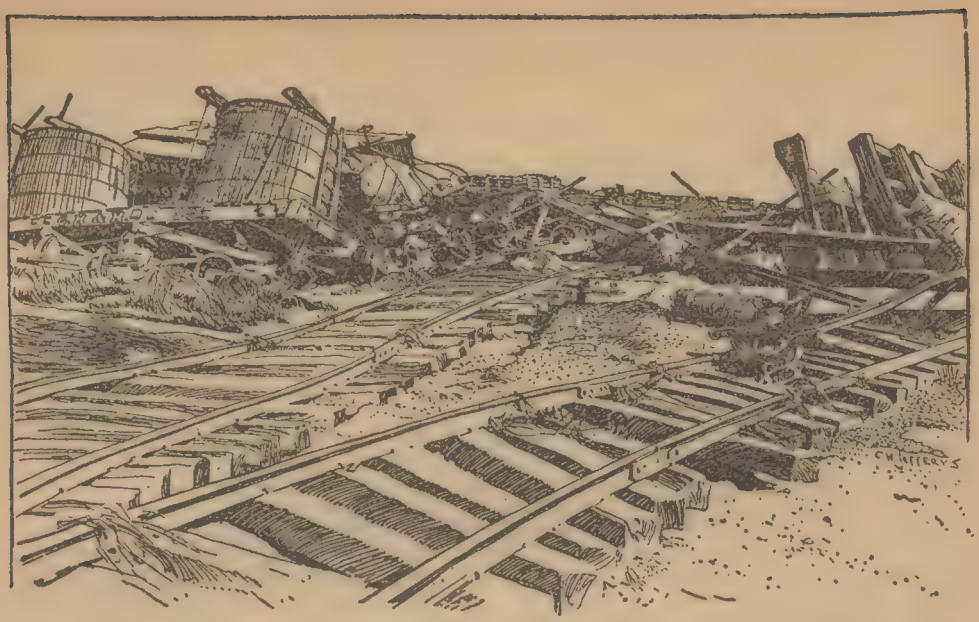
After being shown at Albany the glass-topped casket was closed. The catafalque was then borne to the station; and the train started for New York, where a procession to cost over $800,000 had been arranged. Hundreds of persons standing nearest the tracks laid coins on the rails to have them flattened beneath the wheels. As the black train rumbled across the bridge of the Hudson it was between two dense lines of people.

Near Poughkeepsie they passed a work train, and the track gang stood by with heads uncovered. At Cornwall they were met by a crowded steamboat from New York. A few minutes above West Point they ran into a thunderstorm and the General's son, Colonel Grant, had to move to the other side of the car. They could see the clouds directly over the military post, as shown in the old print reproduced here. Now a cannon on the hill began a booming salute.

At 3.27 the train rolled slowly past the little station. Along the railroad the West Point cadets were drawn up at " present arms." The band, subdued, played " Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer."

As the train moved on, the music mingled with thunder muttering over the river and the boom of the salute. So passed West Point's farewell to a soldier.

Next Month: "Railroad Pipe Dreams," Illustrated Fact Article by Jim Holden Dealing with Fantastic Projects of Bygone Days



Scene on International-Great Northern R.R. at Galveston, Texas, After the 120 M.P.H. Hurricane and Flood Which Took Some 6,000 Lives, Sept. 8, 1900. Although All Bridges Were Destroyed and Miles of Track Were Washed Out and Heaped With Debris, Trains Entered Galveston 12 Days Later. (Notice the Water-Tank Car at the Left)

September in Rail History

IF you want to know what happened on your birthday or any other day of the year, watch this almanac. It began last April and will end March, '36. We want to thank all readers who sent us dates, particularly Robt. R. Brown, secretary, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n; John D. Seibert, historian, Lancaster (Pa.) Ry. & Locomotive Historical Society; Wm. Wanzer, Burlington, Vt.; Karl Deutsch, N. Y. City; Paul Darrell, Richmond, Calif.; and Wm. Green, Revelstoke, B. C., Canada. (Dates for Nov. almanac should be received before Aug. 10.)

September 1

1849—P. R. R. line opened between Harrisburg and Lewistown, Pa., 61 miles, for travel in connection with a canal and turnpike.

1853—Ground broken at Davenport, Ia., for Iowa's first railroad, the Mississippi & Missouri, by Antoine LeClaire, founder and first postmaster of Davenport. (First locomotive to turn a wheel in Iowa bore his name. First railroad depot in Iowa was the home he had built for his bride at Davenport; it is still standing.)

1854—Cornerstone laid at Davenport for first bridge across Mississippi River.

1855—First stretch of M. & M. (now part of Rock Island) completed from Davenport to Wilton, 14 miles.

1859—First Pullman sleeping car put into service on Chi., Alton & Pac. R. R. at Bloomington, Ill., on night run to Chicago. Lighted only by candles. Among the first passengers is George Mortimer Pullman, age 28, inventor of the car.

1864—Opening of British Guiana's first railway.

1879—Tyler Tap R. R. (original name for Cotton Belt Route) begins service between Tyler and Big Sandy, Texas, 21½ miles, narrow-gage.

1894—Union Station opened at St. Louis, Mo. (This station is perhaps the only one in America containing a movie theater in which travelers kill time while waiting for trains.)

September 2

1861—16 killed, many injured in railway accident at Kentish Town (Hampstead Jct.), England.

1862—Union Pacific Ry. organized at Chicago by Henry Farnum and T. C. Durant.

1916—Congress passes Adamson Act providing 8-hr. day for all railroad employees engaged in operation of trains.

September 3

1880—Frank McManamy born at Fallen Timber, Pa. Member of Interstate Commerce Com-

mission. ("Famous Engineers," March, '34, issue.)

1892—Can. Pac. Ry. leases Carleton-St. John Ry., built by City of St. John, N. B.

September 4

1860—Ten persons killed, 22 injured at Helmshire, England, when 17 cars of 2nd section of excursion train break away and run down hill into head end of 3rd section.

1872—N. Y. *Sun* exposes Credit Mobilier stock fraud perpetrated by Union Pacific Ry. financiers. (On Feb. 27, 1873, Congress publicly censured U. P. stock manipulators. The N. Y. *Sun* Bldg. is today the home of RAILROAD STORIES magazine.)

September 5

1874—Wm. Mason, famous locomotive builder, tries in vain to get Master Mechanics Ass'n to adopt Walschaert valve gear as standard. (Today it is used more than any other type of valve gear. See article by Chas. Fisher, president of Ry. & Loco. Historical Society, in Feb., '32, issue.)

September 6

1849—"Mount Holly," a Taunton locomotive, inaugurates passenger traffic on Rutland & Burlington R. R. in Vt., by pulling first train.

1876—Charles Crocker, builder of Central Pac. R. R., drives golden spike at Lang, Calif., completing a branch of the S. P.

1910—First sod of Hudson's Bay Ry. turned at The Pas, Man., Canada. (Road completed nearly 20 yrs. later.)

September 7

1842—Concord R. R. opened between Concord, N. H., and Nashua, N. H. (Now part of B. & M. and the Suncook Valley R. R.)

1852—Opening of King's Mt. R. R., 22½ miles, 5-ft. gage. (Later merged with 3-ft. gage Chester & Lenoir R. R.; now Carolina & N. W. Ry.)

1876—Atlantic & Pacific R. R. becomes the St. Louis-San Francisco Ry. (The Frisco Road.)

1881—Jesse James's last train robbery; hold-up of Chicago & Alton train near Blue Cut, Mo. (Details in Sept., '32, issue.)

1887—Grant Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J., badly damaged by fire (a loss from which it never fully recovered).

September 8

1873—First train runs on Mineral Range (narrow-gage) R. R. in Mich. (Now Duluth, S. S. & Atlantic.)

1883—Last spike completing N. P. Ry. driven by Henry Villard near Garrison, Mont.

1897—Colorado Midland R. R. Co. sold under foreclosure to Colorado Midland Ry. Co.

September 9

1851—Atlantic & La Grange R. R. opened. (In 1857 it was changed to its present name, Atlanta & West Point R. R., running between Atlanta, Ga., and Montgomery, Ala., 175 miles.)

1890—Brotherhood of Ry. Carmen of America formed by amalgamation of Carmen's Mutual Aid Ass'n with Brotherhood of Ry. Car Repairers of North America in joint convention at Topeka, Kan. (Later the Car Repairers and Oilers Protective Ass'n and the Brotherhood of Ry. Carmen of Canada joined this body.)

1909—Death of E. H. Harriman, who controlled more railroads than James Hill, J. P. Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould or any other man.

September 10

1927—Electric service inaugurated on Germany's first railroad, the Nurnberg-Furth, reopened after being abandoned in 1922.

1930—Oliver C. Perry, who robbed the same N. Y. C. express train twice, dies at age 64, blind, in prison at Dannemora, N. Y. Thus September marked his birth, his first train robbery, his blindness, and his death. (See article by Earle Davis, Nov., '32.)

September 11

1905—Worst recorded wreck on a metropolitan elevated railroad; misplaced switch at 9th Ave. and 53rd St., N. Y. City, causes train to fall to street; 5 killed, many injured.

1911—Wreck of 2 double-headers on Buffalo & Susquehanna (now part of D. & H.) at Genesee, Pa. Engines No. 168 and No. 136 southbound collide with No. 123 and No. 167 northbound. No casualties, except one man hurt.

1915—Wm. C. Van Horne, Canadian Pacific Ry. builder, dies in Montreal, age 72. (See article by Chas. F. Carter, Aug., '35.)

September 12

1825—Canterbury & Whitstable Ry. (see Sept. 27) makes a quaint bid for supplies, desiring "to

purchase a considerable quantity of Kentish ragstone, similar to that used for the county jail," to be made into "sleepers" (railroad ties).

1905—B. & O. general office bldg. in Baltimore, Md., completed and occupied, replacing one destroyed by fire. . . . First sod turned for Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. at Fort William, Ont., Canada.

1906—"Sand hog" crews building P. R. R. tunnel under Hudson River meet in middle. (This tunnel, when completed, linked Manhattan Island by rail with mainland. Ferries no longer necessary for traveling into or out of N. Y. City.)

1931—Europe's most luxurious international express wrecked at Torbagy, Hungary, being toppled off Europe's highest steel viaduct by Sylvester Matuska, a fiend who wrecked trains in three countries. (See article by Z. Rothschild, Nov., '33.)

September 13

1839—First railroad in The Netherlands opens.

1865—Victoria R. R., first in Australia, opens.

1913—Opening of Badenese station at Basel, Switzerland—only German railway depot on foreign soil.

September 14

1853—Construction of European & North American Ry. begun at St. John, N. B., Canada. (This road was eventually divided among 3 systems. The part in U. S. went to Maine Central; east of St. John went to C. N. R., and west of St. John to C. P. R.)

1886—Head-on collision on Nickel Plate Road at Silver Creek, N. Y., between Niagara Falls excursion and a westbound freight; 19 killed. (See article by H. R. Edwards, Nov., '34.)

1901—Organization of Loyal Star, ladies' auxiliary of Brotherhood of R. R. Carmen of America, in international convention at St. Louis.

1931—Great Western Ry. "Cheltenham Flyer," running between Swindon and Paddington (London), England, 77¼ miles, regains its title of "world's fastest" by making special run in 59½ minutes, at average of 78 m.p.h., beating its former time of 70 mins. at average of 63.3 m.p.h.; and beating new fast time of Canadian Pacific's "Canadian" and "Royal York," which ran 124 miles between Montreal West and Smith's Falls, Ont., in 110 and 108 mins., respectively, at average of 67.6 and 68.9 m.p.h. The "Cheltenham Flyer" is now scheduled to make the trip in 65 minutes. See p. 80 for comment on its speed.

September 15

1830—World's first fatal railway accident, on Liverpool & Manchester Ry. 2 days after it opens. Eight locomotives drawing carriages resembling stage coaches, with 732 passengers, leave the mouth of Great Tunnel at Liverpool, England, to go to Manchester, other end of line. Reaching Eccles at 11.35 A.M., engines stop for water. Printed programs request passengers not to leave their carriages at Eccles, but this restriction is

ignored by Wm. Huskisson, Liverpool member of Parliament, who was responsible for getting the railway company's bill through Parliament. Huskisson dismounts, greets Duke of Wellington, and is run down by the locomotive "Rocket," dying at 9 P.M. (Tablet marks scene of accident.)

1879—T. C. Cashen, international president, Switchmen's Union of North America, born at South Thompson, O. . . . Isaac B. Tigrett, president of the 998½-mile Gulf, Mobile & Northern R. R., born at Friendship, Tenn.

1885—Jumbo, famous big elephant of Barnum circus, killed by Grand Trunk Ry. engine in Ontario, Canada. (Details in Dec., '30, issue.)

1916—Phila., Baltimore & Washington R. R. inc. in Penna., Dela. and Md. as consolidation of 6 roads. (Part of P. R. R.)

September 16

1838—Birth of James J. Hill, "Empire Builder," who built Great Northern Ry.

1875—Railway post office inaugurated on first fast mail train, N. Y. C. Lines.

1893—Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma opened to

settlers. Choctaw Coal & Ry. Co. (later part of Rock Island R. R.) special train is crowded to roof tops with prospective homesteaders in America's biggest land rush. (Details in Feb., '31.)

1911—P. R. R. test train makes record run, 105 miles, Valparaiso, Ind., to Fort Wayne, Ind., in 80 minutes. Real time is 84 mins., including 4-min. delay caused by a milk train.

September 17

1832—"Pontchartrain," made in England, is first locomotive to run on Pontchartrain R. R., in Louisiana, first railroad chartered west of the Allegheny Mts. On maiden trip she hauls 12 coaches, more than 300 passengers. (Details in Oct., '33, issue.)

1850—P. R. R. line opened to Mountain House, near Hollidaysburg, Pa., where connections are made with state portage road over Allegheny Mts.

1869—First exhibition test of Westinghouse air-brake at Horseshoe Curve, Pa., on P. R. R., in presence of Master Mechanics Ass'n. Six-car train running down a grade of 95 ft. to the mile is brought to a stop in 425 ft. (See article by Chas. F. Carter, Nov., '30.)

September 18

1844—Opening of Denmark's first railroad.

1873—Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western R. R. opened, 122 miles. (Now part of C. & N. W.)

1877—"Mystery of the 13." Holdup on U. P. at Big Springs, Neb.; 13 masked bandits rob express train of $65,000 in currency, mostly gold, and about $2,000 in cash and valuables from passengers, then escape. (Not one of the 13 were ever known to have been caught. See article by Earle Davis, March, '34.)

1891—Grand Trunk Ry. opens St. Clair Tunnel between Sarnia, Ont., Canada, and Port Huron, Mich.

1906—Two trains sunk in Cimarron River, Okla., under wreckage of bridges broken by flood; one is Frisco freight, the other is Rock Island passenger train; several lives lost.

September 19

1863—First rail Brotherhood organized—Brotherhood of the Footboard—at Detroit, Mich., on same day Battle of Chickamauga is fought in Civil War. Name changed to B. of L. E., Sept. 19, 1864. (See Dellinger story, "Hog Law.")

1872—Santa Fe R. R. reaches Dodge City, Kan.

1878—Construction begins on Chi., Bellevue, Cascade & Western, 3-ft. gage. (Ran 36 miles between Bellevue and Cascade, Ia.; later became branch of Milwaukee; now operated independently.)

1891—Grand Trunk Ry. opens tunnel under St. Clair River between Ont., Canada, and Mich., U. S.

1931—Last D. & H. freight train pulls out of Honesdale, Pa. Passenger service was discontinued Oct. 29, 1928. Thus is abandoned the stretch of railroad on which the "Stourbridge Lion," first practical steam engine to run on any American railway, was given its trial run more than a century ago, Aug. 8, 1829.

September 20

1852—Montreal & N. Y. Ry. opened between Montreal, Canada, and Plattsburgh, N. Y. (It was built in opposition to old Champlain & St. Lawrence R. R.; ensuing competition ruined both companies. M. & N. Y. did not survive long; most of it was abandoned.)

1910—Railway collision at Rottenmann, Austria; 11 killed, 25 injured.

September 21

1871—Richelieu, Drummond & Athabasca Ry. opened in Canada from Sorel to Drummondville. (It was to have been extended to Richmond, Que., to connect with the Grand Trunk. In 1872 it was bought by the South Eastern Ry. and extended from Drummondville to Sutton Jct., now Enlaugra. Later, when C. P. R. got control of S. E., the original line of R. D. & A. was abandoned.)

1875—R. F. & P. shops removed from Richmond, Va., to Boulton, Va. (their present site).

1882—Pacific Coast Ry. chartered in Calif. as consolidation of San Luis Obispo & Santa Maria Valley R. R. and the Pacific Coast Ry., 103 miles, 3-ft. gage. (Now 3-ft. gage.)

1895—Ann Arbor Ry. chartered in Mich. as successor to Toledo, A. A. & N. Mich. Ry. (Now 292 miles.)

1908—First Grand Trunk Pacific passenger train leaves Winnipeg, Canada, westbound.

1925—Virginian Ry. begins electric service.

September 22

1856—Grand Trunk Ry. completed from Toronto to Stratford, Canada. (Opened 2 weeks later.)

1871—Atlantic & Ontario R. R. organized to run between Hoosic, N. Y., and Salisbury, N. Y., 79 miles.

1902—Chi., Rock Island & Gulf Ry. inc. in Texas. (Now part of Rock Island System.)

September 23

1883—Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen organized at Oneonta, N. Y., in a caboose (picture of which is used on B. R. T. trademark today). Originally called Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen of U. S. and Canada.

September 24

1831—First passenger train in N. Y. State makes its maiden run over Mohawk & Hudson R. R. between Schenectady and Albany, 18 miles, pulled by "DeWitt Clinton" locomotive. This marks completion of state's first railroad, which at first was a series of inclines, using horses and stationary engines as motive power. (Name changed in 1847 to Albany & Schenectady; now N. Y. C.)

1881—City of Cleveland, O., issues special timetable for funeral train of President Garfield from Pittsburgh to Cleveland on P. R. R.

1927—"Fair of Iron Horse" opens at Halethorpe, Md., to celebrate century of railroad progress; staged by the B. & O., which claims distinction of being first U. S. railroad operated for public handling of passengers and freight. (Fair closed Oct. 8, 1927.)

September 25

1863—Montreal and Champlain R. R. (formerly Champlain & St. Lawrence) leased by Grand Trunk. This ends the separate existence of Canada's first railway.

1871—Opening of first railroad in Honduras.

1872—Sioux City & St. Paul R. R. opened, 148 miles. (Now Chi., St. P., Minn. & Omaha.)

1873—Montreal, Portland & Boston Ry. opened from Longueuil (opposite Montreal) to Chambly. (Later extended to Sheldon, Vt. This was part of Portland & Ogdensburg Ry. project and was to form part of a competitive line between Montreal and Portland, Me., by way of St. Johnsbury. When the P. & E. project failed, rails were taken up between Sheldon and Frelighsburg, and remainder of Canadian section passed into hands of South Eastern Ry. and later to the Central Vt. At present most of it is not in operation.)

1911—Frisco freight car No. 123456 (note the number!) arrives at Ashdown, Ark., on train No. 548 and leaves on No. 554 with merchandise for Hope, Ark. (Who knows further history of that car?)

September 26

1871—Historic train leaves Chicago for Leavenworth, Kan., on Rock Island R. R. to commemorate completion of "a continuous line of railroad from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi," with many notables aboard, including the President and Mrs. Grant. Train pulled by famous "silver engine," the "America." (On this trip Gen. Grant had dramatic but pleasant meeting with Confederate General Beauregard, his Civil War foe of a few years previous.)

1912—Syracuse, Binghamton & N. Y. R. R., 140 miles of main line and sidings, leased to the D. L. & W.

September 27

1825—Opening of the world's first steam railway, the Stockton & Darlington, in England. First train hauled by Geo. Stephenson's engine "Locomotion," with Geo. himself in coach and brother James at throttle. (S. & D. did not use steam power, except for freight, after opening day until 1833. It used horses to haul passengers. First railway to convey *ordinary* passengers in trains hauled by steam power was the Canterbury & Whitstable Ry., opened May 4, 1830. Second was the Liverpool & Manchester, also in England, opened in autumn of 1830.)

1873—International & Great Northern formed by consolidation of roads belonging to Houston & Great Northern and the International R. R. (Now part of Mo. P. System.)

1883—Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry. inc. in B. C., Canada. (Opened Sept. 17, 1886. Now operated under lease by C. P. R.)

1903—Wreck of Southern Ry. train No. 97 near North Danville, Va. (Famous song, "Wreck of the Old 97," based on this. See article by Heineman, Jan., '34.)

September 28

1867—Carl R. Gray, president of 10,047-mile U. P. System, born at Princeton, Ark.

1873—Entire 265 miles of 5-ft. gage Atlanta & Richmond Air-Line Ry. opened. (Now part of Southern Ry.)

1908—Frederic Thompson takes N. Y. C. special train at Buffalo, N. Y., for fast run to Chicago, where wife is dangerously ill, at average rate of mile a minute for 535 miles. Reaching Chicago, finds wife past the crisis.

1924—B. & M. lease with Suncook Valley R. R. canceled; road now operated independently.

September 29

1874—J. Samuel Pyeatt, president of the 2,571-mile D. R. G. & W., born at Denver, Colo.

1875—First passenger train enters Woodstock, Vt., on Woodstock Ry., pulled by engine "Winooski." (Abandoned 1933. See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, July, '33.)

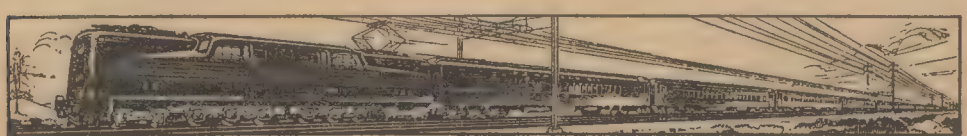
1935—100th birthday of Joseph R. Jones, former P. R. R. supervisor of signals, Phila. Div., is expected to be third P. R. R. veteran to reach century mark since pension plan was established, Jan. 1, 1900.

September 30

1828—Opening of Austria's first railroad.

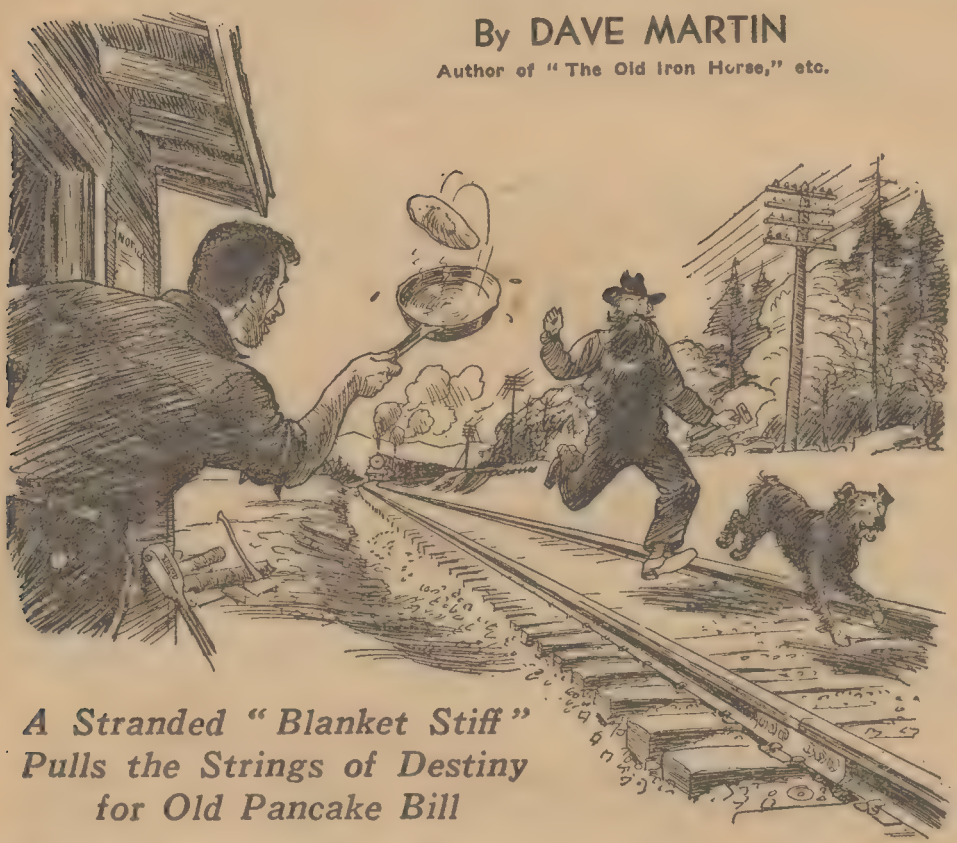
1842—R. F. & P. R. R. in Virginia opened to Potomac River.

1908—Railway Business Ass'n, formed at meeting in N. Y. City, comprises most big manufacturers of American railway supplies.



The Trackwalker's Tale

By DAVE MARTIN
Author of "The Old Iron Horse," etc.



A Stranded "Blanket Stiff" Pulls the Strings of Destiny for Old Pancake Bill

ME and the Kokomo Kid is stretched out in a shady spot down here in the land o' sunshine and sight-seeing, taking a short rest from that last half-mile hike. The iron pike and the buzz-wagon trail is in front of us. Behind us is a whaling big orange grove groaning under the golden fruit.

In the six or eight hours we've been a-setting here I betcha two dozen o' them citrus hicks has stopped their trucks and bothered me and the Kid about fruit-picking jobs. But we dassent do nothing like work or we'd be disgraced fer life.

It jist seems to me that ev'ry generation o' humans in this world gits meaner and ornier'n the last. 'Specially in California. Here's seventy-million oranges lying on the ground 'cause there ain't room for 'em on the trees, and ev'ry hundred yards or so a big sign says:

$50 REWARD
For Arrest and Conviction
Of Every Orange Thief

But it ain't bad sprawled out here in the shade of a palm tree, throwing one eye up at the snow-capped Sierrys, and slinging t'other optic at them sun-kissed babies behind us.

When it gits dark me and the Kid'll do our dirty work in a free fill-up on that fruit.

To jist sorta make talk and without thinking o' starting something, I asts the Kid:

"Ever buck a winter in the big snow?"

"Snow!" He comes right back at me. "I'll say I did! All winter in a ten-by-fourteen shack two miles above sea level."

"Wut hoosegow wuz that, Kid?"

"No calaboose a-tall. This was a trackwalker's cabin on the crest of the continent." And he launches into the story.

IT'S the tail end of Injun Summer when I hits the joint, but as I says I'm silly 'bout scenery:

Jack Frost's stealing among the trees,
To catch and paint the falling leaves,
As wind-blown they come tumbling down,
In showers of gold and red and brown.

All night our string of rattlers and three hogs has been winding and twisting and crawling up the backbone of the country. By sun-up, at a snail's pace, as if it was the engine's dying gasp, we creep over the crest and start the long coast down grade with Mr. Westinghouse shoving back on the string.

Right up on the tip o' the world, in a little cove by the trackside I see this cabin. There's smoke coming out of a stovepipe poked through the roof. That means somebody home, and breakfast maybe. Anyhow, taking a chance, I unload. A home-made sign on the door stops me. It reads:

BUMS BEWARE!
Free feeds and panhandling is played out up here. Hoboes that can only sleep and eat, keep traveling! Last bum that gave me back slack is buried behind this shanty.—BILL JURGIS.

While I'm reading the sign the door is yanked open and I'm eying an old bozo that hasn't been to the barber's for twenty years. He's woollier and shaggier than a buffalo bull. Nobody short of a sheep shearer could ever clip him.

"Whucha want?" he growls at me.

"'Scuse me, old-timer," I tell him with my best grin, "but I'm sure I heard somebody ring the breakfast bell."

He gives me a hostile once-over. I guess I'm an eyeful of dirt and rags to look at, all right.

"Kin you throw a feed together yourself, or are you jist 'nother one o' them moochers 'at kin only throw a feed inter yerself?"

"Gimme the makings sich as sourdough, sallyratus, sow bosom, seasoning etcetry," I tell him, "and I'll sling up every mess on the menu."

Just to show him I'm no false alarm faker or four-flusher, I rattle off a little list of my commonest recipes, from appliqued apple pie down to Washington wedding cake with the Statue o' Liberty stuck on top of it. When I run outa breath I take a squint at his nibs to get his reaction. Not so good.

His eyes are bugged out, jaws wide open, and he's waving a hand freely at me.

"Stop it! Shut it off!"

Expecting the worst, I asts him straight out. "You ain't fixing to have a fit, are you?"

"I am, if you don't stop that yap," says he. "Durned if you ain't sprung everything in the cook book 'cept the one thing I'm starved for."

Instantly I take heart, and snap

right back: "'Zat so? If you don't see it in the window we've sure got it on the inside. What is it you crave, old top?"

"Flapjacks!"

"Easy, if you got the needings." I'm slipping past him into the shack. "Let's have 'em for breakfast."

FLAPJACKS is everything that old coot ate all winter. Breakfast, dinner or supper I'd say to him:

"Chow time. Bill. Whucha want?"

He'd scratch his wool like his mind wasn't made up. Then he'd look at me and grin. "Well, whucha say, Kid, we have flapjacks for a change?"

Mebby middle of the night he'd wake me up. "How's chances, Kid, fer a few flapjacks?"

I'd sling 'em up and he'd sling 'em down in his shirt-tail. Never did chew 'em. Stick 'em in his trap, gulp once and they're gone. But where he stows that endless stack o' hots is a mystery. My big mistake was in not loading him into a box car, taking him to Chicago or New York and putting him in a pancake marathon.

Whenever I see him ambling down the track I hurry him up by tossing a flapjack in the old frying-pan out the front door—and would he come a running?

The only neighbors, 'cept trackwalkers, we got short o' twenty miles is Dad and Mam Wilson. They run the pumphouse a piece down the track. Oh, yes, I almost forget Toots. He is Bill's dog. And he's one helluva-looking kyoodle. I don't want to hurt Bill's feelings none; so I asks, like I'm interested, what kind o' dog he is.

"Oh, him?" Bill smirks behind his brush pile. "He's a combination dog."

"Combination?" I says. "I don't getcha."

"Yeah, one part cur, one part fleas, an' one part gin'ral cussedness. The rest of him wuz purty good dog."

"Whucha call the rest of him, Bill? Has he got some addendum?"

"He did have 'fore he took a snooze on the railroad track an' a engine sneaked up an' whacked off his tail."

"Oh, I see," says I. "What he's got is a case of locomotive-attacks-you."

The brush pile nods and smiles. "Yeah, I reckon that's it. Sometimes I gits so mad at him I tell Toots straight to his face I'm sorry the train didn't cut his tail off right behind his ears."

"Don't that hurt his feelings?"

"'Can't tell," says Bill Jurgis. "Y' see, a dog's tail is his barometer. An' if he's shy his barometer, you got no way o' knowin' whether he wants to love you or chaw a leg offa you."

"He has no family tree then?"

"Gosh, no!" says Bill. "Just any old tree'll do him!"

WHILE Bill's out on his track beat, I get a breathing spell on the flapjack exercise and time to look around. We're cozy in the cabin as a couple cockroaches in a cookie jar. However, it's merely a bare room, a corner bunk and a full belly. The woman touch is missing. But it's Bill's shack and the blank walls are his business.

Sometime in the dim past Bill has blown himself for a phonograph—one of the old horn variety with cylinder records. I guess it's called a gramaphone. The buying streak on records, too, must have preceded the Spanish-American War. Nothing later than "Sweet Marie" and "Banks of the Wabash" and "Just as the Sun Went Down" and "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard" and others of that melodious period.

They're old-fashioned but they suit us. And do we play 'em? Ask Bill. Only two things he 'pears to live for is that gramaphone and pancakes. As for me, lotsa times I walk the track with Bill and Toots to keep from getting lonesome.

Shack's less than a hundred feet from where the rails tip over the top of the continent. Trains both ways creep past our cove. At noon I stand on the rim of the canyon. Far below is a smoke-belching serpent weaving along a glistening silver ribbon.

It's a long string of reefers and locomotives crawling to the summit. Across the miles a plume of white trails back over the lead engine. Seconds later comes the deep single-note song of her chime whistle. Among the peaks it echoes and re-echoes and plays until the last faint whisper is stilled.

At sundown she rattles past the cove at turtle speed and strings out for the long race down the opposite slope. It's the passing of No. 258.

And after dark, when night has stubbed her toe and spilled her stars across the sky, I can see this all repeated in creeping lights, and hear the whistles playing their simple symphonies to the everlasting hills. She's coming, coming, coming for hours. Finally her two red eyes vanish over the hump and you're alone in the infinite.

Ten days of late-in-the-fall fine weather, then Old Man Winter drops in to say "howdy" and leaves his white calling card—jist a light flurry o' snow. Engines come coughing through, wearing flangers and dolled up with wedge plows for nose protectors. Don't need these drift buckers yet, but looks like the company is fixing for sudden trouble.

Having left my sealskin underwear and Polar bear topcoat in moth balls at my summer cottage, I'm nachally a little anxious 'bout blizzards and sich like, so I asts Bill how he's gonna dress for winter.

"Well, Kid, y'see these overalls an' jumper I've got on?" says he. "I'm aimin' to put some new facin's down the front o' these britches where they're thin; then I'm all hunky-dory fer winter."

"I getcha," says I.

But that first flurry ain't a sample of what's to come. In ten days the wedge plows give up bucking the white blanket. Then the rotaries start burrowing through the drift. They bore into snow hills like nobody's biz.

In thirty days me and Bill are coming up outa the shack through a hole in the snow like a coupla big prairie dogs. And Bill gives me the good news that winter ain't started yet.

AS time goes on, the more I see o' Bill the more sure I am he's hiding something. And one God-forsaken wind-wailing night, the scream of a panther prowling 'round outside starts him talking.

He's lying in his bunk when the cougar's cry splits the night. Then he raises up and stares at me like I've just dropped through the roof and he's never seen me before. He wants to talk, so I listen. Piecemeal he uncovers his past.

It seems he usta be a hoghead. Twenty years ago, he was pulling the throttle of the fastest passenger engines in the country. From call boy to car tinks, everybody called him Wild Bill Jurgis.

His train in motion was a canary-colored streak of lightning—a whistle shriek—the rush and roar of a speed-crazed, spark-spitting, steel steed—a yellow flash across the landscape—a

swirl of dust—and Wild Bill had come and gone.

These things I knew because, as a bum, I'd hung on for dear life to blind-baggage platforms behind his reeling, racing, roaring engine. He was the only hoghead that ever made me say:

"God be good to us, 'cause there's only one single inch of steel wheel flange between these flying cars and eternity, and I ain't stuck on dying just yet."

Now Bill's telling me: "It's 11.20 P.M. when we pull out of the division that night. We're fifty minutes late. I'm aimin' to reach the other end on time. I got a hundred an' seventy miles o' clear track to do it on. If I make it, it'll mean turnin' wheels.

"Under me I've got the pride of the iron pike, the 2618, a Baldwin Atlantic Compound—a ten-wheeler with seventy-nine-inch drivers. That old girl'd pop off if you jist shook a shovel at her. When she got her lungs full o' hot steam all she knew was to run like a tin-canned coyote. Behind me is a long string o' Pullmans. I've got about two million pounds to start an' stop.

"Any eagle-eye can start this load an' keep her rollin', but there ain't one alive can stop in a half-dozen rail lengths when she's clippin' off eighty miles an hour. I know; I tried my best to do it. The miracle was her stayin' on the rails.

"The night's black as Tabby's cat. The air's full of mist. Fifteen miles out we're racin' across a strip of bleak lowland known as the marsh. Great land for truck gardens. I know that, too. I was born an' brought up on it, an' my folks still lived there. Our place was jist over the right-o'-way. Reckon bein' so close is how I come to git the railroad itch.

"Ahead, through the half fog we're splittin' wide open, the glare of the headlight shows a track flat as a board an' straight as a string. As we race over it I know the click of every rail joint on the division. A second's glance down at our flashin' side-rods an' I yell across the cab to my fireman, Hamilton Fisher:

"'How much, Ham?'

"He leans out his winder, then yells back at me above the roar: 'All of ninety.'

"'Dexter on time,' I shouts at him. 'That's the end of our run.'

"The piercin' eye of 2618 now shows a track with a long easy tangent to the right. Our home place lies inside this bend. Pop an' Mam'll be in the hay hours ago, but their signal to me'll be showin'. I slow her down to eighty for the curve.

"The lamp's shinin' in the winder as we roar past our place—that's the old folks' 'howdy' message to me. An' jist one little peep of the whistle—that's my 'howdy' message to them.

"The track straightens out again at a quarter-mile trestle over an inlet of back water. As we hit the bridge I glance at the steam gage an' lubricator feed, an' give the throttle an extra notch. Then I see the fireboy take a wild leap off his seat, an' hear his excited yell: 'Shut off! Big hole 'er!'

"Kid, I'm tellin' you, I did it jist as fast as God'd let me, but I wasn't fast enough. I heard one terrified scream above the grind of brakes an' roar of train. I got one awful glimpse of an agonized face before the pilot flung her far out into the water."

BACK in the half gloom of his bunk, Bill Jurgis is quiet so long that I think the sandman's got him. But he ain't, 'cause minutes later I hear him say:

"Kid, that woman was my mother. The life that brought me into the world I crushed out. She'd been settin' up with a sick neighbor. Our bein' late an' my craze for speed caught her on the trestle. I dived through the cab winder after her, but she was gone when I got her ashore."

After another pause, Bill says: "That was the end of my engineering, but there's no end to memory as long as I live."

Whenever Bill's busted up or broken down, I ginrally wind up the gramaphone and play something sentimental. That's what I do tonight. While the wind's wailing and it's twenty below outside, we're piling on the company coal and tearing off "Pop Goes the Weasel" on the antique talking machine.

"Put on 'Sweet Marie,'" comes from Bill's bunk.

While the thing's squawking "Sweet Ma—rie, come to me," I'm thinking. Every time Bill's blue he wants "Sweet Marie." And she usually brings him out of it. Does that song mean something?

By nosing 'round and pulling the right strings, I find out. It means that when Bill blew out of the marsh country after that tragedy on the trestle, he left behind the one girl in his life. Her name was Marie—Marie Mallarky.

He's never seen or heard of her since he slipped away twenty years ago. He's frittered away a lifetime hugging a memory to a hungry heart, and playing a scratchy old gramaphone record.

Putting two and two together and turning the answer over in my noodle, I finally hatch the brilliant idea of rustling something bigger and better than memories and cracked records and flapjacks for Wild Bill to live with.

It's a daring scheme. On the long slim chance that she may still be alive, single and receptive, I take my pen in hand and send a tender missive to Miss Marie Mallarky and sign Bill's name to it.

SURE 'nough, I get a letter from the lady. 'Course, it's addressed to Mr. William Jurgis, but it's easy for me to grab. The mail comes west on No. 27. Bill's always on his beat when she goes through.

Nachally, I feel like a dirty dog reading Bill's revived romance. But if I'm gonna rescue and return two shipwrecked souls, I've gotta savvy something 'bout the course to steer.

So I slip off to one side and scan Marie's billydoo. Darned good letter, too! 'Cording to her say-so, she's stuck on the job all her life waiting and hoping Bill'd come back. 'Pears like she's piled up quite a heap o' pertaters, too, in the savings bank.

I git the sense of all of it, 'cept a string o' little pen-and-ink crosses at the bottom. Anyway, I turn 'em, I can't savvy that language, so when I answer I send 'em all back to her.

All I'm putting into this correspondence course is gumption and elbow grease. As I'm bumming Bill for pen, ink, paper and stamps, besides having the fun of writing his dame, 'tain't more'n fair that I stick the letters on the train myself. Which I manage to do.

Bill kids me about it. Says he: "Writing to your gal?"

I tell him the truth. "Nope, it's another feller's gal."

But I'm thinking: "If Bill only knew I was trying to open the door of his lifetime of dreams, would he thank me or spank me?" Anyhow, I develop a good crush on the old girl myself

after she gits warmed up and steaming good.

Between piling the pancakes into Bill's bottomless firebox and penning love letters to his sweetie, I manage to put in the winter without picking up any mildew.

And right when we think winter is cracking its shirt-tail skedaddling from spring, along comes the big blizzard. It pounces on us as swift and sudden as an eagle swooping down on its prey.

Wind-whipped blinding snow swirls spitefully down from the Arctic. It cuts and stings and freezes. The mercury cuddles up out of sight in the bottom of the bulb. And in this frigid fury, Wild Bill Jurgis is out plodding on his beat. His only protection is a Scotch cap, a threadbare mackinaw coat and old patched overalls.

Inside the shack I'm stacking up flapjacks for the supper feed. Outside I can hear the storm raging. The black blanket of a wild night is spreading over the gray, snow-smothered afternoon.

Bill is 'way overdue. I'm listening for the clump of his big feet at the door, when there comes an excited whimpering and scratching on the boards.

It's just the snow-covered dog. Toots won't come in. Instead, he dashes to the top of our snow-tunnel and barks excitedly back at me. Then I know somethin's wrong. Bill's in trouble. The dog's come to me for help.

In less'n a minute I'm out bucking as fierce a blizzard as ever blew. It's all I can do to see the yipping, half-crazed dog a yard ahead of me. Wind-whipped snow cuts my face like bits of glass. It seals my eyelids when it freezes on my fingers.

One second the dog's out a sight in a snow bank. The next he bobs up and plunges on. I'm down a dozen times in as many yards. If I'm traveling too slow to suit Toots, he's right back with his mouth full of my rags to hustle me along.

A hundred yards down the track I catch up with the cur tugging at the arm of an old cross-barred mackinaw coat sticking out of a snowdrift. Down on my belly I dig it out. It's Wild Bill Jurgis, sound asleep!

I can't wake him up. Too heavy for me to pack, but through the drifts I drag him back to the shack. How I did it I don't even know. But there we were, two men on top of the world in that fierce blizzard, one pulling another that he didn't know is dead or alive.

All night I work over him, rubbing and smacking him, and throwing hot coffee into his carcass, and wutcha think is the first thing he asks when he opens his peepers? Looks at me sorta silly and says:

"How's chances fer flapjacks?"

But I didn't give him flapjacks, not then. Almanac says give 'em nothing but hot Java. And already if I fed him any more of this he'd float out the bunk. So he gits a fine, big tin plate of nothing, just like the almanac orders.

But he does git something he's been needing for twenty years. His face is bad frost-bit and I've got to whack off his whiskers. So I chop 'em off clean 'round the back of his neck. He kicks a bit at first, but shuts up when I tell him it's for his own good. At last I get through with that old stag. And say, he looks almost human.

THE warm sun soon busts that blizzard wide open. 'Tain't no time a-tall till the snow's gone. Bill's back on his beat again. Buds on the trees

are beginning to swell. Deer and elk are working back to the higher feeding grounds. Bird life fills the mountain bushes. Across the canyon, out on a jutting ledge of granite, a pair of eagles are getting ready to mate.

Up through the gorge comes the labored breath of panting engines and the clatter of creeping trains. Every freight that rolls past gives me the foot itch to get going again. You know how it is.

While the call of the road is tugging and pulling at me, I pen and mail Bill's gal my last great lit'rary masterpiece. It's short and sweet, and says: "Sweet Marie, come to me—Pronto—Bill."

Then I get set to skip before Bill finds out the facts and plants me 'longside the bum that his door sign says he has buried behind the shanty.

It's only a smart step down the track to the water tank and the Wilsons' shack; so I've gotta slip down there and tell Pap and Mam 'bout Marie, and how I've been soft-soaping the rails on Bill.

All at once Mam Wilson has a fit. She says our shanty's a pig-pen and not fitten for no female sex.

I'm telling you, she scrubbed and scoured that shack—as them rail guys would say—from engine pilot to crummy platform. To me this cleaning-up biz is the bunk. Washing's just a waste of time. You and me got wise to this years ago and quit. Now, Bill's idea of this hygiene hokum is different from mine. He shucks his shirt regular four times a year. Once every four years is plenty for me.

But this is Bill's *hacienda,* and nachally I'm hopped up as a bride over her first batch of biscuits, wondering how Bill will stand the shock of seeing the diggings dolled up. And if he cuts capers over us cleaning up the joint, what kind of spasm will he have when Marie walks in?

'Tain't long till I hear Bill's boots clumping along the boards leading to the shack door. He's getting home a half-hour early. I'm scared stiff. Suppose he smells a rat and asks me a lot of leading questions? What if I get rattled and let the cat out of the bag?

When the door opens and Bill lumbers in, wutcha think? Does he hit the ceiling and come down a-straddle of his neck when he lamps the joint?

He does not. He stands in the middle of the room, squirts a stream of tobacco juice across a six-foot space at the cook-stove, misses it and splatters an amber stain on my newly scrubbed floor. Not a word about the dolled-up dump. Never notices a change we've made. Just opens that gash in his face where the brush pile usta be and lets loose the lament:

"Kid, I'm famished an' I'm flabbergasted; if I don't git some flapjacks I'm gonna faint."

Bill's been one of the best buddies I ever had. He took me in off a brake beam, gave me bed and board. Also, for six months night and day I've fed that big boob flapjacks because he was a square shooter. I'd sure hate to see him starve, but right now I've gotta think of saving an old blanket stiff known as the Kokomo Kid.

AWAY off to the east comes the belly-deep voice of No. 27's whistle. She's weaving her way with her long string of passenger coaches up the sunrise side to the summit.

For an hour No. 258, the mile-long freight with her battery of hogs, has been blasting the mountain air on the sunset side as she creeps toward the summit. The two train'll meet at the passing track down at the water tank.

No kidding, I've got to make that freight out. There ain't time to stick around and stir Bill up his supper. Maybe right in the middle of the meal, with the stove-lids full of luscious golden brown pancakes, Marie'll walk in. Can't you see my finish? 'Stead of flapjacks it'd be a funeral.

From his bunk comes a bellow from Bill: "How's them flapjacks comin', Kid?"

I ain't turned a wheel. It's sunset outside and half gloom in the shack, and Bill can't see what I'm up to.

"Comin' up!" I yell back at him just as loud as he's hollered at me. That's our regular style of sociability.

And I ain't lying to him, either. I've left a note on the table for Marie with the flapjack recipe in it. I'm figgering on Bill having his favorite fodder for supper with Chef La Belle Marie flipping the pancakes.

The coughing passenger engine cuts loose with a whistle blast. She's just nosing round the point of rocks half a mile from the crest of the continent. In the deepening gloom of the shack I'm ready to leave good old Bill, who's stretched out in his bunk.

Off in 'tother direction I can hear the chugs of the string of hogs tugging the crawling rattlers up the backbone of the mountain. Her lead engine lets out a whistled wail that wakes up protesting answers from a thousand hills.

I take one last farewell glance round the dingy little dump I'd learned to love—where I'd been as cozy and comfy as a cat full of cream.

"Good-by, old shack!" I whisper. I fling a final look at the shadowy bulk on Bill's bunk. "Good-by, old buddy!" Then out the open door and down the track through twilight I slip to meet the slow-moving string of rattlers.

At the crest of the divide, we string out for the big coast down the eastern slope, with Mr. Westinghouse holding back on the mile-long string. Away off in the west I can just hear a faint chime from No. 27's whistle as she races down the western slope after the vanished sunset. Then the world of canyons and gorges and crags and peaks subside into quiet and settle down for the night's sleep.

As we breeze by the cove that shelter's Bill's shack I get one last fleeting glimpse of the place. The door is closed, but the lamp is shining through the window, and—hot dog!—sparks are coming out the stovepipe chimney.

And as I roll away through the mild spring night on a reefer bumper, I've a wonderful picture of Marie at the cook stove flipping flapjacks and Bill at the table stowing 'em away.

When that old walloper takes the one-way trip, this is the epitaph I've doped out for his tombstone:

Here lies the body of Pancake Bill,
Of flapjacks he never had his fill.
Which way he has gone it doesn't matter,
If the place has fire and pancake batter.

FOR an hour or more some cricket in the deep shadowy grass has been chirping at the new moon. There's a few fireflies winking around. Air's filled with fragrance of sun-kissed oranges.

The Kokomo Kid has finished his story. Me and him is still relaxing on the soft ground 'neath a palm tree that saws a jagged path across the moon, and within plain sight of the luscious golden fruit that California is famous for. After a while I says to the Kid:

"Wutcha say we git over in that grove now an' swipe some o' them oranges?"

And that's the next move we make.

The Sunny Side of the Track

YOU COULD HARDLY BLAME HIM

C. N. R. engine No. 1387 was known as "Calamity Jane." About twelve years ago she was running on the Montfort branch through a rough country with plenty of hills and more curves than Mae West. Due to a coal strike in the States, the C.N.R. had to use inferior coal. Naturally the engine crew had plenty of trouble climbing the hills, and were so mad they were just about boiling over. When they stopped about halfway down the line, the engineer got down to oil around and relieved his feelings with some high-class swearing.

Just then a young lady passenger pointed to the side of the cab and asked: "Please, driver, what does '28%' (tractive effort rating) mean?"

It was the last straw; the hogger nearly burst his crown sheet, but very politely answered: "Lady, it means that this old engine is only 28% good."—Robert R. Brown, sec'y, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n, 700 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

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BOOMER LOGIC

BOOMER JOE says: "The first duty of a railroad man is to evade responsibility." And: "In case of doubt take the safe side, but in case of extreme doubt take to the woods."—W. F. Knapke, c/o St. L.&O'F Ry., 2001 Bowman Ave., E. St. Louis, Ill.

* * *

SHE FOOLED THE BRAKEMAN

A TRAIN stopped at a flag station in the backwoods. A brakeman came into the car and shouted: "Stockdale Junction. Change cars for Wellsboro!"

Nobody got out. After the train had started again, an old lady whispered to her neighbor. "I intended to go to Wellsboro, but that brakeman is the worst gossip in this country and I wasn't going to satisfy his curiosity."—Canadian National Rys. Magazine.

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SHOCK PROOF

A MAINE CENTRAL engineer on way freight was so heavy-handed with his air brake in spotting cars that the rear of the train was upset from one end of the run to the other. Once at Canton, Me., they had a "cornfield meet" (head-on collision) with a through freight, and rammed each other so hard that the engines were welded together. After everyone had been accounted for, the old conductor was asked if the shock had been bad in the rear.

"Well," said the con acidly, "to tell the truth, it was no worse than an ordinary freight house stop."—Gilbert Fournier (ex-boomer), 70 Manley St., Auburn, Me.

* * *

COTTON MILL MEET

A NEW engineer was learning the road on the Georgia Central. The regular hogger was watching him handle the throttle. On rounding a long curve to the right the new man leaned out the window and peered ahead.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's just a cotton mill at the next town," came the reply in a bored tone.

"You'd better take her," said the new engineer as he got off the seat box and started out of the gangway. "Here comes that cotton mill right at us."

The crew had overlooked a meet with an extra at the last pass track.—Paul Reppard, Sr. (engineer, A.B.&C.), 807 S. Main St., Fitzgerald, Ga.

* * *

A PASS ON GOULD

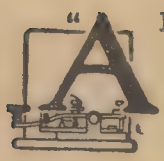
JAY GOULD, when building the Erie, acquired part of the right-of-way by condemnation proceedings. One of the farmers whose land had been taken thus, neglected to remove shacks which stood on the property of the now completed line. Company officials warned him to raze them, but the man paid no attention. Finally Gould himself wrote a curt letter repeating the request; if the farmer did not obey, the company would proceed against him in court.

Gould was a poor penman. The farmer could not make out a word of the letter, though he well knew what it was. Later he had to go to the county seat some miles away. Boarding an Erie train, he offered Gould's letter as a pass. The conductor likewise could not make it out but saw the important signature and decided to honor it. My uncle tells me the farmer used the letter for several rides before he was caught.—E. C. Huffsmith (ex-boomer), Long Beach, Calif.

The Railroads' Biggest Rival

By CHARLES IRVING CORWIN

Author of "On Time," "Timetables, Old and New," etc.



"AND they finished the journey by train." This short-short story, with the usual lived-happily-ever-after ending, appeared as the caption of a framed picture installed in vestibules of Pullman cars last winter. That was good advertising, and what was better and rarer, it was truthful advertising. But you ask what about summer and spring and fall; and also, what about costs? For once and for a change, brothers and sisters, we answer, the railroads are up and at 'em. They're doing things.

RAILROAD STORIES has printed a lot of information about the railroads' unfair competition. However, they have a bigger rival, which while it is not open to charges of unfairness or lack of regulation, is nevertheless to blame for the greatest part of the passenger revenue losses: the privately-owned automobile. There are more than twenty million of them in this country and each time one of them starts a long jaunt, another fare is lost to the railroads. The family uses it for week-end round trips; when the annual vacation period rolls around they use it to go anywhere from Skowhegan to Tia Juana, and ride on railroad lines only at grade crossings.

Railroads can and are buying up large fleets of busses and trucks to defend themselves against the cut-throat transportationeers. Awakened public opinion and closer control of rates, working conditions and wages of highway carriers are slowly but surely removing the handicap in the transportation race. Still, there remain those 20,000,000 private cars, most of which are already bearing more than their share of highway maintenance through fees, gas taxes, license charges, etc.

However, the railroads do not consider them as total losses; they are going out for their passenger business on a good, sound basis. They are simply pointing out what most people have forgotten: that it's easier, quicker, and *cheaper* to travel by train. They show big executives how they can save money by sending their salesmen on trains to the principal cities and use locally rented autos to work the territories around them.

The Union Pacific, for example, prints the following tale (the statement of a Pennsylvania traveler) on one of its timetables: "An account of the actual cost of my recent trip is interesting. Including fare, Pullman, meals, tips, it cost me $215 for 5,300 miles, or about 4c. a mile. I cannot operate my car, *which is a low-*

priced one, for less than 7c. a mile, all told. I had thought that by driving to Montana I could save $100. Instead, I have saved twice that by traveling on the train. Such figures make the work, discomfort and strain of driving ridiculous."

But this isn't half the story, good as it is. The cleverest and most successful of the plans in the railroads' come-back program is shipping a passenger automobile for a single passenger fare. It is aimed at the long-distance motorist who has been going places for, perhaps, a change and a rest, only to have the gas stations get all the change and the tourist camps and hotels get the rest.

Four years ago the traffic experts of southeastern roads devised a scheme to carry an automobile on the "five-ticket plan" (three tickets to transport the car and the other two for one or two passengers). The Interstate Commerce Commission approved such a tariff. Even at this cost many travelers took advantage of the scheme.

The next year a 4-ticket schedule was instituted (two tickets only for the car); and finally last year all the railroads in the United States with the exception of those in the New England district reduced the requirements to a 3-ticket plan (only *one* ticket for car). This plan is meeting enthusiastic response from travelers.

It should. Suppose you live in New York City or near it and decide to go to Miami, Florida, for a short vacation. Driving your car (even if it is a small one) will cost you around 7c. a mile, when all expenses, including insurance, garage, and wear and tear, are figured in. That will be about $210 for the round trip, and it'll take you at least three days each way. However, a fast, luxurious train will speed you to Miami in less than a day. For two people the round trip will cost $147, including first-class Pullman accommodations. On those two fares you can ship your car for $99.44. Total cost: about $237.

Is driving your car at breakneck speed over dirty, crowded, and dangerous roads to Florida worth the $27 difference? So argues the Atlantic Coast Line, Seaboard Air Line and the P.R.R. How good the argument is may be judged by the fact that in the 1933-34 season 2,500 autos were carried South from New York. This meant 5,000 extra passengers who would have gone by car. (Figures for 1934-35, while not complete, indicate an increase of three times that amount.)

The Western and Southern roads, of course, are doing as much if not more than the Eastern lines. With much lower basic passenger fares than the Eastern roads, they have an even greater argument. Actually it is cheaper to take a crack train to California and ship your car than it is to drive. You see the country, ride in more than just comfort, eat the best food in the country, never worry about the heat (practically all through trains are air-conditioned). The only thing you have to do is to drive your car to the railroad yard.

A Main Line Track Circuit

ON a modern railroad, the basic principle on which the operations of automatic block signals depends is the track circuit. In building a track circuit on the main line, the first step is to determine the length of the circuit practical for the locations desired. At both ends are installed 2 insulated rail joints, one on either rail. These rail joints are so made as to firmly enclose pressed insulating fibre between the rail ends and at all points where an ordinary joint would touch the sides of either rail. When assembled, with the required insulating bushings for the bolts, the joint is bolted up tightly and no current from the track battery can flow from one rail to the other.

Then all the rails between the ends of track circuit are bonded or electrically connected. This is done by welding special flexible rail bonds from the head on one rail near the end, to the head of the adjoining outside rail where the wheel flanges will not interfere. Another method is by drilling a small hole through the throat of the rail as near the points as practical, and putting a wire jumper around the joint, securing either end by means of tapered pins driven into the drilled holes. There are other methods also which I will not mention now.

If there are any switches in the length of the track circuit, all head rock, through rail supports, gage plates or other metallic parts extending from one rail to the other must be equipped or replaced with ones containing insulation. The turn-out rail from the switch point to the frog must have an insulated rail joint, as well as the stock rail of the turn-out, which has one opposite to the turn-out rail. On the siding or turn-out, at the proper clearance distance from the main line, install insulated rail joints on one or both rails to prevent current from flowing down into the siding.

Now all the rails in or about the switch and as far as the clearance point are "bonded" so that a car or engine, standing on the main line, with switch thrown for either way, or standing on the siding closer to the main line than the clearance point, will put a short or "shunt" on the track circuit.

A circuit controller or "switch box" is fastened to one of the head ties as an anchorage and mechanically connected by a rod to the normally closed point of the switch. If this point is opened ¼ in. or more, contacts in the switch box will close. These contacts are connected electrically to each rail. When closed, they put a shunt on the track circuit, the same as a train would.

Many roads also break the point control wires of the signals through the switch box, particularly facing switches. These contacts are so arranged that they open the circuits instead of shunting, due to higher voltage. Switch boxes are built so that one may adjust the contacts to open or close when the switch is reversed, or operate one or more each way on the one operation.

The next step is to introduce electricity. This may be direct or alternating, depending on various technical details. Take, for example, a D. C. circuit. The battery is located at one end. It may be either a one-cell storage battery (2 volts) or one or more of the primary type such as caustic soda (about .65 volt each). Positive is connected to one rail and negative to the other, with a limiting resistance in series and with preferably (as a standard only) the positive side. That is, so the current flows from the battery, through the resistance and to the rail.

Amount of resistance is governed by voltage and type of battery, length of circuit, resistance of rail, and of ballast and type and resistance of relay. Also, by limiting the current down to the minimum necessary to operate the relay under all conditions, a feature of safety is introduced in case of a broken rail.

At the other end of the circuit the "relay" is installed. The coils of this relay, consisting of insulated wire wound over an iron core, are electrically connected, one side to either rail. The resistance of these coils is very low—from one to 10 ohms, depending upon the length and nature of track circuit.

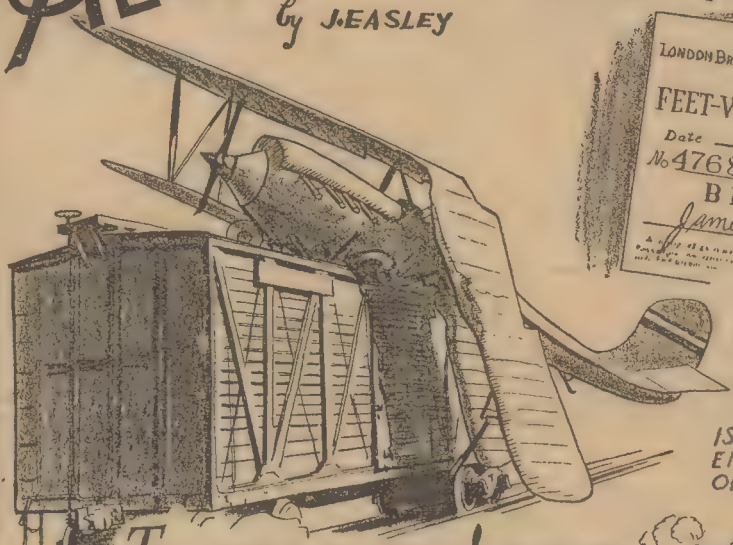
These coils have sufficient "ampere turns," so that when energized by the current from the track and acting as an electro magnet, they will attract and cause to "pick up" an armature or movable iron bar to which are attached contacts, which in turn open or close the control circuits for the signal.

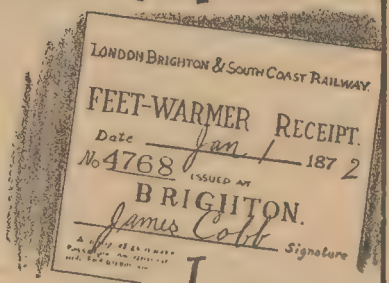
To put it briefly,we have current leaving the positive port of the battery, through the limiting resistance out to the rail, up that rail to the other end of the circuit, through the coils of the relay, then to the other rail down that rail to the starting point and back into the battery at the negative port, thus completing its circle or circuit.

As can be readily seen, any metal object that makes sufficient contact from one rail to the other, anywhere within the limits of the circuit, will short-circuit the current. This de-energizes the relay coils, which in turn allows the armature to drop, thus breaking the signal controls and causing it to show its most restrictive indication. A broken rail or wire or opened switch also would have this effect on relay and signal. I would like to get comments on this subject from other readers.—F. George (signal wireman, C. P. R.), 27 John St., Weston, Ont., Canada.

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by J. EASLEY



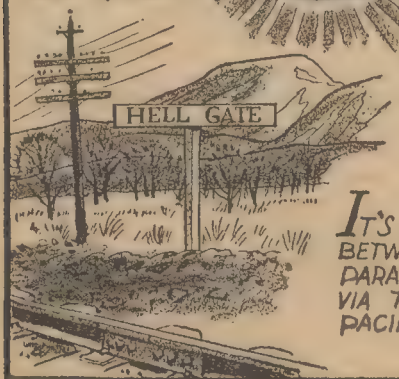


IN WINTERS OF 60 YEARS AGO, FOOT-WARMERS WERE THE ONLY FORM OF HEATING ON SOME TRAINS. ABOVE IS A RECEIPT USED IN ENGLAND FOR RENTAL OF FOOT-WARMERS.

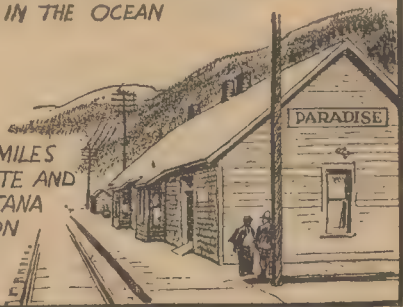
TALK ABOUT FREAK ACCIDENTS! AN AIRPLANE RECENTLY COLLIDED WITH A PAN HANDLE & SANTA FE STOCK CAR AT MENARD, TEXAS. BOTH CAR AND PLANE WERE DAMAGED BUT NOBODY WAS HURT

DIAMOND-STUDDED RAILROAD PASS OF A MEMBER OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, AUSTRALIA, WORTH ABOUT $4000

A SEAL HELD UP A TRAIN ON THE SANTA FE'S LOS ANGELES DIVISION. TRAIN ORDER SAID: "LOOK OUT FOR SEAL ON OR CLOSE TO THE TRACK ABOUT ONE MILE WEST OF SAN CLEMENTE." SECTION HANDS FINALLY PUT IT BACK IN THE OCEAN



IT'S EXACTLY 132 MILES BETWEEN HELL GATE AND PARADISE IN MONTANA VIA THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY



"A Steel Wheel Running on a Steel Rail Is the Most Efficient Form of Road Yet Discovered"

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

WHAT are the world's five fastest trains? (2) Is the stretch of concrete roadbed you told about several years ago still in use on the Pere Marquette?—C. W. S., Ojai, Calif.

(1) We refuse to answer this request. Our reason: any answer, other than a complete table of runs classified according to total mileage, would not provide a fair basis for comparison. Two years ago, in the largest and most accurate list of American fast trains ever to appear in print, we classified them into runs of 100 miles or less, 100-200 miles, and so on, and we made no attempt to list any runs which were not complete; that is, we did not use the "Twentieth Century Limited's" average between points a hundred miles apart, but only for her complete run of 961 miles. This is the way a list of the world's fastest trains would have to be handled. At the present we do not have the time or resources for such an undertaking.

What is more, even such an arrangement permits fast trains with short runs to walk away with the honors. For example, the British still have the curious notion that the "Cheltenham Flyer," because it covers 77¼ miles between London and Swinton in 65 minutes (averaging 71.3 m.p.h. for the entire distance), is the world's fastest train. Well, it is—among runs of 100 miles or less. But right here in America, and no doubt in other countries, much higher speeds are maintained over longer distances by trains whose total runs are longer, and which, therefore, do not maintain the average throughout those runs. The C. & N. W.'s "400" does not hold the distinction of being America's fastest train, but it averages (westbound) 72.4 m.p.h. for the 82.9 miles between Altoona and Wyeville, Wis. (figures were taken direct from the enginemen's timetables). If this doesn't beat the highly touted "Cheltenham Flyer," then we'll give up. The question now resolves itself: on what basis are we going to judge speed? If we are allowed to pick out isolated portions of long runs, then it is a safe bet that every list of fast trains compiled so far will have to be altered; and if we are going to use the total average speed, then we'll not do justice to the longer runs.

(2) According to last reports from the PM, the track is still in use and is proving satisfactory.

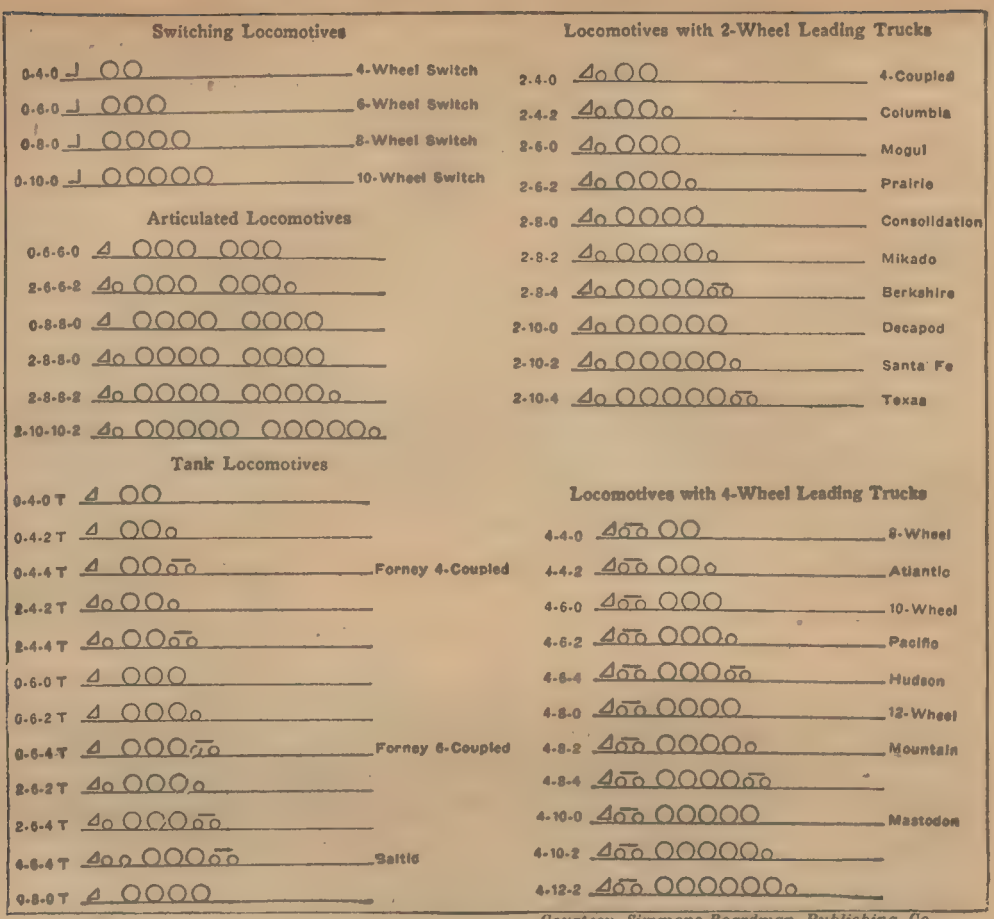
ARE Mexican and Cuban box cars hauled into the United States?—N. E. B., Rochester, N. Y.

Cars from both countries are hauled on U. S. and Canadian rails. Mexican equipment is interchanged at all border junctions, and Cuban cars cross on ferries between Key West and Havana, and between New York and New Orleans and Havana. The basis of interchange is the same as that within the U. S. itself: a dollar a day.

H. E. C., Akron, O.—The highest altitude reached on the main line of the Santa Fe is at Raton Pass, N. M., 7,608 feet above sea level; Union Pacific, Sherman, Wyo., 8,240 feet; Great Northern, Marias Pass, Mont., 5,213 feet; Northwestern Pacific, Ridgewood Hill, between Willits and Ukiah, Calif., 1,913 feet; Denver & Rio Grande Western, Marshall Pass, 10,856 feet (see last month's issue); Southern Pacific, Summit, Calif., 7,017 feet (still higher are the SP tracks at Russia, on the Cloudcroft, N. M., branch—9,069 feet).

WHAT is the difference between tractive force and drawbar pull? (2) What was the name of the Chesapeake & Ohio of Indiana before the C. & O. bought it?—T. H.

(1) Essentially they are the same thing. The only difference is that drawbar pull does not include



Courtesy Simmons-Boardman Publishing Co.

This Is Whyte's Famous Locomotive Classification, Which Groups and Names Engines According to Their Wheel Arrangement, the Large Circles Designating Driving Wheels and the Small Ones Truck Wheels. The System Is More or Less Standard the World Over, but There Have Been a Few Additions Since F. M. Whyte Devised It: the 4-8-4 Type Now Has Many Names, Among Which "Northern" Predominates (the Lackawanna Calls Its 4-8-4's "Poconos," the N. C. & St. L. Refers to Its as the "Dixie" Type, etc.). The 4-10-2 Is Definitely the "Southern Pacific" Type, and the 4-12-2 the "Union Pacific." However, There Is Some Doubt Whether the 4-10-0 or the 4-8-0 Is the "Mastodon" Type. Many Authorities Refer to the Latter as the "Mastodon," Perhaps Because of the Fact That the Southern Pacific Built Its First 4-8-0 in 1882 and Named It the "Mastodon" (Soon Afterward It Built 20 More Like It). However, the First 4-8-0 was an Engine Named the "Champion," Built in 1880 for the Lehigh Valley. Thus Neither Side Seems to Have a Clear Case

the force necessary to move the locomotive and tender. To find drawbar pull, therefore, subtract from the tractive force the amount of resistance the engine meets in hauling itself. For example, if the locomotive weighs 300 tons with tender and exerts 70,000 lbs. t.f., and if the rolling friction is about 6 lbs. per ton of weight (see p. 80 of last month's issue for discussion of hauling capacity), the resistance the engine must overcome is 300 × 6, or 1,800 lbs. Deduct this from 70,000 lbs. t.f., and 68,200 lbs. of drawbar pull are left.

(2) It was chartered in 1910 as the Chesapeake & Ohio of Indiana, to succeed that part of the Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville between Cincinnati and the Indiana-Illinois state line. The rest of the CC&L, from LaPorte to Peru, Ind., is now part of the Nickel Plate.

A. G., New Hartford, N. Y.—At present prices a steel flat car of 140,000 lbs. capacity and weighing about 50,000 lbs. would cost around $2,500; a steel gondola car of 100,000 lbs. capacity and weighing between 40,000 and 45,000 lbs. would cost between $2,000 and $2,300.

(2) We have no complete figures on locomotive costs, and therefore cannot advise you definitely

Photos by K. P. Bayne, 751 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

When the Movie Boys Start "Rebuilding" Motive Power, Anything Is Liable to Happen. Lower Photo Shows Southern Pacific Engine No. 1079 (Snapped When She Was Leased to the Harbor Belt Line) Before She Was "Rebuilt." Upper Photo Shows Her Still Bearing the Same Number (In Russian), but with Many of Her Fixings Reconstructed to Make Her Look Like the Genuine Russian Article. Does Anyone Know in What Movie She Was Used?

about the Lackawanna Diesel-electric No. 451. Our guess is that she came to between $50,000 and $75,000.

C. C. M., Rural Valley, Pa.—The Huntingdon & Broad Top Mountain RR, which runs between Huntingdon and Bedford, Pa., 52 miles (it has 74 miles of track with branches) was incorporated in 1852 and consolidated with the Bedford RR in 1864. Road and equipment are now valued at $7,452,368; total assets are $7,663,336. Its operating ratio was about 135% during the last two years, and in 1938 alone it ran up $93,348 deficit after all charges. It has 15 locomotives (one of which is gas-electric), 472 freight, 9 passenger and 20 miscellaneous cars.

D. A. A., Newark, N. J.—The Kansas City, Mexico & Orient RR was incorporated in 1900 to build from Kansas City, Mo., to Topolobampo Bay, Mexico (on the Pacific Ocean), a distance of 1,659 miles. Its first rails were laid in 1902. In 1914 it was reorganized as the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Ry. The line in Texas, which extends from the Oklahoma line to Alpine (464 miles), Paisano to Presidio (72 miles), and San Angelo to Sonora (65 miles), is owned by the AT&SF and controlled by its subsidiary,

Photo by R. C. Wallis, 318 Ave. B. West, Bismarck, N. D.

Believe It or Not, This Is the Entire Passenger Equipment of the Midland Continental, a 70-Mile Road Running Between Frazier and Edgeley, N. D. But Don't Laugh—Rather Give 'Em Credit for Finding a Way to Keep Some Passenger Business These Days! The Trailer Behind the Car, Incidentally, Is for Milk Cans

the Panhandle & Santa Fe. The rest of the line in the United States, from Wichita, Kan., to Foley, Okla. (175 miles), and Ewing, Okla., to Texas line (81 miles) is leased to and operated by the AT&SF. The line in Mexico is 332 miles long, and with the exception of a 193-mile projected portion between Sanchez and San Pedro, offers a through route across Mexico from Presidio, Tex., via the Mexico Northwestern between Chihuahua and La Junta.

(2) There is no rule for the position of the headlight on a locomotive. Some roads think they look nice on the top of the smokebox, and put them there—if enough room is available. Others mount them squarely in the center of the front end, and others whose locomotive front ends are cluttered up with pipes and pumps put 'em down on the pilot beam. The most popular place seems to be in the center—or slightly above it—of the smokebox front end.

B. C., Minneapolis.—Following are the official valuations of the roads you asked about:

Road	Value of road and equipment	Total assets
Wabash	$293,929,579	$345,963,555
Seaboard Air Line	236,982,178	289,596,166
Cotton Belt	128,255,198	146,099,439
Central of Georgia	92,924,264	110,123,012
Chicago & Eastern Ill.	77,513,252	87,619,166
Mobile & Ohio	56,636,060	61,884,835

WHAT would a small, second-hand, standard gage engine of 4-6-0 or 2-6-0 type cost in running condition? A narrow gage 2-8-0?

(2) *What are the latest freight and passenger engines on the Atlantic Coast line?*—R. D. G., Jacksonville, Fla.

(1) It would cost whatever you were lucky (or unlucky) enough to pay for it. There is no standard for such purchases, nor is there a standard for the "running condition" of second-hand engines. A fair price for a medium-sized machine in your categories, it seems to us, might vary between $5,000 and $15,000, depending upon how recently the locomotive had been shopped. Of course, the narrow gage engine would be cheapest.

(2) Freight: Class Q-1, 2-10-2 type, Baldwin-built in 1925, numbered in 2007 series, 30 x 32 cylinders, 63-in. drivers, 195 lbs. boiler pressure, 391,980 lbs. weight, 75,700 lbs. t.f. Passenger: Class P-5-b, Nos. 1696-1707, 1710-1764, 4-6-2 type, Baldwin-built in 1925, 25 x 28 cylinders, 210 lbs. pressure, 69-in. drivers, 280,000 lbs. weight, 45,275 lbs. t.f.

C. C.—The Pittsburgh, Marion & Chicago Ry. was the result of the consolidation in 1886 of the Wampum & State Line and the old Pittsburgh, Marion & Chicago RR. In 1896 it was sold under foreclosure and reorganized as the Pittsburgh, Lisbon & Western, which now runs from Lisbon, O., to New Galilee, Pa., 25 miles,

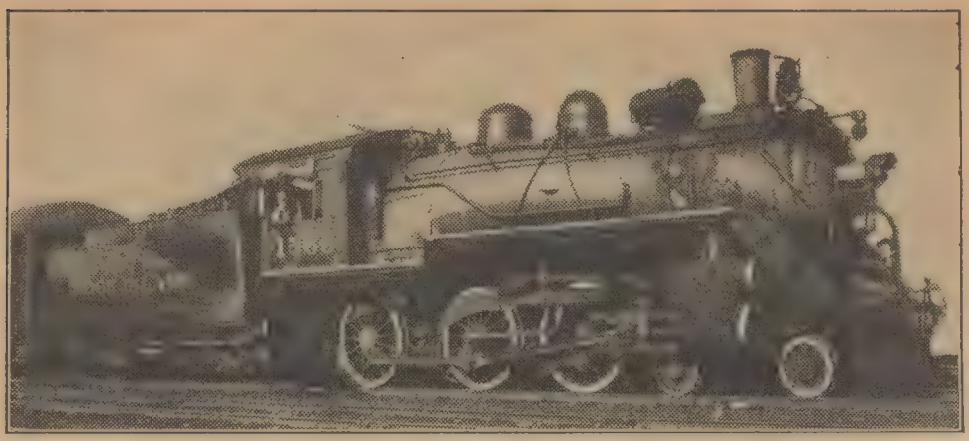


Photo by Robert Graham, 872 Union St., St. Paul, Minn.
No. 1566, Rock Island Ten-Wheeler, Snapped at Blue Island, Ill., While in Suburban Service.
See Page 88 for Rock Island Roster of Engines

and has 2 locomotives, 10 freight and 2 passenger cars.

For a while the PL&W also operated a branch from Salem to Washingtonville, O., 7 miles, but in 1906 it leased this branch to the Youngstown & Ohio River RR, a road which had been organized to construct an electric line from Youngstown to East Liverpool, O. The Y&OR and this branch with it have been abandoned.

H. L., Winnipeg.—Space does not permit us to print a complete history of the Canadian National Ry.—that is, a history of all the roads which have been consolidated to form the present great system. However, we hope to print an article dealing with this subject some time in the future, and in the meantime will say that the Canadian Government assumed the following groups of railways in the order given: Canadian Government Rys., operated from their opening date by the government, 1876; Canadian Northern System, 1917; Grand Trunk Pacific System, 1919; Grand Trunk System, 1920. These lines were not completely absorbed for operating purposes until 1923.

(2) The largest and most powerful of the CNR's engines is its Class T-2a, Nos. 4100-4104, 2-10-2 type, which has 29 x 32 cylinders, 57-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 409,240 lbs. without tender, exerts 80,200 lbs. t.f.

J. L. A., Montreal.—Most, or all, of the CPR 2300 series were built between 1919 and 1926 at the Montreal Works and at the CPR shops. We have no data on the 2600's except that they were constructed between 1911 and 1914. A complete CPR roster was printed in our Feb., '33, issue; we have no copies left, but

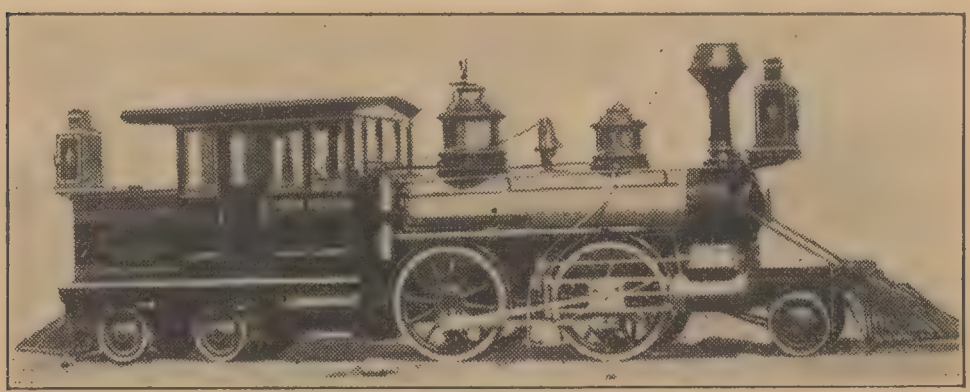


Photo from Donald A. Somerville, 79 W. Essex Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
The Famous "John Lucas," Built in 1878 by Baldwin for the Camden & Atlantic (Now Part of P. R. R.), but Later Shipped to South America. She Now Stands Deserted in the Wilds of British Guiana

you may be able to get in touch with other readers who will be glad to loan or sell you theirs.

(2) We are not familiar with the location of all the freight yards in North America. If you want to know where the CPR freight yards in Montreal are, why don't you call up the general offices and find out?

G. C. D., Troy, N. Y.—A short account of the Deer River RR may be found on p. 408 of the 1918 edition of Poor's Manual of railroads, on file in most newspaper reference rooms and public libraries.

W. D. S., Philadelphia.—The Lehigh & Hudson River uses no class letters on its engines, and it has never owned switch engines of any type.

(2) The Newark & Marion was chartered in 1900, ran from Newark to Marion, N. Y., 8 miles. It is now part of the PRR.

E. G., Metuchen, N. J.—The Kansas City Southern was incorporated in 1900 as successor to the Kansas City, Pittsburgh & Gulf. It runs from Kansas City, Mo., to Port Arthur, Tex. Its Texas lines had always been operated separately, according to Texas law, by the Texarkana & Fort Smith, but were assumed by the KCS in 1934, by authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the U. S. Supreme Court. The KCS, which is controlled by the Delaware & Hudson, is very prosperous. It had $1,140,354 net operating income in 1933; $910,726 in 1932; $5,155,555 in 1929.

(2) The Atlanta & West Point RR was incorporated in 1847 as the Atlanta & LaGrange RR, but the name was changed in 1857, three years after the line was completed. For the last three years it has lost money. Its road and equipment are valued at $6,958,630; total assets are $8,056,020. Together with the Western Ry. of Alabama it operates 227 miles, has 51 locomotives, 1,412 freight; 52 passenger and 59 miscellaneous cars.

H. R. J., Lake Crystal, Minn.—The line of the Chicago Great Western between Waterville and Mankato, Minn., was originally the Minnesota Central RR, which completed a railroad between Red Wing and Waterville in 1882. The next year the name was changed to Wisconsin, Minnesota & Pacific, which began to construct 28 miles of line between Waterville and Mankato in 1884 and completed it into Mankato in 1887. The line was originally laid with 60-lb. rail; from Waterville to Waters (19 miles) the rail used today is the same as the original, but it is 75-lb.

They Didn't Build Cars So Strong When Railroads Were New! This Amazing Accident Occurred 71 Years Ago Near Stewartsville, Mo., on the Old Hannibal & St. Joe, When the Train Was Running Eight Miles an Hour. A Broken Rail Caused the Wreck. About 250 Were Injured

Photo from H. L. Wynn, 40 Sixth St., Lewisburg, Pa.

Double-Headed on Both Ends! That's the Way the Pennsy Lifts Her Westbound Freights Over the Alleghenies to Gallitzin. Photo Shows Train Approaching the Horseshoe Curve, with No. 4362, Class I-1s, 2-10-0 Type, in Lead

from Waters to Mankato. Prairie (2-6-2) type engines operate on this track.

E. G. O., Baltimore.—The Western Maryland was incorporated in 1910 as successor to a company of the same name, which in turn, was incorporated in 1852 as the Baltimore, Carroll & Frederick, whose name was changed to WM in 1853. In 1917 it was consolidated with the Baltimore & Harrisburg, the Baltimore & Harrisburg Ry. Extension, the Baltimore & Harrisburg Ry. Western Extension, the Baltimore & Cumberland Valley, the George's Creek & Cumberland, and the Connellsville & State Line.

(2) Baltimore & Ohio 4-4-0 types Nos. 1406, 1407, 1416, 1417, Class M 60/68, had 20 x 24 cylinders, 68-in. drivers, 170 lbs. pressure, weighed 114,750 lbs. without tender, exerted 20,400 lbs. t.f., were built 1893.

Erie roster in next month's issue.

W. M. W., Mexico, Mo.—The "Crescent Limited" of the Southern Ry., although no longer known by that name, and no longer an all-Pullman train, is still being operated as Nos. 37 and 38 between New York and New Orleans. Refer to any Southern or PRR timetable for their schedules. When we mentioned the "Crescent Limited" on p. 54 of our June, '35, issue as being a "bonus" train we were referring to the extra fare that used to be charged on it, and not to the mail it carried.

V. P. and G. R.—Following is list of steam roads in New Jersey:

Baltimore & Ohio
Central RR of New Jersey
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Erie
E. Jersey RR & Terminal
Hoboken Manufacturers
Lehigh & Hudson River
Lehigh & New England
Lehigh Valley
Morristown & Erie
Mt. Hope Mineral (CRRofNJ)
N. Y. & Long Branch (PRR and CRRofNJ)
New York Central
New York, Ontario & Western
New York, Susquehanna & Western (Erie)
Pennsylvania & Atlantic
Pennsylvania
Reading
Raritan River
Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines
Rahway Valley
Tuckerton
Wharton & Northern (CRRofNJ)
West Shore (NYC)

H. O., Brooklyn.—The N. Y., Brooklyn & Manhattan Beach was a consolidation in 1885 of the N. Y., Brooklyn & Jamaica, the N. Y. & Manhattan Beach, and the Long Island City & Manhattan Beach. That very year, however, it was leased to the Long Island. In 1895 it had 19 locomotives and 99 cars, and ran from Fresh Pond Jct. to Manhattan Beach, Bay Ridge to Manhattan Beach, and Greenpoint to Cooper Ave. Jct.; total, 20 miles.

Z. B. W., Boneville, Ga.—The Georgia, Ashburn, Sylvester & Camilla was inc. in 1922. Formerly a portion of the Hawkinsville & Florida Southern, it was purchased at the receiver's sale that year. It now runs from Camilla to Ashburn, Ga., 50 miles, and has 3 locomotives and 8 cars. Road and equipment are valued at $486,013; total assets are $526,813. It has been making good money for several years.

G. R. D.—The Charlotte, Monroe & Columbia (now controlled by SAL) was inc. in 1901 and now runs from McBee to Jefferson, S. C., 18 miles, has 1 locomotive and 2 cars. It has lost money every year for the last 8 years. Road and equipment are valued at $113,722; total assets are $131,530.

Additions and Corrections

In our June issue we printed information about the power of the Morristown & Erie (in answer to a request from P. V. D.) in which we included all the data available on its engines. Joseph A. Linehan of Bradford, Mass., takes exception to the date of 1904 for the construction of No. 9, which he says was built by Rogers in 1908 according to Alco's records. It has 20 x 26 cylinders, 50-in. drivers, exerts 31,280 lbs. t.f. He also states that No. 8, which he understands was originally a P&LE engine, is now out of service; and that No. 2, while originally from the Chicago Elevated, came to the Hannabel (or Hanover) Brick Co., and then to the Rockaway River.

We're still hearing from Southern Pacific fans about that answer to W. C. M. and J. W. in our May, '35, issue concerning the SP articulated engine. Among the several good letters received was a complete roster of these engines (apparently taken from the SP official list), from Robert K. Turner of Oakland, Calif. For the benefit of not only the readers who asked about them, but others who may have clipped the information for their files, we are printing the whole list herewith. We don't pretend to be infallible, and it is a physical impossibility to keep our files strictly up-to-date; but we do the best we can, and we are always grateful for corrections such as these.

Nos. 4000, 4001, Class AC-1, 22x30 cylinders, 210 lbs pressure, 90,940 lbs. t.f., weight 481,200 lbs., Baldwin-built in 1909 as compounds, rebuilt to simple 1929. but rebuilt to cab-foremost type a couple of years after they were first constructed. (Nos. 4002-4048 were received as cab-foremost engines.)

Nos. 4002-4010, Class AC-1, same specifications, Baldwin-built in 1910, rebuilt 1928.

Nos. 4011, 4013, 4022, 4038, 4047, 4048, Classes MC-2, 4, 5, 6, have 26 and 40x30 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, weigh 437,000 lbs., exert 85,040 lbs. t.f., are still compound as originally built in 1910-1912 by Baldwin.

Nos. 4012, 4014-4021, 4023-4037, 4039-4046, Classes AC-1, 2, 3, have same specifications as 4000-4001, were Baldwin-built 1910-1912, rebuilt to simple in 1928. Only Nos. 4010 and 4028 have tender boosters.

Nos. 4100-4125, Classes AC-4 and 5, have 24x32 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 285 lbs. pressure, weigh 614,600 and 622,600 lbs., exert 116,900 lbs. t.f., were built in 1928 and 1929. Nos. 4126-4199, Class AC-6, are similar, except they have 250 lbs. pressure, weigh 639,500 lbs., exert 124,300 lbs. t.f., were built in 1930.

Nos. 4200, 4205, Class AM-2, have 22x28 cylinders, 210 lbs. pressure, 63-inch drivers, weigh 396,900 lbs., exert 76,800 lbs. t.f., were Baldwin-built in 1911, but rebuilt to 4-6-6-2 (instead of 2-6-6-2) shortly after being put in service, and finally converted to simple in 1931.

Nos. 4201-4204, 4206-4208, Class MM-2, have 25 and 38x28 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, weigh 396,900 lbs., exert 65,920 lbs. t.f., are still compound, but were also rebuilt from 2-6-6-2 to 4-6-6-2 shortly after being put in service.

A Thousand Miles for Three Dollars?

SEVERAL readers have asked about John A. Hastings' plan for postalizing railroad passenger service. This plan, as some of you know, would have each road charge only $1 for shorter trips and $3 for all others. Thus argues Mr. Hastings: from 1925 to 1934 our roads averaged $652,232,390 in annual revenues from 288,998,800 passengers. If the plan increased traffic only 50%—and it should increase it much more—433,000,000 passengers would be carried, of whom about 300,000,000 would pay $1 and the rest $3, producing at least $699,000,000 annual passenger revenues. So far, so good. But, say we, here's the catch: Those 288,998,800 passengers averaged about 71 miles a trip. What will the new $1 and $3 fares average? Think it over. If we can all ride 1,000 miles for $3, we'll all do it whether we have to or not. Certainly the average trip would far exceed 71 miles, and the railroads' expenses would rise in proportion. What's the good of greater revenues—if expenses are still greater?

Locomotives of the Rock Island System

Lower Photo by Wesley Krambeck, Herington, Kan.

Modern Power on the Rock Island

(Upper) No. 5000, First of the Rock Island's 65 4-8-4 Type Locomotives. (Lower) No. 2700, One of the Class 63-L Mikados, Largest 2-8-2's on the System. This Engine Is Equipped with a Booster

Rock Island Pacific Type Engine No. 970, Snapped by Wesley Krambeck at Herington, Kan. The Tender Was Originally One of the Vanderbilt or Barrel Type, but Was Later Rebuilt

Type	Class	Engine Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (In.)	Driver Diameters (In.)	Steam Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight Without Tender (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)	Builder and Date Built
2-10-2	90	3001-3010	30 x 32	63	200	383,000	77,714	Alco, 1918
	90-A	3011-3025	30 x 32	63	200	391,000	77,714	Alco, 1920
	90-B	3026-3035	30 x 32	63	200	405,000	77,714	Alco, 1925
4-8-4	65-A	5000	26 x 32	69	250	434,000	66,620	Alco, 1929
	65-B	5001-5024	26 x 32	69	250	437,000	66,620	Alco, 1929
	65-C	5025-5064	26 x 32	69	250	436,000	66,620	Alco, 1930
4-8-2	49	4000-4001	28 x 28	69	185	333,100	50,028	Alco, 1913
	49-A to G	4002-4061	28 x 28	74	200	364,000-378,000	50,430	Alco, 1920-29
2-8-2	62	2300-2308	26 x 30	63	200	290,000	54,724	Baldwin, 1919
	62	2309-2319	26 x 30	63	200	290,000	54,724	Alco, 1919
	63-A	2500-2539	28 x 30	63	190	322,600	60,243	Baldwin, 1912
	63-B	2540-2549	28 x 30	63	190	323,750	60,293	Alco, 1912
	63-C	2550-2574	28 x 30	63	190	323,050	60,293	Baldwin, 1913
	63 D	2575-2594	28 x 30	63	190	332,230	60,293	Alco, 1918
	63-E	2595-2604	28 x 30	63	190	337,240	60,293	Alco, 1920
	63-F	2605-2618	28 x 30	63	190	337,225	60,293	Alco, 1922
	63-G	2619-2642	28 x 30	63	190	336,230	60,293	Alco, 1923
	63-H	2643-2648	28 x 30	63	190	343,000	60,293	Alco, 1923
	63-J	2649-2678	28 x 30	63	190	347,100	60,293	Alco, 1923
	63-K	2679-2688	28 x 30	63	200	354,500	63,467	Alco, 1926
	63-L	2689-2713	28 x 30	63	210	356,100	66,640	Alco, 1927
	55-A	400-499 (89 engs.), 1691	22 x 30	63	200	206,000	39,181	Brooks, 1903-04
	55-As	415, 451, 470, 1624, 1627 1631, 1649	22½x 30	63	200	212,000	40,982	Brooks, 1903-04
	55-As	1653, 1675	23½x 30	63	195	213,500	43,558	Brooks, 1904
	55-Hs	1701-1783	24 x 30	63	185	204,600	43,131	Baldwin, 1906
	60	1784	24 x 32	63	185	245,000	46,007	Baldwin, 1907
	70-A	1802-1810 (7 engs.)	20 x 24	50	160	120,000	26,112	Baldwin, 1895-1901
	71-B	1812-1840 (18 engs.)	21 x 26	56	160	140,000	27,846	Baldwin, 1899-1901
2-8-0	71	1841	21 x 26	50	160	.....	31,188	Baldwin, 1894
	71-A	1842-1851 (9 engs.)	21 x 26	50	160	136,000	31,188	Baldwin, 1899
	71-C	1852-1878	21 x 26	56	180	146,000	31,327	Baldwin, 1902
	88-A	1880-1882	20 x 28	56	200	166,000	34,000	Lima, 1910
	71-E	1888-1899	21 x 26	56	185	153,280	32,197	Baldwin, 1902
	55-Es	1901-1910	24 x 30	63	185	214,000	43,131	Alco, 1907
	55-Fs	1911-1930	24 x 30	63	185	210,500	43,131	Alco, 1907
	55-Gs	1931-2064	23½x 30	63	185	219,000	41,353	Alco, 1910
	61	2101-2135 (5 engs.)	22 x 30	57	200	206,000	43,305	Alco, 1907
	61s	2100-2144 (40 engs.)	22½x 30	57	190	210,700	43,031	Alco, 1907
4-6-0	56	1292, 1293, 1296	20 x 26	63	190	158,000	26,660	Baldwin, 1902
	14-B	1301-1322 (16 engs.)	21 x 26	68½	190	174,000	26,935	Brooks, 1902
	14-C	1323-1332	21 x 26	74	190	182,000	25,024	Brooks, 1902
	14-C	1333-1336	21 x 26	74	200	182,000	26,341	Brooks, 1903
	14-A	1401-1520 (65 engs.)	20 x 28	64½	190	174,000	27,935	Brooks, 1901-02
	13-A	1454	20 x 28	64½	190	179,000	27,935	Brooks, 1901
	14-E	1479						
	14-H	1475, 1476, 1485	20 x 28	64½	190	179,000	27,935	Brooks, 1900
	14-J	1489						
	54	1495, 1496, 1497	20 x 26	63	190	154,500	26,660	Brooks, 1900-01
	15	1521-1535	22 x 26	63	185	185,800	31,410	Alco, 1905
	16, 16s	1550-1587	22 x 26	63	185	173,720	31,410	Baldwin, 1905
4-4-0	66-C	517, 536	18 x 24	69	160	114,500	15,327	Baldwin, 1899-1901
	26-A	609,611	18 x 24	68½	160	107,300	15,382	CRI & P, 1891
	26-B	621	18 x 24	64½	155	106,500	15,822	CRI & P, 1891
	22-A	661	19½x 26	69	175	122,400	21,299	CRI & P, 1896
	22-A	666	19½x 26	69	180	122,400	21,922	CRI & P, 1898

2-6-0	82	748-750	19 x 26	63	190	140,000	24,061	Baldwin, ——
4-6-2	10	801-830	21 x 26	69	200	193,000	28,250	Brooks, 1903
	11s, As, Bs	831-861	23 x 26	69	190	216,000	32,192	Alco, 1905
	40-A	862-894	23 x 28	74	185	226,950	31,476	Alco, 1909
	40-A	877, 882, 888	23 x 28	74	195	252,400	33,177	Alco, 1909
	42	895-944	23½x 28	74	185	240,000	32,859	Alco, 1910
	43	950-979	25½x 28	74	190	281,500	39,736	Alco, 1913
	48	999	22½x 28 (3)	74	190	301,000	46,400	Alco, 1924
4-4-2	19	1011-1018	21 x 26	74	185	186,300	24,365	Alco, 1905
	19-A	1019, 1020	21 x 26	74	185	190,300	24,365	Alco, 1905
	29	1040, 1041	17½x 26 (4)	74	160	202,000	29,266	Alco, 1909
	18s	1043-1045, 1048	21 x 26	74	200	.....	26,340	Baldwin, 1905
	18s	1042, 1046, 1047, 1049	21 x 26	74	165	.....	24,365	Baldwin, 1905
0-4-0	2	3	15 x 24	52	150	67,300	13,230	CRI & P, 1889
0-6-0	8	53, 55	19 x 24	52	160	125,000	22,660	CRI & P, 1910
	7-C	58-110 (13 engs.)	19 x 24	52	160	122,000	22,660	CRI & P, 1901, 02, 03
	7-B	78	18 x 24	52	145	93,600	18,431	Brooks, 1891
	9	111-130	19 x 26	52	190	140,000	29,151	Brooks, 1903
	9-A	131-148, 195, 196	19 x 26	52	190	140,000	29,151	Alco, 1905
	75	150	20 x 24	52	160	116,000	25,108	Baldwin, 1899
	75-A	177, 181	20 x 24	52	160	121,400	25,108	Baldwin, 1901, '02
	7-E	188-189, 191	8 x 24	52	165	106,000	20,973	Brooks, 1901, '02
	9-B	200-229	19 x 26	52	190	140,000	29,151	Baldwin, 1905
	34	230-257	20 x 28	52	180	160,000	32,954	Alco, 1913
	34-A	258, 259	20 x 28	52	180	161,000	32,954	Alco, 1913
	35	275-284	21 x 28	52	190	165,000	38,350	Alco, 1919
0-8-0	36	300-309	25 x 28	52	185	226,000	52,921	Alco, 1925

Next Month: THE ERIE RAILROAD SYSTEM

Who's Who in the Crew
by STOOKIE ALLEN
AMERICA'S MOST PROLIFIC RAILROAD JOURNALIST WAS BORN IN 1863 IN JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA, NEAR BIRTHPLACE OF HERBERT HOOVER.
BEGAN RAILROADING IN 1881 AS C. ST. P. M. & O. WIPER AT ST. JAMES, MINN. WENT INTO TRAIN SERVICE IN 1881, BEGINNING AS BRAKEMAN ON PILE-DRIVER REBUILDING WOODEN BRIDGES ON NEBRASKA DIVISION OF SAME ROAD. LATER, HE SAYS, "I DEGENERATED INTO A COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER AND FROM THAT SANK ON DOWN TO NEWSPAPER WORK IN CHICAGO, DENVER AND NEW YORK."
CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER
HIS FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE (NOW RAILROAD STORIES) WAS "WHEN SHORTY MADE GOOD", DEC. 1906. SINCE THEN THIS MAGAZINE HAS PUBLISHED 160 OF HIS FACT ARTICLES, MOST OF THEM ILLUSTRATED. CARTER WROTE FOR MANY OTHER PUBLICATIONS ALSO, AND IS THE AUTHOR OF A WIDELY-READ BOOK, "WHEN RAILROADS WERE NEW", WHICH RAN INTO 4 EDITIONS. HE IS LISTED IN "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA". HE MADE 12 TRIPS ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN SEARCH OF MATERIAL, ALSO MANY SHORTER TRIPS. WAS ON QUEBEC BRIDGE FOR MATERIAL FOR R.R. MAN'S MAGAZINE IN 1907 A FEW HOURS BEFORE IT FELL INTO THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, DROWNING 86 PERSONS.
CARTER'S ARTICLES ON "BIG RAILROADING" ATTRACTED SO MUCH ATTENTION THAT HE FOUND HIMSELF ON THE N.Y. CENTRAL PUBLICITY STAFF FOR 9 YEARS, WRITING BOOKLETS, MOVIE SCENARIOS, SPEECHES FOR OFFICIALS, ETC., BESIDES DOING A LOT OF SPEECH-MAKING HIMSELF. HE MARRIED EDNA ALTHEA FALL, OF NEW YORK. THEY LIVE AT 26 W. 75TH STREET, N.Y. CITY.
SCENARIO

Next Month: Gilbert A. Lathrop, of Gunnison, Colo.; ex-fireman on the D. & R. G. W.

International Engine Picture Club

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

NEWS for engine picture collectors: the service department of the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., has made arrangements to give free advice and criticism to engine picture photographers who want to improve their work. Simply send your picture or negative (or both), and a stamp to cover return postage, to the Eastman Co.

Bulletin No. 37 of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, recently issued, is full of unusually good items. Among the most interesting are a complete article on the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes System by H. T. Crittenden, a history of the Catskill Mountain Lines by Captain Winfield W. Robinson, and a feature on William Buchanan, famous N. Y. C. & H. R. engine designer and superintendent of motive power, by George P. Becker.

Speaking of the Ry. & L. H. S., its New York Chapter sponsored another excursion from New York City last June 16th, when fifty-two fans made the trip to the Colonie Shops of the Delaware & Hudson R. R. near Albany, N. Y. Although they bought only the usual $2 excursion tickets, the New York Central attached a special observation coach and diner on the train, and the United Traction Co. of Albany provided free bus service to the shops. Not only that, but Superintendent of Motive Power G. S. Edmonds and his staff were there to greet them, and three D. & H. engines—Nos. 653, 605 and 1403—were sent to the shops for the occasion. No. 605, a rebuilt 4-6-2 type, was under steam and ran back and forth for the benefit of the party. For information about future trips, or about Bulletin No. 37, write the Society at Box 434, Madison Square Station, New York City.

A. ANDERSON, 120 Fern Ave., Lyndhurst, N. J., makes small prints for 3c. ea.; no orders under 15 prints. Has new DL&W 1642 (116 size) at 6c. ea.

L. ANDERSON, 315 Dayton Ave. S. E., Wadena, Minn., wants public and employees timetables, "Official Guides," equipment registers, "Baldwin Locos.," calendars, etc.; has many NP and other train orders, clearances, for sale or trade for what have you.

G. D. ARTHUR, Glenbrook, Conn., wants 116 size side views showing nos. and lettering of certain SP pass. cars, with name of train on back.

P. AYRES, 4692 Nottingham Rd., Detroit, Mich., has Vols. 1, 2, 3 of Lionel Mags. to trade for train orders, time cards, etc.

R. BARMANN, Preston, Ia., wants engines mid-Western lines.

WM. BARTON, 936 Floyd Ave., Rome, N. Y., starting.

A. E. BARTZ, 2714 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, collects transfers, tokens, old timetables.

D. A. BAUER, 2130, Cass St., Fort Wayne, Ind., has many wreck pictures and old equipment to trade for nos. and photos of modern pass. locos.

L. BEAKE, 37 Bay State Ave., W. Somerville, Mass., has 116 size of New England roads, 6c. ea. or trade; also rosters and public timetables '29-'35, complete list for 3c. stamp. Wants D&SL, DM&N, L&N, NC&StL rosters.

M. BECK, 315 W. 106th St., N. Y. City, has 200 116 size photos of 37 dif. roads to trade, or 5c. ea.; also 20 duplicate negs. of NYC, New Haven, LI, B&M at 10c. ea.; stamp for both lists.

J. C. BENNETT, 239 E. Chesterfield Ave., Ferndale, Mich., starting; wants help.

E. J. BERMINGHAM, Jr., Lake Forest, Ill., has 120 size B&M prints to trade for C&NW or sell 5c. ea.; send 10c. and stamp for list and 2 samples.

R. BIERMANN, R. 1, Box 196, Hemet, Calif., starting, appreciates any extra photos; wants to hear from local fans.

W. BISSINGER, 39-33 56th St., Woodside, L. I., N. Y., wants steam engines on U. S. and Canadian roads.

H. BLACKBURN, Canton, S. D., has public timetables of '26 and '27 and 3 PRR calendars '33-'35 to sell or trade for back issues "Railroad Stories."

H. BLACKMER, Chesaning, Mich., has for trade Mar. '33 "Official Guide," 8 copies Mich. Ry. Guides, 7 copies R.R. Telegrapher, colored postcards of 1910 trains, etc.; write for list.

J. A. BLAKE, 103 Lake St., Sayre, Pa., has 29 vols. of pictorial history of Civil War, containing many engine photos; trade for photos, stamps, cash or what have you.

OLIVA BLANCHETTE, Drummondville,

Quartier St. Joseph, P. B. 14, Canada, buys wreck photos.

D. E. BLOME, 1112 Spring St., Reading, Pa., has several "Official Guides" for sale or trade for 116 size engine snaps; wants Equipment Register; write first.

C. BOETTCHER, 959 Lindenwood, Topeka, Kan.; starting.

M. E. BOOSE, 825 5th St., Rensselaer, N. Y., will buy or trade others for D&H, CV employees timetables.

G. O. BOOTHBY, 19 Melbourne St., Portland, Me., wants Dec., '29; Jan., Mar. '30; May, Sept. '31; Feb. '32 "Railroad Stories."

J. J. BOWDEN, 175 Locust Ave., New Dorp, S. I., N. Y., starting; collects all types engine photos.

J. E. BOYNTON, 4211 Howe St., Oakland, Calif., has SP, WP and Santa Fe engines to trade; also exchanges timetables and train orders.

BROOKLYN RAILROAD CLUB, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has over 200 photos of PRR, NYC, Rdg., New Haven and other eastern roads; list for stamped envelope.

J. F. BYRNE, E. McKeesport, Pa., has postcard size of Mallet locos, also old and modern types; 11-page list and sample 20c. Wants to buy or trade for 116 size negs. and photos all Mallet types, esp. Virginian, SAL, ACL, Georgia, FEC.

H. L. CLOUGH, 20 Dearborn Ave., Biddeford, Me., wants photos of CPR 2668 and PRR 7274, 1, 9999; also "Railroad Stories" for Dec. '29; Jan.-May '30 in first class condition. CPR and PRR fans write.

R. COLE, Nevada City, Calif., starting; wants lists of Colo. and Calif. roads, esp. D&RG, UP, SP and Sante Fe.

P. CORBIN, Box 74, New Market, Ia., will trade 5 train orders and 4 clearances for one good engine snap.

D. H. CORNISH, 14809 Hilliard Rd., Lakewood, O., has "Railroad Stories" Jan.-Dec. '33; Jan.-Nov. '34; Feb., June-Dec. '32; Feb.-Apr. '35; Jan., Apr., Oct.-Dec. '31; Mar '30 for sale, whole or in part; best offer takes them. Also will trade railroad material for World War tokens (medals, guns, helmets, etc.).

G. COWLEY, 353 Wilson Blvd., Mineola, L. I., N. Y., collects train, loco and wreck photos.

L. CRABB, 27 Cowing Place, Glenbrook, Conn., interested in electric roads, but not trolleys.

L. F. CRAIG, 114 Greenleaf St., Peoria, Ill., has 116 size photos and old emp. timetables of roads around Peoria to trade for other 116 size snaps or old copies "Railroad Stories," no timetables; also trades 116 negs. for old-timer negs. or odd types.

W. H. CRANE, 13 Brunswick Rd., Ealing, W.5, London, England, will trade English photos, railway mags. for streamliners and Reading Camelbacks; also will trade English subway photos for NYC "el" and subway photos and information.

D. DALZIEL, 333 Central Park West, N. Y. City, beginning; send lists.

S. DEAR, 182 W. Durham St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., wants Pennsy engine photos.

E. DEGOLYER, Jr., 120 Lloyd Rd., Montclair, N. J., has Mexican, Erie and Lackawanna 120 size prints to trade for BB&K 6, B&O 1639 and any photos before 1890; also for Southern 1409, Frisco 4210, NYC 99.

G. R. DRIGGERS, McKenney, Va., will trade 5 SAL train orders for 116 size side views any road, esp. SAL 314; also has timetables, "Ry. Age," "Signalman's Journal" to trade for Dec. '29, all '30 and Jan. '32 issues "Railroad Stories."

J. A. DUNN, 306 Oakhurst Ave., Clarksdale, Miss., wants photos of Beyer-Garratt 4-6-2-2-6-4 type; also wants lists of large photos of large power.

W. EDWARDS, 9635 109 Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada, buys and sells engine snaps; has 30 mags. inc. RR Trainman; send 10c. for list and photo.

G. R. EGGERS, 345 86th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will buy photos of Morris Cty. Traction, WI, Twin Cities Rapid Transit, Stark Electric Lines, A&S, Hudson Valley Electric, CN&C and others.

ANNA ENDY, R. 2, Boyerton, Pa., starting collection of employees timetables; send lists and prices.

B. D. FALES, 1209 E St., Silver Springs, Md., has postcard size of Chesapeake Beach locos 5, 7, 9, 10, 12 at 10c. each.

C. FISHER, Jr., 2205 Prince, Berkeley, Calif., wants D&RG, C&S, 3-ft. gage Calif. roads, Burlington rail motors, elec. locos of GN, CMStP; will trade Sacto. Nor. trains, motors, SP elec. inter., WP, Santa Fe 990; comb. 3 NCNG snaps, history, transcript of time card for 25c. or trade for 5 snaps.

L. FAGLE, Shell Lake, Wis., beginner.

W. B. FRANCIS, Jr., 506 Rigsbee Ave., Durham, N. C., wants old passes and timetables.

W. GILBURT, 42 Sydenham Terrace, Portsmouth, England, will trade 616 and postcard size photos with specifications, timetables, maps, etc., with American fans, esp. those with Southern Ry. material; free print as long as supply lasts.

A. GILCHER, 34 Wildwood Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has street car photos and transfers for sale or trade; 10c. for list and samples.

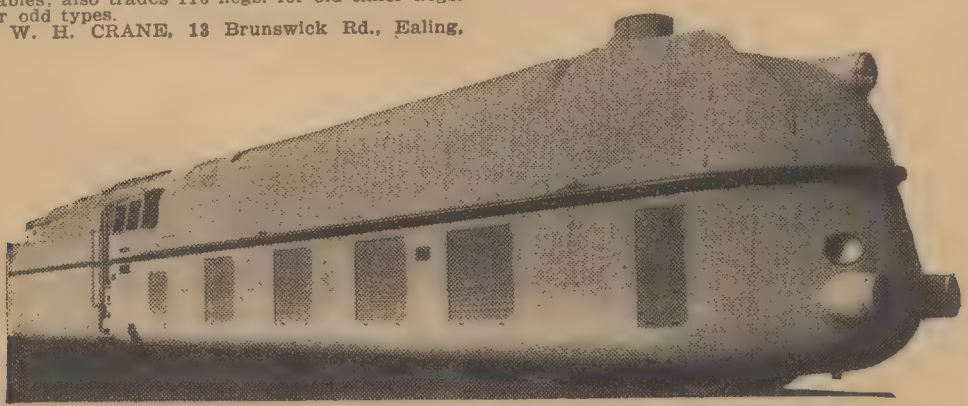


Photo from H. F. Kutschbach

This Streamlined 4-6-4 Type Steam Locomotive of the German State Railways Recently Set a New World's Record for Rail Speed. Hauling a 200-Ton Train Between Berlin and Hamburg, 181 Miles, It Reached 119.1 M.P.H., and Averaged 105.6 M.P.H. for the Entire Distance! The Streamlined Shroud, You Will Note, Is Equipped with Roller Blinds to Permit Easy Access to Axles and Moving Parts. The Engine Was Built by the Borsig Locomotive Works of Berlin Last Spring. She Has 3 Cylinders (17¾ x 26-In.) and 90-In. Driving Wheels.

J. K. GIBSON, 644 Chestnut St., Bridgeville, Pa., collects trolley transfers; has Pittsburgh, Miami and Lafayette (Ind.) to trade.

K. W. GREGORY, 2324 Belmont Ave., Ardmore, Pa., has Reading, LV, PRR east of Pittsburgh and NYC east of Buffalo timetables to trade for division pamphlets, local state folders and suburban cards of PRR west of Pittsburgh, B&M, SP, UP, C&NW, Lackawanna, IC and others; send lists.

J. E. GRUPP, 128 W. Elk St., Glendale, Calif., has 116 size SP. 3 for 25c., 15 for $1, or trade.

G. H. HARDY, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif., will pay good price for "Baldwin Locos"; if in perfect condition; write first.

E. K. HEATH, Box 15, Barre, Vt., has 116 size negs. of B&M 3658, 4021 and CV 232 with "Ambassador" to trade for other loco negs.; also has few blue prints of CV roster to send free, enclose 1½c. stamp for postage.

E. K. HENRY, Chambers Sta., Pullman, Wash., wants engine photos all U. S. and Canadian roads; full pass. trains 116 or 130 size; also buys negs.; send lists. Will buy late "Official Guide," trolley transfers.

E. HERMANNS, 47 South St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has 120 size certain PRR engines, CRRofNJ, NYC at 5c. ea. or trade for any road. Trolley transfers 7 for 5c. or trade.

C. L. HESS, 7814 Westwood Dr., Chicago, buys 116 size photos any road, esp. Milwaukee 4-4-2, 0-8-0, 2-6-6-2 and C&NW 4-4-0, 4-6-2, 0-8-0; also rosters; send lists and prices.

A. B. HOWARD, Jr., Gen. Del., Mulberry, Fla., starting; wants your extra snaps or negs.

A. HUDEC, 1217 Terrace Ave., Racine, Wis., sells 3 photos of Milwaukee's "Hiawatha" for 25c.; wants to hear from fans world over.

R. HUSTON, Box 63, Cairo, Mo., will sell 50 issues of "Railroad Man's" from 1912-18 and 50 issues "Railroad Stories" between 1931-35.

F. IVISON, Trail, B. C., Canada, wants data and snaps on U. S. roads, pref. SP.

P. S. JOHNSON, R. 3, Box 220, Mt. Vernon, Wash., has one set of 1934 "Railroad Stories" for $1.75, prepaid anywhere in U. S.

C. JOHNSTON, 1442 W. 7th Ave., Corsicana, Tex., will trade or buy snaps of B&O, Pennsy K-4s or CRRofNJ pass. loco. Will take RI, SP, Cotton Belt and Texas Elec. photos on order.

W. E. JONES, 405 E. Second, Lima, O., has boys' books to trade for r.r. snaps; ask for list.

J. J. KEEP, 84-19, 168th St., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., wants old Stewart RR and LI engines before 1880.

H. W. KEMBLE, 12 Elm St., Auburn, N. Y., has builder's photo (about 1878) of Pittsburgh & McKeesport Loco. Co. 2-4-0 "J. H. Flagler."

K. M. KIER, 2312 W. 107th Place, Chicago, has 4x5 and 3¼x5¼ wreck prints, 10c. ea.; free list on request.

A. KLING, 320 Lincoln, San Rafael, Calif., buys all types engine photos, esp. old-time compounds with split-wheel arrangement; also "19" and "31" orders, timecards and "Railroad Stories" for Dec. '29; Jan.-June '30; June, Sept.-Nov. '31; Jan., Feb., Apr.-Nov. '32 and Apr. '33.

M. KOCH, 1343 Findlay Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, has two 1908 Swiss timetables, one pass and letter to Baldwin Loco. Works, 1904, 2 N. Y. City trolley transfers 1904, NYC&HRR train tickets, etc., to trade for engine snaps.

E. KREMKOW, 2125 McKinstry, Detroit, Mich., wants old-time pass. equipment, no work cars, and gas-electrics and electric cars of steam roads; trades for interurban and trolley lines, 116 and 122 size.

H. F. KUTSCHBACH, Moltkestrasse 2, Berlin-Steglitz, Germany, has German photos.

N. A. KUTUSOFF, 1055 Fell St., San Francisco, Calif., has July '33 to date "Railroad Stories," trade for technical railroad books or sell entire collection at 10c. ea.

W. H. LARSEN, 64 Hedderwick St., Essendon, W.5, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, will swap eight '30 Victorian Ry. Mags. for a copy of "Famous American Trains," or back numbers of "Railroad Stories."

R. LASKER, 361 Stuyvesant Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., collects photos, timetables and other material; send lists. For membership card and rights to American RR Club, send 5c.

H. E. LEATH, 5615a Manchester Ave., St. Louis, Mo., wants Frisco 584-648, 220; MoP 2343 and 9454 and Rock Island 2019.

B. LEVINE, 203 W. 98th St., N. Y. City, has over 110 dif. trade and Brotherhood journals for sale or swap for "Railroad Stories" May, July, Aug., Oct., Dec. '30, Sep. '31; Apr. '32; "Railroad Man's" 1906-19; or r.r. books. May buy.

L. LINDQUIST, 1017 9th St., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Ia., wants old BCR&N, RI, other roads, and Iowa electrics.

R. L. LORE, 230 E. Juniper Ave., Wildwood, N. J., has N. J. roads to trade for C&O, WM, Southern, L&N.

B. LOUGH, Box 466, Ironton, Mo., has MoP, Frisco, C&S, etc.: 120 size—8c. ea., 4 for 25c.; 3½x5—15c. ea., 2 for 25c.; 5x7—25c. ea., 5 for $1; send 10c. for sample and list.

G. MAC KAY, Box 102, Scotstown, Que., Canada, has 650-page history of U. S. with 79 illustrations, printed around 1900, to trade for best offer in "Railroad Man's," 1906-19; Canadians please write.

L. R. MAC LEOD, 570 Yates St., Victoria, B. C., Canada, will buy broadside view postcard size or Oriental, New Zealand, WP, CGW engines; send list of 2-6-2 types, any road.

T. V. MAGUIRE, 1712 Douglas St., Rockford, Ill., buys or trades for Milwaukee 2350-2393.

C. McCRARY, Box 167, Brownstown, Ind., has old "Railroad Stories" and other mags. to trade for engine snaps.

J. W. McMANAMY, 713 4th Ave., Juniata, Pa., has 2½x4½ PRR locos and roundhouses to trade for depot photos showing name.

J. P. MENKEL, 1137 Waterloo St., Los Angeles, Calif., will buy "Car Builders' Cyclopedia" and "Loco. Cyclopedia."

F. MILLER, Jr., 1342 10th Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., wants negs.; also trades photos with foreign fans, esp. Australian.

R. MITCHELL, 758 Newport Ave., Long Beach, Calif., has 12 "Railroad Stories" ('32-'33) to trade for best offer in 130 size or larger photos of modern power.

F. W. MORRIS, 7358 Constance Ave., Chicago, has many copies "Railroad Stories," Santa Fe employees' mags., detective and western mags. to trade for circus trains, wagons, etc.

L. S. MORRIS, Pikeville, Tenn., has college books and music to trade for back copies "Railroad Stories."

A. OLSON, Box 92, Valley City, N. D., will send 1 packet of 50 stamps for every three 116 size photos.

E. H. OLSON, Bordulac, N. D., has few '31, all of '32, '33, '34, '35 "Railroad Stories" at 15c. per copy, postpaid; also World's Fair snaps.

C. E. PEARCE, Jr., 2341 35th St., Long Island City, N. Y., has 116 size of most classes PRR electrics to trade for PRR steam or sell 10c. ea.

R. PEARSON, 85 Lord St., Richmond E 1, Victoria, Australia, has 3,000 photos to trade.

C. PETRICK, Ortonville, Minn., has engine and wreck photos, timetables, train orders, clearance cards to trade for O-gage model equipment.

E. W. POTTER, 1022 19th Ave., Tampa, Fla., trades or sells ACL and SAL films and negs.: wants to hear from beginners.

J. H. POWERS, 812 Jacksonia St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa., wants Cumb. & Pa. photos.

H. O. PREBLE, 20 Drummond St., Bath, Me., has over 200 public timetables at 5c. ea.; MeC train orders to trade for others or photos; 2 "Official Guides" at $1 ea.; MeC employees' timecards, 15c. ea.

C. G. PRICE, Jr., 279 Newman Ave., Harrisonburg, Va., has photos of Chesapeake Western 101 (won 1st prize at 1893 World's Fair) 15c. ea.

W. E. REAGLES, 2451 N. 46th St., Milwaukee, Wis., has recent C&NW, Milwaukee, and Soo Line and old Wabash timetables to trade for engine photos.

R. ROEDEMA, 58 N. 14th St, Hawthorne, N. J., will send free to anyone in U. S. or Canada postcard size engine snap for stamped envelope, as long as supply lasts. Will pay 20c. ea. for postcard negs.; also buys photos famous trains.

W. RUANE, 69 Fairmount Ave., Newark, N. J., has "Railroad Stories" and fishing tackle to trade for railroad calendars, train orders, and engine photos; also will buy old calendars.

Photo by W. A. Lucas

No. 2501, One of the Seaboard Air Line's 5 New 2-6-6-4 Types (Nos. 2500-2504) Constructed a Few Months Ago by Baldwin. They Have 22x30 Cylinders, 69-Inch Drivers, 230 Lbs. Pressure, Weigh 480,000 Lbs. Without Tender, Exert 82,300 Lbs. T. F., and Cost $126,194 Each

L. SAVILLE, Trough Rte., Moorefield, W. Va., will pay 10c. plus postage for Mar. '35 "Railroad Stories." Has B&O '29 and '34 public timetables to trade for MoP or Frisco.

L. SAWNEL, 1443 Maple St., Dubuque, Ia., will trade IC train orders for engine snaps.

W. SCALES, 617 Webster St., Ottawa, Ill., will pay 20c. ea. for "Railroad Stories," Dec. '29 through Mar. '32.

W. D. SHERMAN, Rusk, Tex., will buy clear 2½x4¼ prints of Cotton Belt and MoP engines; send lists. Wants dope on New York subways.

C. SIMON, R. 2, Box 43, Farley, Ia., wants CRRofNJ, LV and SAL 0-4-0 types and Milwaukee 0-8-0. Send stamp for engines being scrapped by Milwaukee in Dubuque.

H. SMITH, R. 7, Box 2155, Sacramento, Calif., has many SP photos (Sacramento Div.).

R. SPEAR, 26 West St., S. Weymouth, Mass., has 116 size of B&M and New Haven to trade for New Haven 1100's (4-4-2).

J. A. STUBBLEFIELD, 5320 Brabant Rd., Baltimore, Md., wants to hear from local fans.

E. STODDARD, 27 Bradford St., Springfield, Mass., will trade B&A, B&M photos for others.

J. S. TAINTER, 16 Shaw's Court, E. Lynn, Mass., has 5x7 photos of Pennsy Special made in '06 and '11, Camden & Amboy "John Bull" of 1840 and many others; can get MeC, CNR, SV and B&M in 616 or 620 size. Also makes black and white or colored ink drawings and oil paintings of locos.

F. TAYLOR, 1635 Washington Ave., Racine, Wis., starting; would apreciate spare photos.

F. THACKRAH, 86 Fairview Pl., Amsterdam, N. Y., will pay 10c. for 116 size photos of NYC, UP, PRR, New Haven, GM&N streamliners, esp. side views and speed photos; wants postcard of "Lady Baltimore."

D. W. THICKENS, RFD Box 196, Walnut Creek, Calif., wants photos or information on: Bamberger Electric RR., Kansas City Clay Co. & St. Joseph Ry., and CD&M; Utah fans, write.

M. TOMME, Raymondville, Tex., will pay 10c. for front side or side 116 size negs. showing engine and tender, for certain DL&W power, all SP and Nevada County narrow gage; also has 2-10-4 builder's blue print, Franklin Booster Manual and Loco. Catechism to trade for negs.

J. A. UNDY, 57 Cypress St., Penns Grove, N. J., will buy railroad lanterns.

C. UNRUH, 1313 Perkins, Lansing, Mich., has new type photos for stereoscope use, at 15c. ea. (mounted) or trade for 2 116 size prints; write.

D. R. VILLEE, 732 Hamilton St., Lancaster, Pa., has '33 and '34 Pennsy calendars to highest bidder in cash or timetables; trades transfers and engine and trolley photos.

H. VOGT, 316 Elgin Ave., Forest Park, Ill., will buy different types of railway post office photos and mail trains; write first.

A. L. WAKEFIELD, 6 Watson Ave., Houlton, Me., wants 5x7 side views of Milwaukee's "Hiawatha," CPR 3100 and PRR K-4s.

E. WALDRON, 1821 S. W. 24th St., Miami, Fla., buys or trades timetables for old FEC and SAL timetables.

F. WALSH, 401 First Ave., Verdun, Que., Canada, wants 116 or postcard of SP Tehachapi Mountain wreck, and streamlined trains; has postcard size CPR 8000 at 15c., 2 for 25c., or trade for three 116 size Mallets; also has CNR 116 size, 3 for 25c., and back issues "Railroad Stories" to trade for photos.

A. R. WATSON, P.O. Box 112, Luke Field, Honolulu, T. H., has information on Oahu Ry.

C. R. WEAVER, 15 N. 2nd St., Sunbury, Pa., has 2½x4¼ PRR and Rdg. power at 8c. ea.; special price on large orders; will trade. Send 10c. for list and sample.

J. WELSH, 709 W. 66th St., Los Angeles, Calif., has few train orders to trade for engine prints; over 100 different timetables to trade for foreign; 60 mags., incl. "Argosy," detective, etc., to trade for back issues of "Railroad Stories" before June '33.

E. WEBB, 1705 Woodlawn Ave., Logansport, Ind., has B. of L. E. Mags. at 15c. ea., 2 for 25c. postpaid; also NYC, B&A, Erie, Burlington rosters at 25c. ea.; wants IC roster.

R. S. WENDELING, 53 Menzel Ave., Maplewood, N. J., will buy photos of Morris County Traction Co. and Coast Cities Ry.

J. WESTPHAL, 934 Watson Ave., St. Paul, Minn., has 116 size Omaha engines to trade.

M. WHEELER, RFD 1, Box 21, Bellows Falls, Vt., collects Amer. wood-burners.

C. B. WHITE, 17 Fernwood Rd., Summit, N. J., wants Apr. '32 "Railroad Stories."

G. T. WILBUR, 30-12th St., New London, Conn., will pay good price for Central Vermont 52, 56, 100, 202, 204, 207, 318 and others; also CV stations, scenes, etc.

C. W. WILSCAM, 725 S. West St., Galesburg, Ill., starting; send lists of Burlington, UP, PRR, NYC and streamliners.

R. H. WALSER, 208 Park Court S. E., Cedar Rapids, Ia., has 116 size of UP-C&NW "City of Portland," and equipment displayed for Railroad Week, incl. C&NW, Milwaukee, IC and Rock Island; also takes these roads on order.

M. WOMACK, Jr., 109 S. Boulevard, Murfreesboro, Tenn., has 30 NC&StL "19" orders and 15 diff. personal timetables to trade for other roads' "19" and "31" orders.

S. R. WOOD, 115 W. Maple Ave., Stillwater, Okla., wants Apr. '32 "Railroad Stories" and Jan. '31 "Baldwin Loco."; send your prices.

The Spotter

Joe Scharff Was Not Popular on the Hill Division, and That Encounter with the Bum Didn't Help Him Any

By FRANK L. PACKARD

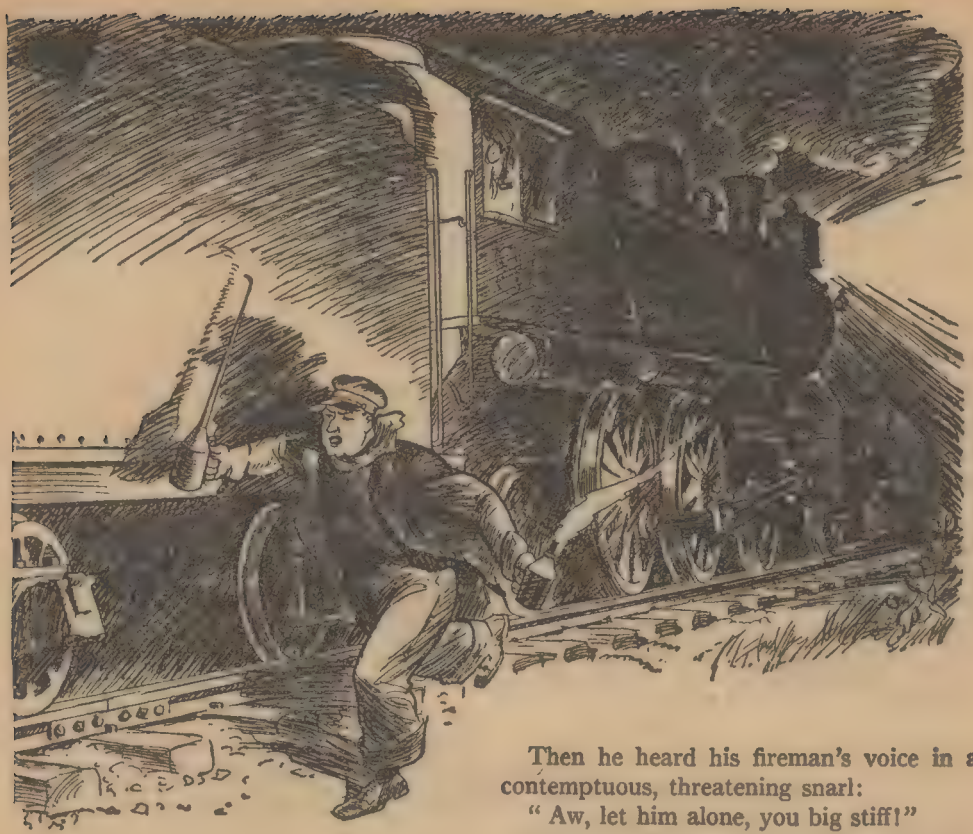
Former Canadian Pacific Shopman; Author of "The Wrecking Master," etc.

IT was a pitch-black night in the late fall, no snow, but freezing hard, as Budd Masters slowed the Fast Mail, eastbound, for the water tank at the foot of Devil's Slide. The big racers drink heavy on the mountain grades, and here and there a water tank is strewn along the right-of-way for their refreshment. At the foot of the Devil's Slide there was no other thing but a water tank.

Pete Leroy was handling the shovel end of it that night in the cab, and he was back up on the tender and had the spout down almost before Budd Masters, with a nicety of precision, had his train stopped where the spout could do business from the word "go."

The Fast Mail didn't have any time to throw away jockeying for position, and Budd Masters wasn't the man to throw it, anyhow, in that or any other kind of way. Almost as quick as his fireman to the back of the tender, the engineer had swung through the gangway and jumped to the ground for an oil around.

With the torch in his hand winking like a gigantic firefly in the darkness as he jabbed it in and out of the entrails of the big machine, Masters poked with his long-spouted oilcan—and, disinterestedly, out of the corner of his eye, caught sight of



Joe Scharff's green lamp coming up along the track toward the forward cars.

Budd felt the drivers' axles solicitously with the back of his hand as he moved along. Then, leaning in over the rod, his torch, oilcan and half his body disappeared from sight as he gave his attention to the motion gear.

The next instant all three came into sight again with a sudden jerk and he flung the torch up above his head to gaze back along the track, as a bull-like roar from the conductor reached him, followed by a half-frightened cry.

Scharff's voice rose again, in a steady stream of profanity now, intermingled with the sound of a scuffle from the direction of the frond end of the baggage car—but the only man Masters could see was his fireman in the dark outline up on the rear of the tender.

Then he heard his fireman's voice in a contemptuous, threatening snarl:

"Aw, let him alone, you big stiff!"

Budd Masters started on the jump for the scene of the disturbance, though there wasn't much doubt in his mind as to the cause of it—Scharff had probably caught a hobo beating his way, that was all.

There was light enough to see without the aid of the conductor's lantern, which, hooked on Scharff's arm, was joggling crazily up and down with every movement of the man's body.

Masters' torch, between the tender and the front end of the baggage car, made lurid daylight. Scharff was on the lower step, and under him, head and body sprawled back on the car platform, was another form. Masters caught a glimpse of the white, half-starved face of a young fellow—not more than nineteen or twenty—and as he looked, before he could lift a finger, big Joe Scharff sprang off the step, snatched hold of the other by the ankles and yanked the boy viciously to the ground.

That was a brutal act. There was a good

two and a half feet to the ties, and the lad's head struck the lower step. His body huddled inertly almost at Budd Masters' feet.

Something seemed to shoot blood red, in a flash, before the little engineer's eyes. The torch and oilcan dropped from his hands, and, with a spring, he was on the conductor like an infuriated wildcat.

With the impact both men lost their balance. The roadbed was raised a little, and down into the hollow they rolled. *Crash!* The lantern fell from Scharff's arm, shivered to splinters. Masters was on top, and fist drove smashing straight between the conductor's eyes. It was the only blow he got in. Scharff was twice his size, and Scharff, in a hell of fury now, flung Masters over, got the engineer down, got his knees on the engineer's chest and began to batter a tattoo with his fists on Masters' face.

It wasn't genteel fighting, but it didn't last long—fortunately for the engineer. The first to interfere was the boy, who staggered weakly between the two, but he didn't count. He was swept incontinently and without ceremony out of the way—though not by either Scharff or Masters.

With a yell, Pete Leroy leaped from the tender and into the game. Pete was a big man, and nursing the steam gage on a fast run makes the muscles hard. Pete would have given his right hand for his engineer any time; he gave both hands to Scharff now, and he gave them with his whole heart in the work.

EVEN under other circumstances, Joe Scharff was not exactly popular with his fellow workers. They never really had anything on Scharff, the big, cunning-faced, pig-eyed conductor was too cute for that. But he had the reputation of being a spotter, though there wasn't a man on the Hill Division who would have put it past Scharff to lift a fare or two himself; in fact, they put him down as a past master at the game.

And now, from the baggage and mail cars, attracted by the row, streamed the clerks, express messengers, the baggage man and the news agent. Scharff's brakemen came, too—but even they didn't succeed in tearing Leroy from the conductor; that was done by the sudden rush and swish of water gushing from the spout and overflowing in torrents from the tender.

It was a queer sight on the trackside in the blackness, lighted by only the trainmen's lamps. Scharff, with raw, cut face, was mouthing threats; the boy was sitting on the ground, and Masters, his own face bruised and bleeding, was bending over him. Everybody was clustered around, all talking at once, including the passengers who were now beginning to straggle out of the cars.

Leroy shut the water off, shot the spout back with a vicious bang, and returned to the scene on the run to renew the interrupted hostilities if provided with half a chance.

Masters tried to lift the boy to his feet, but the boy didn't seem able to walk. For a moment it looked like another clash as the engineer spoke.

"Here!" he called. "Give me a hand, some of you, to put this fellow in the baggage car. I guess he's right bad, and mabbe a drop or two of something, if any of you have got it, wouldn't do any harm."

"No, you don't!" Scharff retorted sullenly, stepping forward. "You can cut that right out from the start. There's no tramps riding on my train. I'm conductor here, and don't you forget it!"

"The boy's sick," said Masters evenly. "H'm! What are you going to do with him—leave him out here all night in the mountains to freeze?"

"I guess it ain't the first time he's been out all night," sneered Scharff.

"Mabbe not," Masters admitted, "only that don't signify what's to be done with him now."

"I don't care what's done with him," said Scharff. "His kind don't ride on my train. They're all alike, the low-lived, broken-down lot of whining curs. He ain't hurt, he's only putting it on." Then suddenly, with a rush of passion: "Blast you, Masters, I'll teach you to mind your own

business before I'm through with this! I'm in charge of this train. You get up there in your cab and go ahead. The tramp don't ride—not this trip."

"Don't he?" inquired Masters slowly, as though puzzling the matter out. "Look here, Scharff, I'm going to take this fellow's head, and Pete's going to take his feet, and we're going to put him in the baggage car—and if he ain't there when we get into Big Cloud, Pete and me will pound your face into everlasting pulp! I'll admit it don't sound good for two to pile onto one, but I guess you get the idea, h'm? Pete, take his feet!"

SO the hobo went into the baggage car—and stayed in the baggage car until Big Cloud was reached. MacNicoll, the baggage man, and Express Messenger Nulty spread their chair cushions on the floor, ministering to him. Once, when Joe Scharff came into the car, they did a little more than that. They scared the big conductor till the purpling bruises on his face went a sickly gray, by telling him they thought the boy was going to die.

But MacNicoll and Nulty weren't more than half bluffing at that. The bum had got a nasty crack on his head, and wasn't saying much for himself. He was badly hurt, bad enough to give them both a scare or two for their own account without any monkey business about it, before they finally rattled in through the Big Cloud yards.

The boy wasn't doing much talking, but he told them his name was Bert Prouty. The express messenger asked Prouty where his home was. MacNicoll knew it was a foolish question when he asked it. The boy said he hadn't any home.

MacNicoll shoved his cap back on his head till the visor took an acute angle upward from the plane of his forehead, and stared at Nulty.

"What's to be done with him when we get in, I don't know," said he heavily. Then, as though it were an afterthought: "Blamed if I know."

There weren't any hospital accommodations in those days in the little mountain town that was headquarters, and Nulty sucked on his pipe thoughtfully before he answered.

"I dunno," said Nulty.

If there was anybody in Big Cloud who couldn't afford space for a medical ward or the cash to endow it, it was Budd Masters; but MacNicoll, Nulty, and Big Cloud generally, when they came to think it over, told themselves that was exactly what Budd Masters would do—Prouty went up to the engineer's shanty where there wasn't room to walk around the sitting-room table without tripping over a kid or two.

Where did they put him? Leave it to a woman. The boy was hurt, wasn't he? Well, that was enough for Mrs. Masters.

Little Dr. McTurk, the company surgeon, took his hat off when Royal Carleton and Tommy Regan spoke to him about it; took his hat off and scowled fiercely as he did when emotion threatened to get the better of him.

"God bless that woman!" said he fervently.

"Kind of got used to making room for one more after getting the habit for eleven years without a break, I guess," said Regan, the gruff, big-hearted, big-paunched master mechanic.

Superintendent Carleton, tilted back in his swivel chair, smiled softly.

"How's the boy doing?" he asked.

"No strength," said Dr. McTurk. "He's been half starved. Pull him around after a while, maybe."

"H'm!" observed Regan reflectively.

THAT was all they said about it in the super's office. Not a word about Scharff. Maybe he was a spotter and maybe he wasn't, but no official action was taken against Masters for letting a hobo ride his train.

No, the trouble that Scharff promised didn't come—not then. Perhaps he was too thoroughly scared, or had wit enough not to go up against a tide of public opinion that would have swamped him. At any rate, there was no official recognition of

the episode, and the huge conductor didn't ask for any.

Scharff got the trainmaster to let him change runs with one of the Limited's conductors, and silently nursed the black blood in his heart. But, though he could keep his own mouth shut, he couldn't gag the Hill Division. Some pretty plain talk was thrown his way by those rough-and-ready railroaders of the Rockies, who weren't in the habit of mincing words or the way they used them when it came to expressing their feelings.

These words were enough to have caused a man, built in a different mold from Scharff, to pull up stakes and apply for a punch on some other road, but with Scharff it didn't seem to get under the skin.

"It's orders, ain't it?" he would growl at whoever came to him. "Well, then, what's the matter with you? I'll throw any-hobo off I catch riding on my train. Forget it! It's orders, ain't it?"

Outwardly it didn't seem to affect him any more than that. But there were some days when he ran into a good deal of that kind of talk. The black blood grew blacker, and Scharff began to live to even the score that, rankling, grew ever larger against Budd Masters and the hobo. Everything comes to him who waits, they say—and Scharff hugged that old adage to his heart.

Thanks to Mrs. Masters' motherly care, Dr. McTurk's prescriptions, and Budd Masters, who did what he could when he was off duty, Bert Prouty mended rapidly, color came back to his face.

No one would call him handsome. Big ears, big mouth, big nose, kind of scraggly black hair that would stay anywhere except where you brushed it, and eyes that had a habit of drooping until you didn't know whether they were looking at you or not, was about the way Prouty sized up. All that and a stunted growth, for his height was a shade below five feet five.

The tramp was a quiet sort of chap, even when he got around enough to where he was able to talk. But he told Budd Masters that he had beaten his way pretty nearly all over the United States and up into Canada and back again. He told Masters that much—and guessed it was probably what he'd do when he got on his feet again.

BUDD MASTERS thought things over, guessed a little differently from the way Prouty guessed; and, without saying anything to Prouty about it, put the problem up to the master mechanic.

"He's too young to get wrecked like that," the engineer said to Tommy Regan. "Ain't no more than his pony truck jumped the rails so far, but it won't take long for the rest to follow and spill him in the ditch. He needs jacking back onto the right-of-way, and a start off again with a clear permit."

After a pause Budd went on: "I dunno how long he's going to be sick, but he ain't going to be sick forever, and I'd like to tell him there's a job waiting when he gets around again. Think it'll chirp him up, too. What do you say, Regan?"

Regan would have said "Yes" to most anything Budd Masters asked for, but the "Yes" came more readily now than usual.

The fat little M.M. wanted men for jobs harder than men wanted jobs. Things were booming on the Hill Division. Extra freights, extra specials, and extra everything were the order of the day. Men were scarce, spare men became regulars and got their systems full of it, firemen moved to the coveted throttles, and wipers went up to the left-hand side of the cabs. Promotion was coming thick and fast. Everything was sizzling, and the motive power department—which was Tommy Regan—was getting more than its share of it.

"Sure, yes," Regan agreed. "Roundhouse, as soon as he gets out."

Masters went home to tell the good news to Bert Prouty, looking to see the kid's face light up—and, instead, Budd's own face dropped.

Prouty said: "No."

"Why?" asked Masters.

"Because," Prouty said vaguely. Which was a woman's reason.

Masters talked to him for a long time, smiling while he talked, his hand on

Prouty's arm. No high-flown sentiments or goody-goody business about it. Nothing like that, just plain, homely words, the way the engineer felt. A steady job and a pay check every month, and friends around, and playing the game the best you knew how.

"That's a blamed sight better than 'boing it, ain't it?" submitted Masters.

"Yes," said Prouty.

"Well then," demanded the engineer, thinking he had argument clinched, "what do you say?"

Prouty was sitting up in a chair then, and his fingers sort of aimlessly traced out the patch Mrs. Masters had found time to darn in the knee of his trousers while he was in bed. He shook his head.

"But why?" insisted Masters.

Prouty looked up quickly, as though he were going to say something, then his eyes dropped to the patch again and held there.

"No," was all he said, in a low queer way. "'Taint no use. I can't."

Masters scratched his head uneasily as he stared at Prouty, but Masters wasn't the man to give up without a struggle. He tried again, a little more earnestly than before. In fact, he tried several times. He might as well have tried to make a graven image change its mind.

Prouty said "No" once or twice more, growing a little sullen as he said it, without lifting his eyes—and finally Prouty said nothing at all.

MASTERS was disappointed, a little more than disappointed. It hurt the big-hearted engineer a good deal. Somehow, he had come to picture making a man of the boy. He had developed a natural pride, as it were, in looking forward to seeing Prouty able to dig his fingers into his vest pocket and find his self-respect there, in helping the lad to get away from the useless, vagrant, dog's life he led.

He had come to think a lot of the lad, had thought the boy had it in him, and it hurt a good deal, this obstinate refusal. But the refusal didn't leave any question as to its finality; there was no shaking Prouty's determination.

In spite of that, it was Masters who indirectly made a railroad man out of Prouty. A bit of ice on the gangway step of the 904 a few nights later, and Budd Masters fell on the ties with a leg under him. The leg broke.

It's queer the way things come about. A broken leg in some households wouldn't be anything more than—a broken leg, as you might say. But up in the engineer's shanty it was a disaster.

Budd Masters hadn't laid by anything, except debts. And with Masters laid up for the length of time it would take for a bone to knit, it looked pretty black for the family. Anyone in Big Cloud with half an eye could see as much. That is, anyone but Prouty, who had not been there long enough to gain much intimate knowledge of things.

Prouty didn't know about that side of it. How could he? But everybody else did. In less than no time after the accident had happened down in the yards, and they had had got Budd home, and Mrs. Masters had got the children marshaled out in the front yard because there wasn't any other place where they wouldn't be in the way, and Dr. McTurk had come on the run, everybody in Big Cloud was talking about it and wondering what the Masters folks were going to do—all except Prouty.

Mrs. MacGonigal, the freight conductor's wife, who lived next door, came right in to "sympathize" with Mrs. Masters the moment the doctor left the house.

"Dear, dear," she gushed, "misfortunes don't never come singly, do they now? An' you runnin' behind so with your bills account of that young fellow's sickness that Mr. Masters brought home! An' now here's your old man laid up an' earnin' nothin' for two months to come! Dear, dear, an' all those children's mouths to fill! Whatever will you do? But you must bear up an' make the best of it, Mrs. Masters."

Bert Prouty, in the sitting room, heard her; but he didn't hear Mrs. Masters' reply. He didn't wait for that. According to Dr. McTurk, he wasn't supposed to move about much for another day or two, but he got up

then and walked outside into the yard, and down as far as the front gate.

There the children clustered around him, asking questions about their sick daddy, wanting him to play with them—and then they fell back, pouting. They might as well not have been there for all the attention the tramp paid them.

A long time Prouty hung over the front gate, his lips set tightly. When at last he opened the front gate and walked out, he did so hesitantly, as though what seemed like a mental battle going on within him wasn't quite decided. But there was no hanging back once he was fairly started on the way downtown.

From the station, as an abortive starting point, he trailed Regan all over the yards, through the roundhouse and the storekeeper's office, finally running the master mechanic to earth in the fitting shop.

"You're Mr. Regan, aren't you?" he asked.

"Sure, that's me," said Regan.

"I'm Prouty," the hobo explained quietly. "Budd Masters said you'd give me a job."

Regan, who hadn't heard of Prouty's previous refusal, looked the applicant up and down, nodded, and expectorated his blackstrap juice pleasantly into the engine pit that happened to be conveniently at his side.

"All made over again, h'm?"

"Yes," said Prouty. "Fine."

"All right, son," the fat little master mechanic replied genially. "You can start in wiping in the roundhouse tomorrow morning—I'll let Clarihue know you're coming. Tell Budd I'm blamed sorry he's hurt, will you? I'll be up to smoke a pipe with him."

PROUTY went to work the next morning, and the mornings after that; and a month went by. They got to like him in the roundhouse, and they didn't guy him for the strange figure he cut in a borrowed suit of Budd Masters' overalls that were a mile too big for him—why should they? His pay check went to Mrs. Masters.

Rough if you like, those grimy men, their hearts were never set very far "off center," and where they would have guyed another, they didn't guy Bert Prouty.

The youth was quiet almost to the verge of shyness. All day in the roundhouse and straight back to the Masters' house at night, that was his routine; he never showed himself anywhere else. But he stuck to his work and did it well.

He looked like a schoolboy almost from his height, and as his convalescence merged into perfect health again his strength was the strength of a young bull. They liked him for that, too.

Tommy Regan began to sit up and take notice of his new hostler. There wasn't anything the matter with Prouty's work, not a thing. Prouty around the roundhouse, grooming up a flyer, didn't get by the master mechanic, who had an eye for anything, good, bad, or indifferent, when it concerned his engines, that he loved more than he loved any other thing on earth.

Regan got to tugging complacently at his scraggly brown moustache every time he saw one of his pet mountain racers, as spick and span as though just out of the shops from an overhauling, coming out over the turntable. And when he heard about the pay check—Masters told him—Regan, so to speak, took Prouty right to his heart.

"Steady as a clock," the M. M. murmured to himself, "and takes to an engine like a baby to a rubber ring. I got an idea," and he chuckled deep down in his throat.

The next morning Prouty went to firing on the day switcher in the yards.

"How's he getting along?" Regan used to ask Matty Sims, the switcher's engineer, every second day or so. "How's he getting along, Matty?"

"None better," Matty would say ungrudgingly. "He'll do. Takes hold like an old-timer. All he wants is half a chance. It's like he was born to it."

"Guess he was," the master mechanic agreed heartily. "Guess that's just what he was—born to it. H'm! Give him a clear track, Matty. Show him all there is

to show. Give him 'clear' all the way."

"Sure, I will," said Sims, and he did.

The ex-hobo was making good. But it didn't change his reticence or his routine, didn't change him at all. He never seemed to lose his head over it, or show any inclination to buy a larger-sized hat. That didn't hurt him any with the Hill Division, either. They began to prophesy things for Bert Prouty—that he'd go up pretty fast—make a record run to the top, as it were.

Therein the Hill Division, paradoxical as it may sound, was both right and wrong—mostly right, though, according to the way the majority sized it up afterward. Scharff was the only one who disagreed.

JOE SCHARFF was carrying a punch on the Limited now. He and Prouty didn't meet; yard switching and a Limited run didn't have much in common. Prouty said nothing about it. He side-tracked the conversation, for that matter, every time the conductor's name happened to come up.

The pig-faced Joe Scharff didn't say much. Evidently it wasn't a pleasant topic for him. The spotter had carried marks on his face for too many days, and heard too much about the cause of them, to hanker about introducing the subject himself. And when the marks went, they sank into the black blood in his heart.

Scharff, sullen and tricky, biding his time, didn't say much, either, even when the news got around to him of the little plan over which the master mechanic was indulging in anticipatory chuckles. The news got around to everybody else on the Hill Division, so far as that goes—except Budd Masters and Young Prouty, the ones most concerned.

Regan offered it as a sort of consolation prize for the weeks Budd had lain on his back. And the afternoon that Budd came back to his run and the westbound Fast Mail was coming in off the Prairie Division at 5.40, quite a little crowd had gathered.

Clarihue, the turner, ran the 904 out over the turntable, preparatory to backing down and coupling on for the mountain run. Budd Masters looked for Pete Leroy, his fireman. He blinked at the impromptu reception committee, who were telling him how blamed glad they were to see him back on the job, but he couldn't see Leroy.

"Where's Pete?" he demanded.

They grinned at him.

"Say," inquired Budd, "what's the joke? You look like a row of Cheshire cats."

From the switching engine, just across a spur, came Regan with the switcher's crew trailing along, Matty Sims and Prouty.

"Hello, Budd!" the master mechanic called out. "What you looking for—lost anything?"

"I'm looking for a fireman," said Masters, a little crossly. It was getting close onto 5.40.

"H'm!" said Regan, as though he had an inspiration on the spur of the moment, and not carrying it off very well. "That so? A fireman, eh? Well, here, Prouty, suppose you fire for him."

"What?" ejaculated Masters, staring as though he hadn't heard right. "Prouty fire the 904?"

"Well, what the blazes is the matter with Prouty?" grumbled Regan, while his eyes twinkled. "Ain't the cab big enough to hold you both?"

Masters didn't say anything for a moment. Then his face lit up, and he shoved out his hand to the master mechanic.

"D'ye mean that, Regan—straight?" he asked. "Is that right? D'ye mean it?"

"Sure," said Regan, taking Budd's hand with one of his own, and reaching into his hip pocket for his chewing tobacco with the other, "you seem so infernally fond of each other that—"

And then the crowd laughed.

"By glory!" exclaimed Masters—which was as near to profanity as Masters ever came. "By glory, Regan, you're all right!"

But Bert Prouty hung back. "Me?" he said in confusion. "I—I—"

"Get in there, you blamed idiot!" growled Matty Sims, giving him a friendly push toward the gangway. "Get in there! You've got the chance of your life, an' if you don't give him two hundred an' ten

pounds all the way after the trouble I've taken with you, I'll make you wish you was good an' dead when you get back!"

AND so the Fast Mail, westbound, pulled out of Big Cloud that evening for the mountain run with Budd Masters and Bert Prouty in the cab.

Tommy Regan—fat, jolly, kindly, big-hearted Tommy Regan—went home chuckling to himself at having had a little hand in modeling human destiny along the line of what it ought to be, according to his way of thinking.

For the first hour or so, Budd Masters watched the performances of his new fireman critically and kept his eye pretty constantly on the steam gage. After that he didn't give it another thought. Prouty sprinkled his coal and nursed his fire as craftily as Pete Leroy or any other man ever did. Matty Sims had known what he was talking about when he had told Regan that Prouty would do.

With long intervals between, when only the roar of the train and the whistling sweep of the wind held sway, Budd Masters talked a bit. He said again what he thought of the way Prouty had acted when he, Masters, was laid up.

He told the youth as one man tells another when his heart is full, told him with no more words than were needed to convey his meaning—and spoke of the days to come and the future for young Prouty.

The former tramp was always quiet, and if he were more so that night the engineer didn't notice it. Monosyllables were about all Budd Masters in two months' intimacy had come to expect from Prouty, anyhow.

An hour, two hours passed, and they were pretty well in the thick of the mountains. Prouty was hanging out of the gangway, silent, apparently drinking it all in.

The giant, towering snow-covered slopes with the moonlight beginning to glimmer upon them, diverged away in a vast, endless, majestic sweep. Then they converged abruptly into a pitch-black cut, where it seemed one could reach out a hand and touch the rock walls, and from which in the sudden darkness the sparks from the stack shot volleying skyward like a miniature volcano.

The Fast Mail ran *fast*. The bark of her exhaust echoed over hills and valleys like a single, long-drawn-out note of thunder. Now, with a dizzy slew, the 904 swung a curve, Budd Masters easing grudgingly; now she struck the tangent again, and like a racehorse reached along the stretch.

Prouty turned from the gangway. He pulled the door for a look at his fire, fed it with a shovelful or so. Then he flung the door shut, and went over and stood beside Masters in a strange, uncertain way.

Masters glanced at him, smiling genially with what he thought was understanding. All this was new to the boy, of course.

"Well, how's it strike you?" he shouted cheerily over the roar. "Different from a yard switcher, eh? How do you like a fast run, son?"

It was a moment before Prouty spoke.

"I like it—I like it better than anything else I know of," he answered.

His voice, raised as it was to carry over the rush of wind, the pound of the big drivers, the thousand noises that filled the cab, lost none of the lingering, wistful note that was dominant in it.

"I like it," he added, "but it's not for me."

BUDD MASTERS screwed sharply around in his seat. Even in the faint yellow of the cab lamp, he could see a whiteness about the tight-closed lips, a kind of strained, hopeless look on the other's face.

Prouty didn't meet his eyes. The fireman was staring out through the cab glass to where the headlight made glittering ribbons of the rails ahead.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded the engineer. "Not for you! Why, say, boy, with a start like this you'll be pulling a latch yourself in a couple of years."

"I was going to quit tonight—going to beat it out of Big Cloud," said Prouty monotonously, almost as though talking to

himself. "I *am* going to quit tonight. Someone else'll be firing for you on the run back. This looked like a good chance of getting a lift on the way, didn't it?"

"Going to quit?" repeated Masters, in a half-impatient, half-puzzled exclamation.

"Going to quit? That don't sound sense to me! You might as well have stuck to what you said along back there at the beginning, and not gone to work at all."

"Maybe," said Prouty.

Masters went on quickly: "I had an idea you'd thought better of what you told me, and was going to cut out the old life, after all, when you took a job. But it looks like I was wrong if you're going to quit now. What'd you start at all for if—"

The engineer stopped abruptly, glanced at Prouty, and swallowed hard as a sudden inspiration came to him.

"Say, boy," he said huskily, "was it that—account of me—account of me being laid up? And I never thought of it. I never thought of it like that."

Prouty didn't answer, didn't turn his head. He just stood there silently, swaying with the sway of the cab. The big racer nosed a curve, and Budd Masters checked mechanically.

"I didn't know," the engineer said heavily, as Prouty continued silent. "I just figured you'd thought better of it and changed your mind, and I ain't saying now what I feel—couldn't say it if I wanted to. But there's something behind this. You wouldn't quit now with a start like this if there wasn't something more. You've got to tell me, lad. Tell me what it is."

"I'm going to tell you," Prouty answered in a dull, listless way.

Masters eyed him expectantly.

"It won't take long," said the fireman. "I'm no good to anyone on earth. I never was from the time I was on the streets. I learned my trade early, when I was about eight. 'Tain't healthy for me to hang around any one place too long. I'm 'wanted'! There's more'n one would like to get the nippers on me. A good many of them, I guess! They were pushing me pretty hard that night you took me up."

Budd Masters didn't say anything. There weren't any words that seemed to come, only a sort of queer tightness in his throat. Budd didn't say anything, but he reached up and laid his hand on the other's sleeve.

Prouty still stared out through the cab glass, eyes fixed on the gleaming metal ahead of the pilot, lips quivering a little.

"That's what I am," he blurted out. "You've got it all now. *I'm only a thief!*"

THE engineer's fingers closed in an eloquent pressure on Prouty's arm. His heart was full.

"Prouty, my lad, don't go!" he choked. "Don't go, boy. Stay and live it down. Who's to know but me? You've got the chance here now. Stay and live it down. I'll help you, lad, and there's no one to know but me."

"It's too late for that," the youth said numbly. "They wouldn't give me the chance. I'm 'wanted,' I tell you! If they get me they'll send me up. I wouldn't have a hope. They're after me hard—all the time. For all I know, there's one of them riding behind us now."

He reached around and in a kind of wistful, reluctant way lifted the engineer's hand from his arm.

"You and Mrs. Masters, you've been good to me—more'n anybody in my life ever was—I'll never forget."

He turned quickly. Slashing the back of his hand across his eyes, he moved toward the tender to pick up his shovel.

And Budd Masters, with a lump in his throat and something before his eyes that dimmed the headlight's glare, opened the 904 out again as the pony truck came clear of the curve. The Fast Mail thundered on through the night.

A queer little bit of tragedy in the cab of a flying train, and about the last place on earth you'd look for it. Sometimes one gets the impression that railroading is all steel and iron and timetables, perhaps. One forgets the other side, where tears and laughter, smiles and sorrows are the human side.

In railroading more than anywhere else, they come quick and sharp, the tears and laughter, smiles and sorrows. You play a stiff game sometimes, and mostly always it's table stakes.

THE Hill Division through the mountains was single-tracked, and as everyone knows, dispatchers are not infallible. Right now there's a slow order out. Conductor Scharff has the right of way for a block or two. His green lamp is on the aisle beside the seat in the forward smoker of the eastbound Limited, and on the seat with him, feet up on the one in front, is a heavy-built, shrewd-faced man.

The conversation between the two, at first casual as between strangers, has become intimate.

"Thought maybe you might have seen him," observed the man who had introduced himself to the conductor as Evans. "Thought I might as well mention it, anyway. He was last seen somewhere out here."

"What's he look like?" inquired the pig-faced conductor with sudden interest.

"Oh, if you'd ever seen him," said Evans, "you'd know him fast enough. Every feature on his face prominent—big everything, except his height—he's so short he looks like a kid. They call him 'The Midget.'"

Evans stole a shrewd look at the conductor's face. Evans was evidently a good reader of men; his business called for it. "Guess you've run across him, eh?" he submitted quietly.

"I don't know as I have," countered Scharff non-committally. "Is he wanted—bad?"

"Pretty bad," said the detective. "He's about the slickest that's loose. Five hundred dollars reward if he's brought to trial."

"Oh!" said the spotter, glancing at Evans.

"Two hundred and fifty for you, Mr. Conductor, if you've got the information that'll lead to his arrest," said Evans, and shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

Scharff laughed harshly and shoved out his hand. Evans took it.

"Say," gloated Scharff, with a twisted smile on his lips. "I guess we're both in luck tonight—thanks to Regan, the mushy philanthropist."

"Who's he?" asked Evans.

"He's the master mechanic, but never mind about him. The fellow you want is known as Prouty—Bert Prouty. He's firing the Fast Mail tonight. We cross her at Elk River."

"Good work!" said the detective.

"I'll give you a hand when the time comes," volunteered Scharff. "Prouty's engineer may put a fight. That two hundred and fifty goes, eh?"

"Just as good as in your pocket," said Evans, "if Prouty is The Midget and we get him."

"All right," Scharff agreed. "We'll get him, I promise you that, and—"

He rose and picked up his lantern as the train whistled. "I'll see you again after this stop," he called back over his shoulder, hurrying down the aisle.

A DISPATCHER'S blunder has nothing to do with this in a detailed way. It's the result alone that is vital. Miles away in that little room at headquarters under the green-shaded lamp, a man whose face was gray with fear hung desperately over his key, the sweat spurting in beads from his forehead, as a tattoo came incessantly from the working of the little round, black disc his fingers clutched.

But does that make any difference? It was too late.

Budd Masters in the cab of the 904 saw it first. He saw it as Prouty turned from him to pick up his shovel. He saw it as he swung from a curve onto the tangent into the straight. It seemed to leap at him in a blinding flash through the cab glass into his brain.

Down grade, out from a cut ahead, the long powerful rays of a headlight shot streaming into the night, blended with those of the 904, and left a dazzling haze *between the two onrushing trains.*

In the winking of an eye sometimes one lives eternity. Home, wife, and children, a long vista of years gone by, the lives of those in the swaying coaches behind him, the ruin, the horror and disaster all seared itself in lightning play through Budd Masters' mind.

It was the Limited against him, against the Fast Mail—the two fastest trains on the mountain schedule. *And he was running down grade!*

But quicker almost than his thoughts was Budd Masters in his acts. With a cry, strange sounding over the thunder of the train, like a cry of a wounded animal in mortal hurt, the engineer was on his feet.

Prouty, who had jerked himself suddenly upright, was shot reeling backward into the tender with the shock. Masters slammed the throttle shut and flung the 904 over into the reverse, his right hand closing on the air latch, while his left snatched at the throttle again.

Like vampires screaming in unholy glee came the piercing shrieks of the brake-shoes as they locked on the racing drivers. From rail and tire, as from gigantic pinwheels, flew the sparks. Though the cab of the 904 was rocking, reeling, swaying, staggering, it seemed to hold the rails.

What man could do, Budd Masters had done—and he stood there now clinging to his levers. Stood at his post and waited. She slowed fiercely, frantically, the 904, as though she were in a maddened, terrified frenzy to escape herself. She slowed, but the distance between her and the Limited was sickeningly short.

Prouty was on his feet again, moving to the engineer's back. Masters turned his head quickly. There was a strange, wistful smile on his set lips.

"Take your chance, boy!" he shouted hoarsely. "Jump!"

"Jump yourself!" Prouty screamed in the engineer's ear. "You've got a wife and kids. Jump, I tell you!"

Budd Masters shook his head. His fingers seemed to close a little tighter on the levers, his body leaned a little forward as though to brace himself—where bracing was but mockery—and he shook his head.

Strong as a young bull was Bert Prouty. Quickly he took the engineer unawares. His hands locked on the other's shoulders. With a single vicious pull he had Masters staggering back in the cab. Before the engineer fairly knew what was happening, before he could recover himself, Prouty had pushed him through the gangway. The engineer was pitching and rolling to the ground.

Bert Prouty could not follow. Even as he sprang, the way was closed. There was a crash, a roar, the shriek of steam, the crunch of grinding steel, the smash of impact as the masses met.

The medley of wild noises went flinging weird insistent, oft-repeated echoes far and near through the mountains—*but Prouty never heard them.*

THERE was a nasty spill, of course. It might have been worse. Thanks to the grade, the Limited had stopped; and the Fast Mail had slowed, had almost stopped. Another fifty yards would have been enough!

Not much, fifty yards—but they cost Prouty his life—the only life that went out as the 904 crawled up the front end of the Limited's engine.

The 904 seemed to claw with her pony truck for a grip on the other's stack, and then doubled up like a jackknife.

Budd Masters found Prouty almost immediately—between the tender and the cab. Yes, he was dead.

Broken and shaken from the fall, crazed with pain, crawling the few yards along the right-of-way, in through the steam and fire, in the tangled cab, Budd found his fireman, but couldn't move him. He backed out, his mind temporarily a blank.

Crowds were streaming from both trains. And what was that? A lantern was thrust into his face, and two men stood before him. That was queer! One was the pig-faced Scharff. Budd didn't quite understand how Scharff came to be there.

"Where's Prouty?" the big conductor rasped impatiently.

"Prouty?" Masters' head was swimming sickly; he couldn't get the meaning much of anything. "Prouty? What do you want Prouty for?"

"What do I want him for?" snapped Scharff, with a cunning gleam in his eyes. "This man here is a detective. I want him for what he is, *a thief!*"

Masters stared at the spotter for a moment. Then his hands wriggled to his head, and he laughed in a foolish way.

"Well, go get him, then!" roared the engineer, pointing to the hell of twisted steel and spurting steam. "He's in there. Go get him, Scharff!" He laughed again, and slid unconscious to the ground. . . .

A thief? Well, perhaps. But that wasn't the record the boys claimed Bert Prouty carried with him when he went up to Headquarters to answer to the Great Trainmaster that night.

And Joe Scharff? Scharff's railroading yet, so far as anyone knows—*but not on the Hill Division.*

(Editor's Note: Although RAILROAD STORIES is NOT a reprint magazine, "The Spotter" is reprinted here because we have received many requests for Packard's stories.)

"Auld Lang Syne"

A Caboose Drama for Old-Timers Who Usta Work on Boomer Pikes

By RALPH A. SNYDER

Ex-Boomer Trainman, Yardmaster, Lightning Slinger, etc., on 42 Roads

BACK in the Nineties, on a second-rate pike, the old tea-kettle gave a final blurp and died in its tracks. The boomer engineer filled the cab with profanity, while his fireman went fully into the ancestry of officials who furnished dirty coal and leaky engines.

Then the hogger yanked his whistle cord to call the sleeping flagman's attention to his duties, put his feet on the boilerhead and closed his eyes.

The head brakeman dropped off and plodded mournfully toward the caboose. He sighed as he stumbled over the uneven right-of-way. His mind conjured visions of the endless chains he would carry to splice the train as soon as the engine generated enough steam for the engineer to jerk the train to pieces with.

Slowly he entered the caboose and set down his lantern.

Big, almost a human monstrosity, the sleepy conductor heaved to a sitting position and dug his eyes open with fists fashioned more for mule-skinning than for concocting wheel reports.

"Engineer says," began the brakeman, "that he can't make the grade."

The conductor grumbled in reply: "What's he want me to do about it? Git off an' push?"

The brakeman slowly licked a brown paper smoke. "He didn't say, but he wants to know if there's a sidin' on the other side of th' hill, an' how far 'tis to it?"

With a grunt the big man hitched

"That's a Helluva Way to Railroad!" His Fist Pounded the Desk. "Don't Know the Road!"

himself into the rickety chair, turned up the caboose light, and asked: "Ain't he been on the road before?"

"Once in the night, mebby."

The conductor's lips curled: "Sure?"

"No. He's boomed on so many low-grade roads that he's forgot—"

"Not sure, huh?" snorted the conductor. "Nothin' strange for him, either. An' when yuh get back to that guy, yuh can tell him that he don't know nuthin' about runnin' an engine, either. This doghouse has been tryin' to ride the flat ahead all night. And," he leaned forward and pointed a grimy finger, "when that blasted fool stops he allus stops the back end first."

"I know," the brakeman agreed. "I tried to sleep on a box-car roof, but the darn thing was playin' leap-frog with a car of dirty coal." He picked up his lantern. "Didja say was there a sidin' beyond the hill?"

"I didn't say nuthin' about it," rasped the conductor.

"Hogger wants to know," persisted the head brakeman.

"So-oooo!" The conductor began fishing in the caboose cupboard.

Clothes flew out. An air-hose, two lantern globes, a bale of greasy waste, two car brasses. Finally the conductor himself pushed back out. A pair of overalls was draped about his shoulders and one arm was through a coil of hay wire. In his eyes gleamed a holy light of triumph. He waved a timetable at the goggle-eyed brakeman.

"There," he gloated. "There!"

THE brakeman eyed the wrinkled, dirty pamphlet. "What'll I tell the hogger?"

"About what?" snapped the con.

"That sidin'?"

"What sidin'?"

"He wants to know," sighed the shack wearily, "is there a sidin' beyond the hill?"

The big fellow laid his hand on a broken piece of coupling pin. "What's he want to know that for?"

"He's gotta double the hill; take part of the train at a time," explained the trainman, edging into the shadows.

"He would!" grated the conductor savagely. "All his kind are alike. They'd rather double a hill, pull lungs, an' take water than collect overtime."

The conductor began thumbing through the dirty timetable. "How come," he asked sharply, "you didn't tell the car-wreckin' fool whether there's a sidin' over the hill or not?"

The brakeman shrugged. "Don't know."

There was a pained silence.

"You don't know!" The skipper forgot his timetable and leaned forward to gather the full meaning of the trainman's words. "You don't know! An' you an old head!"

"Not here," declaimed the brakeman with a reassuring smile. "You're thinkin' of someone else. I just lit."

"You took student trips."

The brakeman, a sympathetic soul, became quite confidential. "Not me," he replied serenely. "Got assigned to a student trip, but met with an old pal from th' Rio Grande. He had money."

"And so yuh got drunk?"

"Sure. The conductor okayed me when he got back anyways."

The conductor's face hardened.

"That's a helluva way to railroad!" His fist pounded the desk. "Engineer an' head brakeman don't know the road! How can yuh expect to get a train over?"

His fist crashed against a broken coupling pin. A roar of pain followed.

"I'm workin' by the hour," stated the brakeman with quiet dignity. "It's hours I want. This train, it's th' company's property."

FOR a moment the conductor sucked his knuckles, all the time eying the strange, reckless creature who boldly proclaimed the company's interests were not his. Then a new thought struck him.

"What about the fireman? Don't he know the road, either?"

The brakeman edged forward. "Fireman," he said with an engaging smile, "been busy tryin' to make enough steam to blow out the flag with. Besides, he's a Swede, an' can't talk our lingo. Besides, he used the only timetable on the engine to light his pipe with, an'," the brakeman paused to sum it all up, "he can't read anyways."

The brakeman started for the door. With hand on knob he paused to ask:

"What about that sidin'?"

"What sidin'?"

"The engineer says he wants to know if there's a sidin' over th' hill that he can double into?"

The conductor scratched his head. "I don't know," he confessed with a feeble attempt at belligerence. "Seems to me there's one over there somewhere. Mebby ten miles or such. I'm not right sure, but I saw them puttin' in one when I was drivin' supply mule team by there."

The brakeman pointed to the timetable. "Don't that tell you?"

The conductor's face brightened. He shoved the paper at the brakeman, who took it gingerly and began a learned scrutiny of the rules, speed restrictions, finally the long lines of schedules and stations.

"Where are we now?" he asked.

"You don't know?" The conductor retorted.

"Nope."

"What a crew!" The big man sighed dismally. "What station did we pass last?"

"I was asleep on the engine," confessed the trainman innocently.

"A—s—sleep!"

"Sure. Like you was when I came in an' woke you up." The brakeman's eyes roved over the shadows of the caboose. "Like that." He pointed to a snoring man in the far end. "Reminds me, the engineer blowed out a flag before I got away from the engine. Mebby you better wake him up. Number Ten's due sometime soon."

"Yee-ow." The conductor whirled toward the sleeping flagman with a yell.

While profanity mixed with sleepy evasions, the head brakeman set his lantern down on the floor and rolled another smoke. The flagman stamped out.

FAR down the slope a whistle split the night. The passenger train was coming. Time for action. The brakeman took up his lantern and paused expectantly.

"About that sidin'?" he asked.

"The timetable tells," explained the conductor evasively. "Read the timetable."

"Not me," said the brakeman.

"Why?" The conductor frowned.

"I can't read."

Then the big fellow exploded. "Can't read! Well, I'll be gol-darned! How did you get a job?"

"Easy," smiled the brakeman. "Hired a boomer to take the exam for me. Any of them'll do it for two dollars. Why? *How'd you get by?*"

Time stood still. No. 10 wailed into the night. The ashen-faced conductor was leaning against the wall.

"*Two* dollars! Hell! The boomer I hired rooked me out of ten dollars. Them damn boomers! The lousy crooks! Took advantage of me 'cause I was a poor mule skinner."

"Two dollars," he repeated.

The brakeman nodded. Boomers were like that. Always taking advantage of their superior education to rob somebody when they abandoned the jobs to them. No. 10 whistled again. It brought a registering click to the brakeman's brain. Half turning, he inquired:

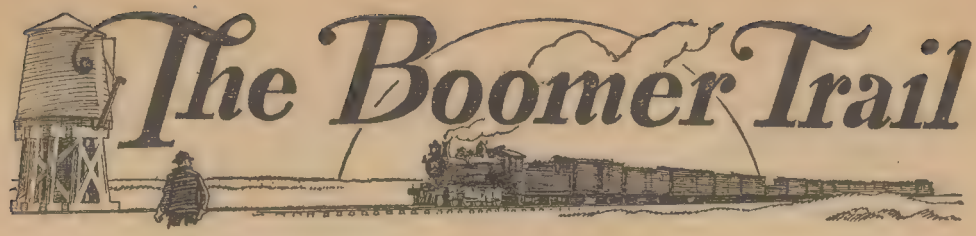
"About that sidin'?"

"Oh, damn that sidin'!" The conductor's eyes slitted to an ominous glitter. "Git!" he snarled. "Beat it!"

"But—"

The big man made a catlike movement and scooped up an air-hose. "Git!" he gritted. "Tell that half-baked engineer to cut off an' run till he finds one."

The brakeman backed out, slamming the door. No. 10 stopped behind them.



MY story "Auld Lang Syne" (in this issue) is based on actual railroading as I knew it. I'm somewhat of a boomer myself, having worked on 42 roads in various capacities, to say nothing of non-rail jobs such as fruit-tramping in 9 states, working in mines, growing oranges in Florida and California, and apples in Va., and real-estating in 3 states, etc., besides raising a flock of children.

A letter of mine in "The Boomer Trail" a few months ago brought me an invitation—and passes!—to the Old Boys Reunion of the Canada Atlantic at Ottawa in Aug.; also offers of 2 rail jobs, one of them dispatching in San Salvador, Central America; and a host of reunion letters from old friends, one in Australia.

If any of you boomers get a kick out of "Auld Lang Syne," I wish you'd tell the editor. It's the first yarn of mine he has used since Sept., '33. And that, as the Governor of N. C. said to the Governor of S. C., is "a long time between drinks."—RALPH A. SNYDER, Rte. 1, Box 31, Sublimity, Ore.

* * *

HAVE been brakeman and conductor since I was 21; now 44. Worked on G. T., New Haven, N. Y. C. and P. R. R. I am sick with tuberculosis and so lonely! Lying here, I dream of my railroad days. I should be so glad if someone would send me a few pictures of passenger trains or engines, large as possible.—ALFRED ROBILLARD, Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

* * *

WHY was "Old Eagle-Eye" ashamed to tell his age in June issue? I am eighty. On Oct. 10, 1871, I began firing a little McQueen teakettle on the Alton, pulling an extra taking 2 fire engines from Springfield to Chicago to help fight the great fire. We had to stop at Western Ave.

In those days we ran on 35 lb. rails. The Alton had Potter drawbars which were made for 3 links and pins so as to couple in the middle or on both sides. What a time the brakemen had trying to couple an Alton car on to a "Blue Line" box, which had drawbars no bigger than a man's fist! Those diamond-stacks would shoot a jet of sparks 60 ft. into the air. The Alton also had its own couplers for varnished cars, consisting of 2 links about 18 inches long, one riveted to each car. Brakeman had to enter each link in each car then put a pin in the links. There was a screw under each platform with a big nut which had to be turned with a wrench with a 20-inch handle, until the platforms came together even as a floor.—SAM RODRIGES, 921 Myrtle St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

I STARTED railroading in 1913. Father ran a train on most all Western roads. My first job was office boy; then clerical work, roundhouse, brakeman, until Oklahoma law forced me out as under age. Then I fired on the U. P. Served in Engineer Corps., A. E. F., during the World War. After that I worked on the Rock Island, D. & R. G. W., and S. P.; then detoured on other Southern and Southwestern roads to a dam construction job at Los Angeles, and finally to a juice line, where I still hold rights. Not very busy but hope for better times "in the sweet by and by" that old rails used to sing about.—PACIFIC SLIM.

* * *

LINK AND PIN picture in July issue showed only round pin. As I remember, most pins were flat. I'm sorry Watson spoiled the July cover by 2 errors: absence of brake club and presence of gauntlet gloves. Lack of clubs would be evidence of neglect on a hill road, as no man could set brakes effectively without one.—OLD-TIMER.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cars 40 years and more ago had brakes on only one set of trucks, and no able-bodied brakeman needed a club to set them. Gauntlet gloves were luxuries only wealthier brakemen could afford.)*

* * *

THAT was a *real* cover picture on June issue, only we carried red lamps as symbols indicating a section. White denoted an extra, not markers as on the cover. And I didn't see nail in side of the cab to hold beer can, which the crew chipped in to fill.—FRANK A. HILKER, Decatur, Ill.

* * *

THANKS for the nice manner in which you handled my "Setouts and Pickups" (Aug. issue). The guy who painted your July front cover (Emmett Watson) sure knows his diamond-stacks, even to the "pilot bar," the brass-covered flagstaffs on the pilot beam, and the flat-roofed wooden cab.

The old oil headlight recalls an incident that happened many years ago. Some "genius" decided it would be a great improvement if the headlight could be made to throw its light around

curves. So he rigged up an apparatus for the purpose. Imagine an engine with her headlight mounted on a revolving platform and a staff extending down from the platform to the pony truck. On the bottom end of the staff was a gear, meshed with another gear attached to pony truck. Now the idea was that as the pony truck wheels started to curve, the light would rotate and keep its beam on the rails. Fine—but the said genius got his gears reversed, as well as out of all proportion, for the result desired. And so-o-o-o, when we shot around a left-hand curve, the headlight made a wild swing to the right and turned far enough to stare reproachfully into the hogger's eyes. We made history on that night, for parts of the country that had never before had a headlight shine on them were illuminated by that baby. But only on one trip!—W. F. KNAPKE, c/o St. L. & O'F. Ry., 2001 Bowman Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.

* * *

"UNCLE FRANK" WESTLAND, who began work on the Burlington at Plattsmouth, Neb., in 1878, invented the standard locomotive cab seat, patented in 1899. He was engineer on the "Burlington Flyer" when the "American Eagle" was put on. Coming into Plattsmouth he would lean out of the cab and yell: "Get out of the way! Here comes the Mulligan Guard with the American Eagle!" After 35 years' service he died in 1916.

Some of the earliest engineers on Burlington & Mo. River in Nebraska were Bill McElray, who brought the first engine from Detroit and pulled a construction train; Bill Hoyt, Jim Baird, Warren Fuller, George Smith, Wm. Fowler, B. Howell, Chas. Savage, George Ballance, Chas. Hoyt, and Halloran.

First 16 engines were named Hurricane, American Eagle, Grafton, Ashland, Lincoln, Nebraska, Wahoo, De Witt, Crete, Big Blue, West Blue, Highland, S. S. Caldwell, Frank Smith, Omaha and Kearney.— C. C. HANSON, 1336 E St., Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

In June issue was a request for information about old Colorado roads. One winter about 30 years ago I lived at a mine above Hancock on the Gunnison branch of the Colorado & Southern (now Burlington Route). Brother and I saw a rotary pushed by 3 engines coming down from Alpine tunnel so we put on skis and went over. We went inside to warm up. The fireman was brewing tea over a scoop shovel full of live coals. He got out a few crackers and asked if we wanted something to eat. We declined and asked if that was all he had to eat. He answered: "Boys, that's all I've had for two days!"

Others of a crew of 15 were no better off; so taking 2 men we hiked to Hancock for provisions. Mother cooked until 9 o'clock; and how those railroaders ate! The roadmaster was sick, so mother sent him lunch and medicine. After that no one of our family ever paid fare to ride.—FRANK BUELL, 3516 Bent Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo.

MUCH obliged, boomers, for your response to my letter (June issue) in regard to organizing. A bunch of us have decided to form the Boomer Ry. Men's Ass'n, open to any rail or ex-rail with more than one road to his credit. Our emblem will be a small, screw-back, lantern-shaped button. We'll have membership cards also. Details will be sent to anyone enclosing a stamped envelope.—E. W. REITER, Box 13, Shelly, Pa.

* * *

STILL receiving letters about "Tears on a Train Sheet" (March issue). They come from Lynn, Mass., to Portland, Ore. Some are from railroaders in Kentucky whom I knew personally, including an old buddy, M. D. Daniel, C. E., Division 698, B. L. E., Ashland, Ky., on whose engine I often rode.—WM. H. OVERLEY, 726 Eastland Ave., Akron, O.

* * *

I'D like to hear from J. G. Beam, former student op, who worked with me at Jamestown, N. C., on the Southern's Danville Div. Also Clyde L. Cox, op on the same division, 1908, whom I last heard from through E. A. Bristow as being on the F. E. C. at St. Augustine.

Also the B. & O. agent at Wylandville, Pa., and "Johnny," lightning-slinger at same station, 1911. And T. A. Draper, nicknamed "Tad" and the N. & W. agent at Richlands, Va., 1911. Also Sidney Smith, A. C. L. agent at Mulberry, Fla.; later with S. A. L., same territory. Also F. P. Rines, A. C. L. agent at Plant City, Fla., 1907. If any of the boys see this, I wish they'd write.

I am an ex-operator and train dispatcher, made on the A. C. L. in Va., Fla. and the Carolinas, 1904-07. Later with S. A. L., 1907-08; the Big 4, the Wabash, the I. C., the A. B. & A., the N. & W., and the B. & O. under "Pappy" Day (bless his great-hearted soul!). Again on Wabash and Big 4, then joint C. & A.-Burlington-C. E. & I.-Big 4, then Terminal R. R. Ass'n of St. Louis, 1911-15; and finally joint I. T.-Big 4-C. & A.-Burlington, 1929.—PAUL S. PENDER (electrical engr., Morriss Bldg., Granite City, Ill.

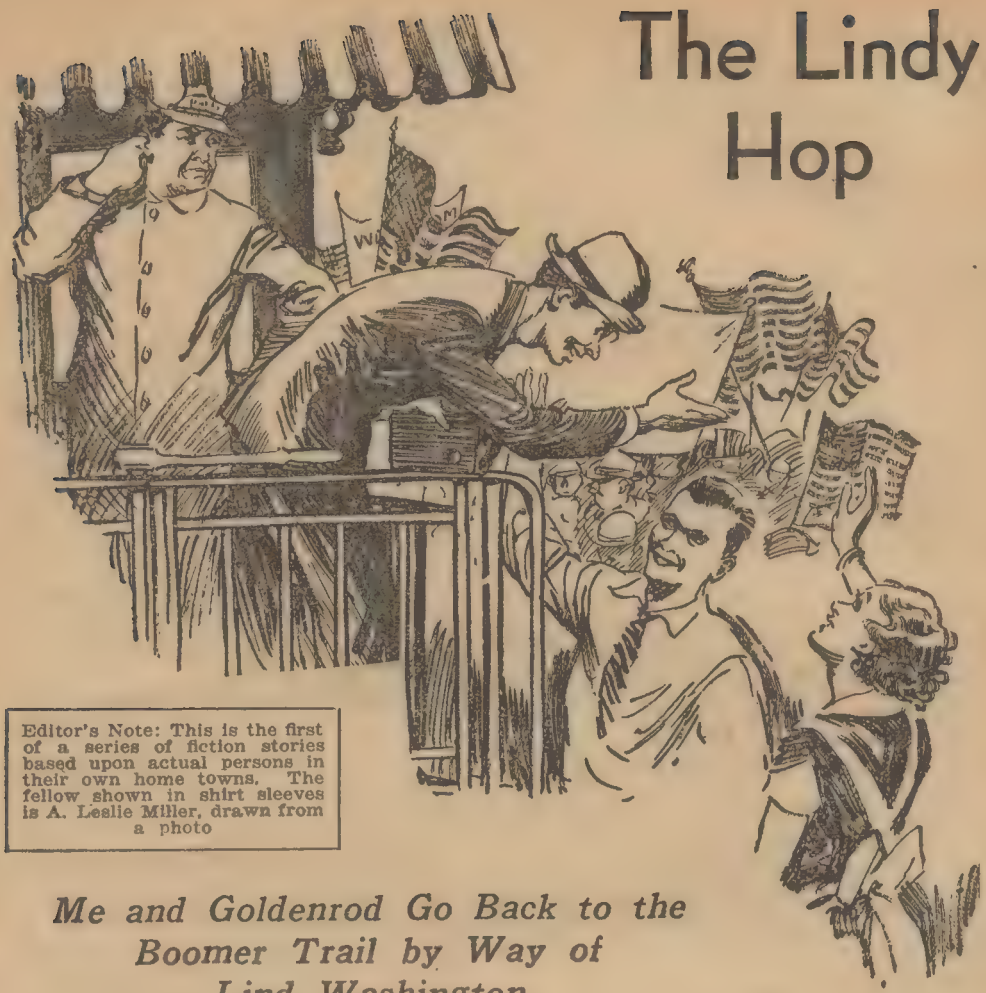
* * *

EVERY time I hear the word "highball" I think of "Highball John" Burns. Under a flag, I ran a double-header with him once. He likes to go from here to there in the least possible waste of minutes.—DENNIS KILLEEN, 1294 Harrison St., San Francisco.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago a freight on the K. C., Ft. S. & M., en route from Memphis, Tenn., to Springfield, Mo., was carrying a large number of hoboes. In some way they learned that a party of officers was waiting for them at Springfield. Three miles from city limits the fireman lost steam. Half an hour was lost waiting to get up pressure again. When the train arrived not a hobo was on board.—PAUL MOSER, 433 S. Main Ave., Springfield, Mo.

The Lindy Hop



Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of fiction stories based upon actual persons in their own home towns. The fellow shown in shirt sleeves is A. Leslie Miller, drawn from a photo

Me and Goldenrod Go Back to the Boomer Trail by Way of Lind, Washington

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

ME and Goldenrod Higgins is back on the boomer trail again. We hate to leave the Happy Valley Line in Saskatchewan. It's a good pike and all that, even though it's only 3½ miles long. But I used to be a boomer call boy. And you know how boomers is, always wanting to see what's on the other side of the hill.

Goldenrod is with me, of course. Besides being my fiancée, she's one swell boomerette, with all-burn hair and a lively disposition and a beautiful figure that makes it tough for a fireman to try to keep his mind on the job when he's baling black diamonds with Goldenrod at the throttle, like I did on the Happy Valley Line when I was on the payroll of her father, Hardshell Higgins.

There's three reasons why I quit the H. V. L. One reason is that I was fired. The other two don't count. Hardshell Higgins says to me:

"Young man, don't you know that No. 1 in the Rule Book of the Happy Valley Line

says that only relatives of the family shall be employed on the payroll?"

"Yes," I says, "and I been working here all this time because I'm practically in the family, being as I'm going to marry Goldenrod."

"Well," says he, "you ain't married."

"No," I says, "I ain't."

"Well, why ain't you?" he says.

"Because," I says boldly, "you ain't paying me enough for me to save enough money to get married on."

"Oh, I ain't, ain't I?" he says. "Well, if you didn't spend so much money taking engine pictures you'd have more to put in the bank."

Hardshell Higgins is an engine picture fien' himself like me, but he ain't a member of the International Engine Picture Club like me and maybe that's why he talks that way.

"Mr. Higgins," I says with dignity, "taking engine pictures means more to me than working on the payroll of the Happy Valley Line."

"Oh, it does, does it?" scowls Mr. Higgins, who is the owner of the H. V. L., besides being my future father-in-law. "That's just what I been thinking." His frown deepens. "As soon as the next issue of RAILROAD STORIES comes out if you ain't coupled up to Goldenrod by then, you can draw your time and start booming again like you been wanting to ever since you been here."

"But Goldenrod don't want to start doubleheading until we get some money saved up," I says.

"Then you better work fast," says Hardshell. "I don't want nobody around here any more who ain't kith and kin of the Higgins clan. Besides, the grain rush is over now and business is pretty slow."

Mr. Higgins is that way, obstinate like a mule, and Goldenrod takes after him. She won't get married, neither, until our bank book has something in it besides blank pages and thin blue lines.

So, as I says, Hardshell takes my name off the fireman's board and offers the job to Goldenrod's second cousin in Rusk, Texas—a fellow named "Locomotive Bill" Sherman. And that's the main reason why I quit working for the Happy Valley Line in Saskatchewan. There's two other reasons, but I don't remember what they are.

TIME and tide wait for no man, as the old saying goes, and I have a date to meet a fellow in Lind, Washington.

This guy is A. Leslie Miller, who works for a hardware company when he ain't reading RAILROAD STORIES or hanging around the Northern Pacific depot. He seen where I was an engine picture fien' of deepest dye and will take photographs of anything remotely connected with a railroad, even vice presidents.

When he reads in the magazine that I am going to hit the boomer trail again, he writes me will I come to Lind because there is a picture of a "brass hat" he would like to get who is twice as sour as Hardshell Higgins.

That don't seem possible, since Goldenrod's father is in a class by himself but I am willing to give Mr. Higgins the benefit of the doubt. And since I been putting up with him so long, I figure that another brass hat will be very easy for me to handle.

So I practically assure A. Leslie Miller that I will have the picture for him very shortly after my arrival at Lind, Washington, which is only a few hundred miles from Saskatchewan as the crows fly.

"A Lindy hop," says Goldenrod, who loves dancing. "Well, it's too long of a hop for you to make alone. I'm going to Lind also, to see that you don't get into trouble."

Besides, while it is customary for a lot of women to keep an eye on their husbands after they are married, Goldenrod does not believe in locking the roundhouse doors after the iron horse is stolen. She thinks it is just as important to keep an eye on a fellow even while you are only engaged to him.

Of course, I do not argue with Goldenrod, because arguing with a girl is like trying to fire a Pacific type 4-6-2 with a teaspoon. It don't get you anywhere.

THUS I find myself sitting in the open doorway of an empty box car enjoying the scenery and holding my camera beside me as the long freight rolls into Lind and pulls up under the coal chute.

I figure Leslie will be down at the depot to meet me, but I am more than a little surprised to see the station all decorated with gay bunting and American flags. There is a big crowd on the depot platform too, mostly " rails."

Up ahead, one of the Northern Pacific's crack flyers, the " North Coast Limited," which usually does not stop at places such as Lind, has pulled even with the depot platform. As I scramble off the box car, locomotive whistles start tooting, bells clang and I can tell there is a general air of expectancy in the crowd at the station, all of whom are gazing at the observation club car on the rear of the Limited.

I can see that my friends are expecting me to travel in a style to which I am not accustomed, so I make a bee-line for the observation platform as I do not want to disappoint anybody. I am scrambling over the brass railing when a uniformed brakeman makes a grab for me.

" Hey, bum!" he shouts. " Where do you think you're goin'?"

Still clutching my camera, I brush past the churl. " Lind," I says. " Don't you hear them whistles and bells? My public is waiting."

The next instant I am elbowing through the press of people that have gathered up in the vestibule. As I descend the steps, I pause to smile to the crowd.

Across the depot platform is a sleek, multi-cylindered touring car. The top is down and it is covered with gay bunting. A big painted insignia of the Northern Pacific made out of pasteboard is hung on the side of the car, and a uniformed chauffeur is holding the rear door open.

A lane opens through the crowd as I hurry towards the car looking for Leslie Miller. The Lind band, grouped around a baggage truck, opens up with " Hail the Conquering Hero Comes." A reception committee with white badges pinned to the lapels of their neatly pressed suits rush toward the car.

As I step into the tonneau, nodding of course to left and right and vice versa, a shout goes up behind me. So far the Lindy hop is a great success.

The next instant a rough hand is clapped on my shoulder, another reaches for the seat of my trousers, and I am yanked backward with much abruptness and very little dignity.

" What's the idea?" I says, when I am once more on my own feet and able to turn around.

A big, burly guy with a black derby on his head and the typical build of a railway dick is facing me. .

" You answer that one, son," he barks. " I ain't no good at riddles." Then he shoves me into the crowd. " Stand back," he orders, " before I poke yuh one on the snoot. I'd ought to do it anyhow."

EVIDENTLY this fellow does not know he is holding up the reception, so I push forward.

" My good man," I says haughtily. " You are making a big mistake."

" Yeah," he says, "maybe I am. But it ain't as big a one as you'll be makin' if I get any more lip outta yuh. Shut up now before I run yuh in."

Just then the welcoming committee comes forward. " Here I am," I yell. " Me, the Engine Picture Kid."

But they don't pay any attention and the railroad dick jabs his number nines down on my toes viciously. " Shut up, I told yuh," he hisses.

Of course, I know that when this is all straightened out the joke is going to be on the railroad dick. But the welcoming committee starts shaking the hand of a portly, red-faced bird that I guess has just got off the North Coast Limited.

" Is that fellow's name Miller?" I asks a guy standing beside me.

" Naw," he says. " That's who all this hoorah is fer. Amos Smaxby. He's a big shot on the Enn Pee—came out from the main office in St. Paul."

"Oh!" I says, and I guess my mouth is still open a couple of minutes later. The big car has gone. The Limited has pulled out, and the crowd has dispersed. In fact, there ain't anybody around the depot at all but me and a baggage-smasher who starts hauling the hand trucks down to the other end of the platform.

"Catching flies?" he remarks.

"No," I says. "I was just looking for a fellow named Miller. A. Leslie Miller."

"Oh, him," says the baggage smasher, looking down the tracks. "He was standin' right near you when you was gettin' off the observation car. Here he comes now."

Well, I can tell it is Miller all right, on account of he is wearing an International Engine Picture Club button on his shirt the same as I am.

"Sorry, I was late," he says. "But I been over to the Little Red Caboose beanery up next to the pool hall, having a piece of apple pie à la mode. They got a new girl working there. And boy, is she a knockout? Say, the rails around here are going for her like a horse goes for oats."

"Has she got all-burn hair?" I says.

"Wait a minute, I'll look," says Miller. "She came down to the station with the rest of the crowd. She's still around."

He's back in a couple of seconds. "Yep," he says. "It's red."

"I thought so," I says. "It's Goldenrod."

Of course Leslie wants an introduction. "And let's all go over to the Little Red Caboose," he adds. "We can talk there."

"Hello, Kid," says Goldenrod, coming around the corner. "Saw you on the rear of an observation car a few minutes ago, but I guess you didn't see me. Who's your handsome boy friend?"

"That's Leslie Miller," I says. "Leslie, this is my fiancée, Miss Higgins. Gee, Goldenrod, how'd you get to Lind ahead of me? I was on fast freight."

GOLDENROD smiles. "Rode the cushions," she says, tucking a stray wisp of hair back behind her ear. "Don't forget that Dad's president of Canada's Shortest Man-Sized Railroad, and he can get passes anywhere for the family. Besides, he's no chump."

Well, I do not want to get into an argument with Goldenrod right away, so I agree with her.

"Every year," Goldenrod amplifies, "as president of the H. V. L., he sends out passes to the presidents of brother railroads like the Pennsy, the Rock Island, and so forth, inviting them to use the facilities of the Happy Valley Line at their convenience. Naturally the big shots are not going to be outdone in courtesy, so they have their fourth assistant secretary acknowledge receipt of Dad's pass and send him one over their own road in return. It's a nice system."

"Personally," I says, "I'll stick to the box cars. They're more informal and you get a chance to meet a lot of interesting people like Mulligan Brown and Dave Martin."

"Say, that's a great story Dave Martin wrote in the latest issue of RAILROAD STORIES," says Miller as he sits down at the counter and orders a couple more slabs of apple pie à la mode.

"I prefer Dellinger," says I, referring to the pie. "Make mine peach."

"Oke," says Miller, smiling at Goldenrod. "Two apples and one peach. I didn't know the Kid was hungry." After a slight pause he goes on: "Now, about getting the picture of that guy who's twice as sour as Hardshell Hig—"

I give Miller a kick to shut him up, because Goldenrod is coming back with the pie and I don't want her to hear any fox passes being pulled by anyone I know.

While we are eating our pie Leslie Miller tells me about the picture he'd like me to get.

"Of course," he says, "I collect all kinds of railroad photos, locomotives and such, but I specialize in railroad personalities. You know human beings. You ought to see my collection."

"I will," I says, "later."

"Yeah," goes on Miller, the light of en-

thusiasm glowing in his eyes. "I've got a picture of most of the rails that pull in here, and of the fellows that run the gas engine over at the coal chutes, and of the station agent, the baggage-master, and even of some of the officials."

"Gee!" I says. "That's quite an idea at that. A railroad personality album."

"What I figured you could do," says my boy friend, "was to get me a shot of this big fellow Amos Smaxby. I tried to when he was here before. But he turned me down flat."

I guess maybe I jump a little when he mentions Mr. Amos Smaxby, and Miller notices it.

"Gosh," he says quickly. "Do you know Mr. Smaxby?"

"Well," I says modestly, not wanting to take advantage of a nice lad like Miller and lie to him, "of course Amos and I ain't exactly pals, but we got off the same train together at Lind."

"Holy cats!" says Miller. "Have another piece of pie. It won't be no job at all for you to get the picture then."

"Duck soup," I says.

Right then Goldenrod butts in. "What do you think this is?" she says. "The Ritz? It's bean zoop today, if you want soup."

"No," I says. "I wasn't ordering anything. I was just talking to Mr. Miller."

THAT evening after Goldenrod is through for the day at the beanery, she takes me over to the Railroad Y. W. C. A., where she is staying, and the landlady fixes me up with a nice little room—in a place across the street.

"It's good to have you here," says Goldenrod. "Let's take a walk. I like this valley and the rolling hills. Reminds me of home," she adds sentimentally. "I wonder what Dad's doing now? I guess he's glad to be back at his old job running engines."

"I guess this is a pretty healthy country," I says, changing the subject, as we begin to stroll out toward the edge of town.

"Healthy?" she says. "Kid, from the way the boys eat in the Little Red Caboose, they must have had to shoot somebody to start a cemetery."

She also tells me that outside of being a railroad town where the Northern Pacific trains stop for coal and water, the people around Lind mostly go in for sheep and wheat farming.

"There's three big grain warehouses just above the depot," she says.

"I noticed them when I came in," I says. But there are other things on my mind, and I ask Goldenrod what a fellow like Mr. Smaxby is doing in Lind anyhow.

"Nobody seems to know. But they've been having trouble down here. Something about the coal. The tonnage that comes out of the chutes seems to be a lot less than the tonnage that goes in. The Enn Pee has been raising Cain about it. It's got the local brass hats dizzy, the rails tell me. Mr. Smaxby's down here to find the leak."

We are out in the country by this time. A fast freight pounding down the iron is whistling for water. But we don't say nothing. We've quit talking about railroads for a while.

In fact, we quit talking about anything. It seems enough just to be walking beneath the star-studded sky and to drink in the beauty of the mild August night—our thoughts our own yet mysteriously each other's. Just two people, me and Goldenrod, hand in hand. And very much in love. You know how it is.

IN the morning I hunt up Mr. Amos Smaxby. The big flatfoot who shoved me around at the depot is with him, and he glares at me when I come in with my camera. So does Mr. Smaxby.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" says Mr. Smaxby in an oily manner.

"You sure have, boss," put in the flatfoot. "That's the monkey that tried to climb into your car."

"Ahem!" says Mr. Smaxby, and I don't like the way he says it, so I figure I better introduce myself right away and ask him can I take a picture of himself.

"You can't," snaps Mr. Smaxby. He

turns to the dick. "Burke, give this fellow the heave-o; I'm busy."

"Well," I says quickly, "in that case, Mr. Smaxby, would you be interested in helping me get a job on the N. P. around Lind, as I will most likely be in town some time?"

"No," says Mr. Smaxby, "I wouldn't." He nods toward me significantly. "Burke, remove this jasper. Forcibly, if necessary."

The dick grins, but I am practically out of the door before he can take a step forward.

Down at the Little Red Caboose eating-house, Goldenrod introduces me to a gang of the local rails after she finds out what luck I had in my first interview with Mr. Smaxby. And I land a job—tending the coal chute.

"Wish you happiness," says an old bird named Pete Christiansen who is hogger of the local freight. "They fired the fellow whose place you are takin' because they caught him chuckin' coal at an alley cat. Wasteful use of company property, they called it."

"That ain't all," adds Ned McGinnis, an extra brakeman. "I heard the super say that they won't fire the next guy on the chute whose reports don't show as much coal out of the bins as goes into them. They'll just naturally send him to jail."

"Maybe Mr. Smaxby will locate the leak," I says hopefully.

The hogger gives a snort. "T'ain't likely. But you'll have lots of company on the night shift. That pet beagle of Mr. Smaxby's—Burke the snooper—will be pryin' around the chute all the time."

"That's fine!" I says, thinking that maybe instead of coming to Lind, I ought to of gone to Guilford, Maine, and seen G. M. Crockett, or maybe to some other place where I get letters inviting me and Goldenrod to visit them.

Goldenrod is excited over my new job. "Swell!" she says. "I bet you handle that coal chute as it has never been handled before."

"Oh, I will," I says.

"If you help find out who is stealing the coal, perhaps Mr. Smaxby will pose for that picture for you."

"Sure, but I ain't going to wait that long," I says. "I'll get him when he ain't looking, like the newspaper men do."

This is easier said than accomplished, on account of Mr. Smaxby don't hang around the coal chutes like this dumb dick, Burke. And besides, working on a twelve-hour shift, now that the N. R. A. is practically dead, don't give a fellow much time to go camera-hunting after a subject who is as hard to find as white meat in the chicken dinners they serve at the Little Red Caboose.

THE first night I am tending the chutes, an extra passenger jack, running light, pulls up and spots the tender right under the spillway.

"Fill 'er up, buddy," hollers the tallowpot, and I open the gate.

Of course, the coal pouring into the tender makes a lot of noise, so very likely I didn't hear the tallowpot say to shut the gate, which is what I explained to the Operating Department later. Anyhow, about that time Flatfoot Burke taps me on the shoulder.

"Come here, you," he says. "I want you to look at these coal reports."

Not being a man who will argue with a cop for no good reason, I follow Burke over to the office. It is some time before I can convince the dick that I put coal into tenders by the ton more or less, and I do not personally count each lump of coal as it rolls down the chute.

"Speaking of that," I says. "I guess that passenger jack is loaded now."

Burke jumps up. "Did you leave the gate open?" he shouts.

"Naturally," I says. "I can't stop work to come over to the office and explain coal reports to you all night."

Well, when I get back, the passenger jack is not only loaded, but has already pulled out from under the chute. Coal is still pouring onto the tracks, but not much, on account of only a few lumps are left in the bin.

The chute being over the main track, there is more than a little Hades to pay, although as I explain to the Enn Pee, if they would keep their railroad dicks from bothering a man when he is working, such things would not happen.

Anyway, they turn out the section gang. We manage to get the main line clear and the coal back in the bins before the westbound red-ball freight whistles through for a clear board.

Then there was another time I spilled a shower of coal on the cab of a freight jack and almost knocked the hogger cuckoo because he was leaning out the cab window and a chunk of it cracked him on the conk.

Gosh, I never heard such language, even from Hardshell Higgins, as that hogger let loose. But that is often the way. He who is to blame yells loudest.

After all, if he had spotted his pig right the coal would of hit the tender where it was meant to go. When we goes up on the carpet over that one, the hogger says I opened the chute before his train come to a stop, but I was only trying to save time for the company and be efficient. I guess a fellow's best efforts ain't ever appreciated by brass hats.

WHEN Burke sees that—just like Goldenrod predicted—I am handling the coal chute job like it has never been handled before, he gets real friendly. Quite often, when no trains are due for some time, he suggests I go over to the Little Red Caboose beanery which is about a block away and have a cup of Java at his expense.

"No hurry," he says. "I'll guard the black diamonds while you're gone."

In fact, Burke and I get quite chummy. But even he does not know that I have my camera with me every night, the shutter hooked up to a flashlight release because I figure maybe some night Mr. Smaxby will come over to talk with him and then I will get that picture for A. Leslie Miller.

Every day when I come off shift, Miller asks me about that picture, and I do not like to keep disappointing him . . . And I don't.

It is on a Thursday night that everything happens. Burke says: "How about your coffee, Kid?" And I start over for the Little Red Caboose. Only I ain't crossed the tracks before I remember that the gate on the coal chute is stuck. Some coal, I guess being wedged in it, so I figure that before going over to the beanery I will climb into the bin and fix it.

While I am up there I hear voices down below beneath the chute and I can tell that one of them is Mr. Smaxby's. Burke is talking to some other people. So I sneak back and get my camera and a couple of pieces of string. I fasten one of them to the camera and the other to the shutter release.

Then I return and creep out onto the coal chute. Leaning against a brace, I lower my camera very carefully. It twists around on the string some before it finally steadies.

Suddenly I guess Burke must of seen it, because I hear his voice shout: "Hey, Smax! What's that black thing?"

"Yeah, what is it?" says another voice.

So I do not wait, but yank the string on the shutter release. There is a bang, a blinding flash and a great commotion under the chute.

Somebody grabs for the camera as I am hauling it up. However, after having gone to all this trouble to get a picture of Mr. Smaxby for my friend Miller, I am not going to lose it easily.

I pull on the string again, and I guess I lose my balance in the excitement, because the next thing I know I am gliding through the air like the man on the flying trapeze, only my direction is straight down and there ain't no trapeze.

I land on something soft which I take to be Mr. Smaxby's stomach, from the grunt he gives, and the next instant fists are flying all around, mostly directed at me. I am on the bottom of the pile, clutching my camera to my chest and shouting who I am, because from the way those fellows are acting you would of thought they had caught the guy who was stealing the N. P.'s coal.

THE noise draws a freight crew over and also the local constable, but when they get to the chute there ain't nobody around only me lying on the ground holding onto my picture-taker. The Lindy hop has suddenly become a Lindy flop.

"I think he's throwing a fit," says a freight shack named Curtis. "Better stand clear, boys. Maybe he's dangerous."

"Yeah," pipes a lanky tallowpot. "I always figured that guy was off his trolley. Look, he's rolling on the ground and eating coal."

This was not the truth. I am merely spitting pieces of coal out of my mouth, not eating them. Anyhow, I scrambled to my feet and a few minutes later Burke shows up.

"Where you been?" he asks.

"You ought to know," I says, "seeing you was down here when I fell."

Burke turns to the others. "The Kid's crazy," he says. "Musta' been takin' a nap on the coal chute like he often does, had a bad dream and fell off."

There ain't nobody will listen to my story, but when I get my picture developed and show Leslie Miller a print of it he is surprised.

"Gosh!" he says. "That's a corking shot. Did you hurt the camera when you fell?"

"Smashed it," I says sadly. "But I saved the film. Look, the picture shows Mr. Smaxby shaking hands with this fellow and Burke and another guy standing by."

"That's what I don't understand," says Miller. "Mr. Smaxby's shaking hands with Ed Johnson; he's a coal dealer and truck operator. It's his trucks bring grain into the warehouses all the time."

"They been around a lot at night lately," I says.

"Sure," says Miller, "I know it. And this bird with Burke is Sport Murphy, a Spokane underworld character. Looks as if Mr. Smaxby was in cahoots with this crowd, don't it?"

"Well," I says, "that can't be. Mr. Smaxby is an official on the Enn Pee."

"Come to think of it," goes on Miller, "it wasn't until after Mr. Smaxby's first visit that they began to lose coal down here."

OF course, Miller is barking up the wrong tree, but just the same I decide to see Mr. Smaxby when I get a chance and show him the picture and ask him about it.

The first thing that Mr. Smaxby says to me is that I am fired. Then he takes the picture, looks at it carefully and his face is very red and angry. Finally he shakes his head in a sad smile.

"You meant well," he says. "I appreciate your motive. But through your clumsiness I am afraid the lads who were stealing the coal escaped. I am not, as you suggest, shaking hands with Mr. Johnson. I was holding him until Burke could get the police. Burke discovered who the culprits were."

I listen, and he goes on:

"While you were disregarding your duty, leaving your post to imbibe Lord knows what refreshment at the beanery and wasting the company's time flirting with your girl friend, Burke found that Johnson's trucks, after emptying their loads of grain at the warehouses, had a habit of coming around by the back of the coal chute and loading up with coal."

"Well," I says, "it was Burke's suggestion that I—"

"Tut-tut," says Smaxby. "A good soldier never leaves his post. No matter at whose suggestion. However, the damage is done. We set our trap, but the culprits got away, thanks to you and your fool passion for photographic experiment. I'll see that you get your time immediately."

NATURALLY, although Goldenrod assures me that maybe it is all for the best anyhow, I do not feel very happy the next few days, because I am a fellow who is either very happy or very sad. There is no middle course in my nature.

I am still feeling very gloomy when Miller comes out of the hardware store

where he works and rushes across the street to me.

"Kid," he says, all excited. "Did you hear the good news?"

"No," I says, "and I ain't in the mood for joking."

"I'm not," says Miller. "You know when you told me what Mr. Smaxby said to you, I thought it would be nice to send a print of that picture up to the N. P.'s main office in St. Paul so they could hang it on the walls. Amos Smaxby catching the coal thieves. Well, I got a wire back today."

"Yeah," I says. "I'm glad they was polite enough to thank you."

"Thank me nothing!" says Miller. "They wanted to know who took that picture. Said this guy Smaxby was an impostor with a colossal nerve, and that undoubtedly he and the fellow Burke whom we thought was a dick were in cahoots with coal thieves. It appears that the real Mr. Smaxby is a sixteenth vice-president and he ain't been out of St. Paul since the Spanish-American War.

"Gee," I says, "where's Smaxby now?"

"In jail. The police caught him and Burke in Spokane. Burke confessed, and the cops are rounding up Johnson and Sport Murphy now."

"Well," I says, "that's swell! Let's go over to the Little Red Caboose and tell Goldenrod."

"Sure," says Miller, "I could go for some pie à la mode right now. And you have a chicken dinner. I'll pay for it."

So the Lindy hop turns out O.K. after all. And next month I'm going to skip to another locality, me and Goldenrod, to meet some more of the fellows who been inviting us to hit the boomer trail.

A Railroad Ticket Gyp

ONCE Leroy Wagar, who spent much of his life as a "spotter" on street railways, took what he called a flyer in steam. He was tired of running down trolley conductors; for, as he said, the management always assumed they were guilty and expected a conviction. A spotter who did not convict his man of stealing nickels would not last long. It was a petty business, he decided.

Arriving at a "thriving Western city," as Wagar put it—characteristically keeping back the name of the place and the railroad—he applied for work on the detective force, and was referred to a private agency. He introduced himself to the detective chief there and was immediately handed a problem. Said the chief:

"How can a dead beat ride our trains between here and T.—155 miles, fare $4.50—and then send back his uncancelled ticket for a refund?"

Wagar thought a minute. "Both the gatekeeper and the conductor are supposed to punch every ticket, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yes, but both of them are reliable," said the chief. "So that's out. Think of something else."

"Let's see one of the tickets," Wagar suggested. The chief handed him several. Wagar held them up to the light, carefully inspecting them.

"I think I can tell you how it's done," he nodded. "To get away with this trick all you have to do is buy a ticket to S., which is 35 miles beyond T. Then avoid the gatekeeper in boarding the train. This can be done, I noticed last night, by walking a block from the depot to a crossing and returning inside the iron fence. Then the crook gets on the train. The conductor punches his ticket, hands it back. But instead of staying on to S., our hero gets off at T., before the ticket is taken up. Then he sends his ticket back and gets a refund."

"But if the conductor punches the ticket . . ." said the puzzled agent. "I don't get it."

Wagar picked up a paper-cutter and pressed its point at a spot on the cardboard. Out popped a crescent-shaped piece.

"That's the cancellation," Wagar said as nonchalantly as possible. "The dead-beat holds a newspaper so as to catch it as it falls from the conductor's punch. Then he simply presses it back in with his fingers."—Jim Holden.

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Photo Taken by Jos. Lavelle in 1926 at Bloomington, Ill.
Chicago & Alton Engine No. 511, a Sturdy 4-4-0 Type With 19x26 Cylinders, 73-Inch Drivers, 200 Lbs. Boiler Pressure, Weight (Without Tender) 151,700 Lbs., and Tractive Force 21,800 Lbs. Built by Brooks in 1899

Old Times on the C. & A.

By JAMES DEEGAN

WHEN I hired out as a fireman on the old Chicago, Alton & St. Louis (now the Alton, a part of the B. & O.) in 1882, it was one of the best roads in the country. It had good power, light tonnage, paid good wages, and was, generally speaking, one of the few human corporations I have ever worked for. When my father died, for example, it put an extra coach on a regular passenger train for the free use of the funeral party, although I was only a switcher fireman at the time.

The officials were generous, and they treated their employees as though they were human beings; the result was that the employees were both a little more human and conscientious than most employees. In 1883 there hadn't been anything properly describable as wreck on the whole road. To show his appreciation, President Blackstone issued a circular giving the intelligent cooperation of the employees credit for the record, and thanking them for it. Somehow or other that circular meant what it said, and we felt just that way about it.

A few of the boys were cards. I remember one of them — "The Frenchman,"

we called him — who was a good engineer. When the engine would slip he would shut off the throttle, get down on his knees in the cab, fold his hands and pray: "Oh, Lord, bust the dang engine wide open!" Then he would get up and open the throttle again, and, sure enough, the old gal would take a firm grip on the rails.

What made the road especially wonderful to work for was the fact that Rule G was unheard of, and nearly everybody drank.

The Alton was always a fast road. One day a stock train running sixty miles an hour through a fog crashed into the rear end of another stock train making thirty. The investigation showed that no rules had been broken, and nobody therefore could be blamed. But it also showed that the second section had been only two minutes behind the first at Pontiac, and that the dispatcher knew it, but had not halted it because he had no authority to do so.

From that time on the dispatcher was given authority to space trains, and a crude system of block signaling was evolved—one of the first, if not the first in the country.

In 1884, when James G. Blaine was nominated for President on the Republican ticket, he made a trip over the Alton from Peoria to Chicago. All trains were annulled and his special was given rights over everything. I fired the pilot engine, and my hoghead was reckless "Frenchy" Roberts.

We preceded the special to each town and then waited until we could see it coming. Then we beat it to the next town. The result was one of the wildest rides I ever had. We hauled no cars, and when that little mill hit a curve she went up in the air so hard it was a mystery to me how she ever lit on the rails again. The thing I recall most clearly about the trip, however, was the look of disgust on Blaine's face when he saw there was no reception committee at Chicago to meet him.

Some twenty years later I worked for the Alton again. Willis Gray was the big shot, and he would hire on Wednesdays, when there would be a line of applicants two blocks long. Then he would spend the rest of the week firing them. By this time the Alton was going in for heavy tonnage, long trains, the Book of Rules, and all kinds of discipline. Rule G was in force and working nights and overtime.

Back in the old days it was rare for the Alton to fire a man. Now it was rare for it not to. After I had been there a few months the chief clerk came to me one afternoon and handed me my discharge check, and before I could think it over the special officer escorted me off company property. I don't know yet why I was fired, but suppose I overlooked a bet in my job as engine inspector.

And now, instead of the fine record of 1883, the old pike was having a wreck a day. In September, 1902, there were 38. Such was the type of improvement of the new management.

Along with still more improvements on the Alton, I must not overlook the financial stunt pulled by the late E. H. Harriman. He bought the road for $39,000,000, I believe, and immediately reorganized it and issued $100,000,000 worth of stock. And although the road strove gamely for years to pay the interest charges on this mountain of capital, the load of excess baggage was too much. It was like the man's wife in the hospital. Every time he called she was reported as improving, and finally, sure enough, she died of improvement. But, I repeat, the Alton was a good old pike before they started improving it.

Two Days on the Turntable

By THOMAS F. SISK

SKIP back just before the World War and you will find electric and air turntables few and far between on most small railroads. Among such pikes was the little branch on which I happened to be holding a job. To tell the truth, the only exercise I got as agent, operator, sheriff and postmaster of the town of South Londonderry, Vermont, was helping to turn the engine of the daily mixed train over the line to our town.

Twelve noon was the zero hour. All the natives would flock down to the freight yard and await the arrival of the train. My job was simply to copy the same order for the mixed to clear itself and return, sign for a few express articles, stroll down to the turntable and help turn the engine, and call it a day.

One scorching day in July, however, things went haywire. The turntable, which was thirty years old and looked sixty, gave out a groan and sagged over on one end. Thenceforth it failed to budge. Despite the aid of all the village bright guys, the train and engine crew gave up all hope.

Then the conductor got an idea, which was something for a conductor in those days. He suggested we hitch some horses to one of the turntable stakes. We nabbed a couple of plugs from the town ash cart, which was standing under a nearby tree, and hitched them to the two end stakes. Just as we were about to "gee" them up the safety valve of the engine "popped." The old steeds made a dash, pulled out the stakes, and the last I saw they were galloping down Main Street with the turntable stakes rapping at their heels. This left us with no way of turning the table, and we were sunk for fair.

Came afternoon, and the water got low. The engineer dumped the fire, and almost burned up the dang table.

Having exhausted all ideas, we notified the dispatcher. He in turn referred to the super, who sarcastically ordered the crews to tie up before they made any overtime. I asked for another engine, but was told that its class was the heaviest type allowed on the branch, that there was only one other engine like it on the railroad, and that it was in the shop.

I thanked the dispatcher for his help, and beat it over to the street with the rest of the boys for a few beers.

Next morning a tribe of brass hats and shop hands arrived on two speeders. They spent all day adjusting the turntable with jacks, wrenches, hammers, and oaths. When they finished they equipped the table with new stakes and a compressed air machine which eliminated part of my daily dozen.

As the train steamed out of town that day I called the dispatcher.

"O. S.," I chimed into the phone. "The mixed departed at 9 P.M. Delays: two days on the turntable."

"Good night, South Londonderry," he growled.

But I didn't answer him. I locked up the depot and joined the boys in a few beers.

A Miracle in Two Sections

By J. W. FRASER

THE old narrow gage, the original Denver & Rio Grande, was a tough piece of railroad in those days. From Salida it pushed westward for two hundred odd miles, topping Marshall Pass almost eleven thousand feet up and dipping down into a thousand valleys and climbing as many ridges to Gunnison. Then it went through Black Canyon, with the right-of-way hanging onto narrow ledges in that dubious manner that slim gages have, around shoulders of peaks, up and down through veritable gopher holes, and so to Montrose. It repeated this over again all the way to Grand Junction.

None of us could ever forget the freak tunnel east of Gunnison—one of the hell holes of the earth. I don't remember ever hearing its real name; someone returning from the Spanish-American campaign dubbed it "San Juan Hill," and San Juan Hill it remained. When the road was built engineers encountered a solid rock formation directly in the center of the tunnel bore. Not daring to blast, they dropped the grade and ran *underneath.*

The result was a perfect sag in the heart of the mountain with the eastern grade measuring close to one per cent. There was no ventilation; no draft; consequently thick, damp smoke clouds and choking, sickening, acid-like gases hung eternally in the passage. Hoggers opened wide and pounded those

I Was Firing a Stock Extra for an Engineer Named Ed Fitter

old mills on the back to get through the black hole. More than a few times freights plunged into it running fifty and labored out scarcely making fifteen miles per hour.

One Sunday afternoon early in May I was firing an eastbound stock extra for Engineer Ed Fitter. We pulled fifteen cars of cattle and sheep. Two other sections followed us, each with about the same consist, all less than ten minutes apart, wheeling fast and furious to put the shipments through to Denver for the Monday morning markets.

Ed steadied them as we rounded a long curve approaching the west side of San Juan. Black smoke filtered out of the entry, although it might have been hours since the last train passed through.

Unbuttoning my jumper, I buried my face in its folds to shut out the stale smoke and gas as much as possible. Down the slope we rumbled. Not as fast as we should, I thought. I glanced up a moment at Fitter. Head bowed and face buried in his right arm, he yanked the throttle toward him.

The train lurched ahead, leveled off

at the bottom of the sag, and began climbing. But we slowed down rapidly. When I looked up again Ed was standing upright, coughing and spitting. His face was a sickly gray.

"What's wrong?" I was scared.

"Must be the air sticking," he choked. "We're not doing ten miles an hour now."

No amount of coaxing would make the little jack gain headway. Three minutes later we stalled. Ed whistled out the flag to the west. Then he swung down to the ground. I followed suit, thinking he would make for the outside.

"Down on the ties, kid," he yelled. "Fresh air there. Get all you can."

Dumbly I obeyed. Coal dust, grease and cinders did not matter. At least a hatful of oxygen there, even if a fellow's nose was in the dirt.

Ed was yelling again. "Stay there till I call."

NOW, Fitter hated tunnels. Not afraid of them, just felt uneasy whenever he entered one. His voice faded. For one dreadful moment I thought he was running away. Hardly. He remembered what I momentarily forgot. The second section.

The reach rod clanked. Drivers moved. The little engine settled back against the head car. A quarter of her length she shoved backward aided by the slope.

Fitter yelled from the cab, "seashore!"

Hammering the pipe, guiding the thin trickle of sand, adding dirt and cinders scooped from the ballast, I loaded the rail. The engine lunged ahead, took up the slack. She strained, quivered, moved ahead one car length. Then another.

"Come here!"

I sucked in another breath of fresh air and climbed up the left side. Fitter motioned me to take the throttle, then slid down the handrail. Through the thick deadly murk Fitter's form was scarcely visible as he crawled along abreast of the drivers, his head almost touching the rail.

Pedro Something-or-other, the head man, fresh from the Middle Park sheep ranges, was useless. Head wrapped in his coat, he sat on my side muttering snatches of prayer in Spanish and broken English.

The mill lost her grip with a roar. I shut her off before she belched more strangling smoke upon us. Ed scrambled back into the cab. Automatically I retreated to the track. Inch by inch he nursed the old girl along.

Thrice we changed places. Gradually the train gathered a little speed. We could see a hopeful patch of daylight ahead growing larger. Frightened cattle and sheep filled the tunnel with moans and pitiful bleatings.

Still frantically scraping dirt onto the rail, I threw my left hand too close to a driver. The tip of my glove completely disappeared along with the very edge of my middle finger, crushed between grinding steel.

I reached the deck, grabbed the scoop, threw in a slug, and passed out. When I came to we were rolling merrily along, Pedro firing. By a miracle we had pulled out of the hole before the second section rammed us. It was some time later before we learned of the second miracle.

Fitter had signaled the flagman back. He was not at all sure he would reach the outside, but expected him to do his part and keep going. Actually, the fellow was out less than a minute when he staggered back to the crummy, coughing and panicky. Right then the

conductor thought the game was over. He put it straight to the dozen or so herders in the caboose. Some of them started to pray, too.

But the following section wasn't following us as closely as all that. We were well clear of the east portal when they finally showed up. What delayed them? A flag stuck outside the window at a T.O. station, a few miles west of the tunnel. We hadn't reached the order hoop stage at that time. So the second man stopped.

Angered over the delay, the captain broke into the station demanding his orders. The operator, having no orders and surprised at the move, told the conductor he was crazy.

That riled the conductor so completely that he burst into the telegraph room and made a pass at the operator. The latter smashed back and they tangled on the floor. It was such a good battle the rest of the crew let them finish it out. Eventually they declared a draw. But the operator insisted he never hung the flag out. Furthermore, he insisted the flag had never even been touched for the past two or three days.

Looks like he would have taken credit for preventing a catastrophe even if he had to admit acting upon a hunch.

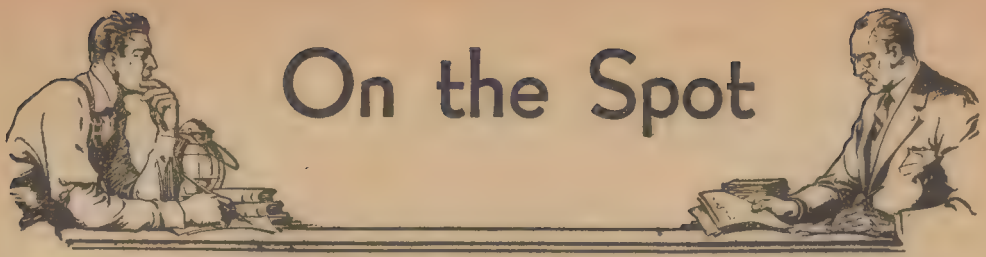
The answer? Honestly, I don't know. Unless you want to call it the second section of a miracle.

Before the Hog Law Came

ONE cold, drizzly January morning in 1891, an Mo.P. local, westbound, left Council Grove, Kan., pulled by a passenger eight-wheeler, equipped with air. At first stop we switched three air-equipped refrigerators ahead to help hold 'em. Kept losing time account light engine, icy rail. Picked up T.&P. car with drawbars too low to couple with straight link. Having no crooked links, we chained it behind caboose until we met an extra, from which we borrowed two crooked links when nobody was looking and coupled T.&P. into train properly.

Arrived Hoisington, 150 miles, 10.15; hit the hay 11 p.m. We were called at 12.20 to leave at 1 a.m. extra ahead of passenger train to clear line of snow. Picked up section men until we had 40 in the dog house. When we stuck in a drift they shoveled us out. We'd back up and hit 'er again and so proceeded, shovel and buck and repeat, all night, next day and next night. Once pony trucks got off, took two hours to rerail. We spent five hours bucking one drift higher than stack, with every cab window broken. Impossible to see telegraph poles from track. Every time the flagman went back he strung torpedoes, leaving them on rail. Twice we backed up to pick up flagman because he could not hear whistle signals. Arrived Marquette 11.15 a.m., where we met snow plow and clear track after 51 hours on duty, clothes wet and frozen, fingers and toes frostbitten; flagman so seriously frozen he had to be taken to hospital.

Then we were ordered to pick up full train and run extra 188 east at once! Left at 12.20 p.m. with not an air-equipped car, conductor too old to work on deck, and a buddy with frozen feet. It was up to me to make stops. Arrived home terminal 6.30 p.m. Call boy overtook me on way home with orders to go out as pilot with an east end crew that did not know our division. I refused, and then I slept 18 hours. On reporting for duty was asked why I refused to go out when called. I replied that I had been on duty 57 hours and needed rest. I was told I had been guilty of insubordination and that I might continue my rest 30 days more. I called for my time, turned in switch key, coupling knife and lantern, a grease spot on the wall seven feet from the floor marking the spot where I turned in my lantern, and proving that I was a poor marksman, for the trainmaster was not quite that tall.—Capt. J. F. Whiting, Long Beach, Calif.



On the Spot

EMMETT WATSON sure struck a popular note with his series of "Old-Time Railroading" covers, judging from the mail we get six days a week. There will be at least one more in this series—"The Boomer Trail" next month.

In connection with that cover we will print a long and unusual human document, a boomer's life story, written by a man named "Turkey" Moore, who has never before appeared in print. Every word of his autobiography has the ring of truth. It tells frankly why boomers are boomers, the glory of adventuring on the iron trail, and the side of a boomer's life that is not so glorious.

Also in the October issue we will print a sequel to Earle Davis' great story, "The Boomers Come to Town"—something that many of you have asked for.

Jimmy Earp and The Engine Picture Kid will be represented, of course.

And G. A. Lathrop, the narrow-gage fiction writer of Gunnison, Colo., will be with us again. His story is called "Iron Mike."

Wish we had space to mention all the good things lined up for future issues. For instance, Arthur Curran, who used to write for "Railroad Man's Magazine" in its early days, is preparing a series of illustrated fact articles on types that made locomotive history.

We're grateful to readers who coöperate by telling us what they like best in RAILROAD STORIES and what they don't like. Every month we ask you to fill out the "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and send it to us. If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own coupon on a postcard or letter.

Dellinger's "Lion Tamers" and The Engine Picture Kid's "King for a Day" (June issue) had an exciting contest for first place. We announced that the Kid was leading by a slim margin, but now as we go to press, "Lion Tamers" tops the month's popularity list, also by a slim margin.

As for July issue, here are latest results, listed according to number of votes received:

1—"Boomers Come to Town," Davis
2—"Brotherhood Man," Samples
3—True Tales of the Rails
4—By the Light of the Lantern
5—On the Spot
6—Engine Picture Kid story
7—International Engine Picture Club
8—"Nothing But the Rules," Earp
9—Model Railroading
10—San Diego & A. E. Locomotives

Plain and Fancy Railroading

"HOG LAW" (in this issue) is based on things that actually happen to railroad men. Once I went to sleep and came up trying to open a switch I dreamed was set wrong. Again, I went to sleep lying on the running board at night and almost chased my cap off while running 30 m.p.h. I've heard more than one old-timer tell about not having his shoes off for a week at a time. It was almost as bad as that when I went to work in August, 1907, soon after the Hog Law went into effect.—E. S. DELLINGER, 1415 E. Tijeras Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

* * *

ABOUT the third trip I made as fireman on the B. & M. we were switched from main line to a branch. Only by chance did the conductor wake up in time to pull the air. We'd been stopping to blow the goat every few miles. We stopped east of Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts. Engineer Asa Thayer set the air and went to sleep. Conductor also fell asleep. Another extra picked up our flag and he went to sleep in the hack. Head man was asleep on my seatbox. I sat on the coal on the back of the tank and went to sleep.

Conductor on extra behind us woke up and prowled ahead to see what the matter was. He seemed to be mad about something. He made unlady-like remarks to Asa Thayer, who returned them with interest. Then we proceeded.—CHAS. W. TYLER (author of many railroad stories), 465 W. Doran St., Glendale, Calif.

* * *

MY brother-in-law is a furloughed Rock Island fireman. One day, while working as hostler, he had to pick up a large engine some distance from the roundhouse. This locomotive was cold, having been there for several days.

Engine No. 1, Used in Building the Old Grand Trunk Pacific (Now C. N. R.) About 25 Years Ago. Photo Made at Prince George, B. C., by a Member of International Engine Picture Club

However, he hauled her to the roundhouse, and drifted up to the table, ran on and set the air. But when he left the table and stopped, both engines started to move. He set the air and released it, and they started to move again.

Once more he set the air. Then he got out to investigate. He found the big hog's gage registered 80 lbs. The reverse lever had been left open, as well as the throttle, doubtless by small boys playing on her. While towing her in, he filled the boiler with air, enough to move both the goat and hog when no brakes were set.

The roundhouse was at the bottom of a slight hump; the other end of the hump was on the main line. One day my brother-in-law had to take out 2 large freight hogs. He took the first, and his helper the second. When he came to the lower end of the hump he gave her the air to stop. Nothing happened. Carelessly, he had not looked at the air pressure, and the pumps had not been turned on.

To make matters worse, he heard a fast freight whistle on the main line. He hossed her over and started back. Just then his helper came out with the second engine. My brother-in-law was caught between 2 fires. So he hossed her over and crossed the hump once more, as she would not stand on the hump. Finally he managed to stop by smashing into the second hog. No damage was done, but it gave him a scare.—S. FRAZEE, 20½ Dorland St., San Francisco.

* * *

SOME situations in your fiction stories are questioned by readers, but usually the author or editor cites actual incidents to back them up. I agree with you that almost anything could happen on a railroad.—**F.** GRAHAM, Attapulgas, Ga.

A RECENT ruling of the Canadian Govt. placed railway workers under the 8-hour-day law, which is just too bad for the mileage hogs.—ROBT. BROWN, Montreal, Canada.

* * *

EVER hear of signaling with a flashlight? Recently I saw an assistant trainmaster try it. He came storming over to the engine and said: "I'm getting all hot running around trying to get somebody to move." From which it may be gathered that his flashlight signals failed to register.—DAVID SWANEY, 220 Olin Ave., Girard, Pa.

* * *

IN the good old days I fired all one winter on the M. C.'s line between Rumford Falls and Oquossoc, then on the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes R. R. My engineer, Don Bickford, took his turn firing every day. We left Oquossoc at 7.15 A.M. daily with 3 or 4 coaches, doubled back from Rumford Falls on way freight, then turned the engine and took a log train down the mountains. Only air was on the tender. We would start down Brimstone Mountain, running alongside with wrenches to set brakes on the log bunks, catch the caboose and set the brake on it.

One log train got away from us. The wrecker was ordered out, but wasn't needed, for we stopped 'em while still on the rails. Then we hustled back to Rumford Falls for the passenger run, getting into Oquossoc at midnight. Don Bickford was killed at Roxbury a year ago. Rest of the crew scattered. You can find an old Maine Central man on almost any railroad. They were all real railroaders.—ALLEN PLUMMER, 31 Royal St., Wollaston, Mass.

Slim-Gage Pikes

HERE'S something interesting: Back in 1882 when the D. & R. G. was building narrow gage between Durango, Colo., and Chalma, N. M., the state line hadn't been surveyed and nobody knew where it was. Consequently, the only law was six-gun. Four men were held in a jail in Chalma. Two were accused of murder; the others were a petty offender and a young fellow who was just sleeping in the jail. A gang decided to lynch the suspected murderers but couldn't decide which were guilty, so they lynched all 4 of 'em and nothing was done about it. So this country used to be rather unsafe when steel was being run into the mountains.—G. A. LATHROP (author of "Iron Mike," coming next month), Gunnison, Colo.

* * *

AROUND 1890 there was a narrow-gage line from Americus, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala.—the Americus, Preston & Lumpkin. The depot still stands at Louvale, Ga. Crossties and bridge timbers mark the old line in places. Once a trestle burned out. A Negro section hand was sent to flag. When it began to rain he went into a house to keep dry. Train for which he was watching passed before he could get out with his flag. Engine ran off the burned trestle but no one was killed. I want to find out more about this road and buy pictures of it.

Also, I offer photos of Burlington "Zephyr" in Florida in exchange for other railroad pictures.—M. A. BUSH, 11 N. 3d. St., Fernandina, Fla.

* * *

IN a recent issue I saw a reference to old narrow-gage Bullock pike between Prescott and Seligman, Ariz. While plowing a year ago I turned up an old brakeshoe used on this line. The roadbed still shows plainly. Rails were taken up and moved to California. A highway now runs where steel once laid.—HAL LOVE, 83 Miller St., Prescott, Ariz.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Pacific Coast Ry., narrow-gage, has been abandoned, as told in your May, 1934, issue, track has not been torn up, and irregular mixed service is maintained between San Luis Obispo and Los Alamos, Calif., passengers being carried in caboose. Guadalupe branch, electrified, also operates 5 miles irregularly between Santa Maria and Guadalupe. The P. C. Ry. was once highly profitable, but motor trucks killed it.

Its farewell appearance will probably be on the screen. The film is entitled "Diamond Jim Brady," named after a colorful railroad character. Scenes are laid along P. C. Ry. right-of-way and most of the old rolling stock and motive power is used. The passenger cars, dating back to 1890, have been given a new coat of olive-green paint and lettered "N. Y. R. R."—M. GILLESPIE, 2554 S.W. Arden Road, Portland, Ore.

* * *

GIVE us more illustrated articles on short lines, abandoned lines, and famous rail disasters.—LOUIS HALLECK, 808 W. 8th St., Davenport, Ia.

AS an enrollee of the C. C. C. acting as chauffeur for the district field commissioner in N.E. Kentucky, I have found several abandoned little railroads. One was the Mountain Central, narrow-gage, 12 miles long, with 4 engines. It ran from Campton Junction on the L. & N. to Campton. All that is left of it now is an old coach converted into a lunch stand and the boiler of an old saddleback hidden in weeds. Another short line knocked out by trucks and busses was the Ohio & Kentucky, southern terminus Jackson, Ky. Some of its shops and roundhouse are still standing at Cannel City, and another old saddleback lies in the weeds.—WM. H. HENDERSON, C. C. C. Hdqrs., Pine Ridge, Ky.

* * *

NARROW-GAGE line crossing M. & St. L. at London Mills, Ill., which J. N. S. asked about in a recent issue, was the Fulton County Narrow Gage R. R., organized Oct., 1878. First train from Fairview, Fulton Co., entered Lewiston, county seat, Aug. 19, 1880. First engine was a diamond stack, brass mounted 4-4-0 type Baldwin. As the company had no cars, officers and employees built one. In 1882 the road was extended from Havana to Galesburg, 60 miles. It was taken over by the Burlington in 1904 and widened to standard gage.

The road paid well until after the War. Then the mines closed down and trucks closed in. Last train ran into Galesburg in Sept., 1934. All that's left is the roadbed and a few rotting ties.—C. K. WAHLBURG (ex-brakeman), Knoxville, Ill.

* * *

WHEN Fulton County Narrow Gage was in its prime, a train made a round trip from each end of the line daily except Sunday. One was a passenger, the other mixed. Engineer and conductor of the passenger each liked the other's job better; so as soon as they were away from the offices they exchanged places and finished their runs.

One day while in their proper places the engine tipped over, severely injuring the engineer. The conductor asked for his job and got it. When the engineer recovered the 2 ran the train each on the end he liked best until finally both were retired on pensions.—DR. CLYDE MCCUMBER, Lewiston, Ill.

* * *

A LIGHT sedan with flanged wheels was running on a narrow-gage lumber road connecting Warren with Sheffield, Pa. It jumped the track and turned on its side. One man was killed.—J. C. BROWN, Westfield, N. Y.

* * *

FLORIDA Locomotive Historical Society is doing good work in preserving historical material. Secretary is A. Marsh, Box 545, St. Augustine.

* * *

I AM putting in plenty time looking up narrow-gage roads. Ever hear of "Dismal Swamp R. R."? Primarily a lumber line, but listed by State Corp. Commission as a common carrier. Runs from Camden Mills, Va., across Dismal Swamp Canal into North Carolina; 50 or 60 miles long, 3½ ft. gage.—H. T. CRITTENDEN, 909 E. 26th St., Norfolk, Va.

Introducing Our Art Crew: (Left to Right, Top Row) Emmett Watson, Who Does the Front Covers and Occasional Pictures Such as the One on Page 109; Joseph Easley, Who Illustrated the Frontispiece Poem, Stories by Martin and Packard, "Along the Iron Pike," "The Boomer Trail" and "Model Railroading."; D. H. Hilliker, "Hog Law"; (Bottom) Stookie Allen, "Who's Who in the Crew," and J. Campbell Farren, "The Lindy Hop"

Some Like Our Fiction, Others Don't

EMMETT WATSON'S series of "Old-Time Railroading" covers are the best you've ever had, with the single exception of "Late for Christmas" (Dec., '31). Give us more such covers; also more stories like "The Boomers Come to Town." I also enjoy Dellinger, The Engine Picture Kid, Packard and Earp. Best of all I like the "Lantern" and rosters of motive power. I waited 4 years for the Great Northern; I'm glad it's coming at last.—PAUL JOHNSON, Rte. 3, Box 2220, Mount Vernon, Wash.

* * *

MONTH after month I buy RAILROAD STORIES, only to be disappointed every time. Such trashy fiction, poor sketches and photographs of old-time junk. Why doesn't the management buck up and publish something good? Do away with all fiction and publish only railroad data.—FRED MCLEOD, 1068 5th St., Oakmont, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE read worth-while stories, the kind that portray railroading as it really is. Such stories do not have too many characters of the bull-dozing, profane, foul-mouthed type who pretend to know it all, if not more. That kind is short-lived in any profession. We have very few of that sort on the Pere Marquette, which is a sure-enough railroad.—EDW. ANKERBRANDT, 3965 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

I AM an invalid, confined to bed for 3 years. A friend brought me several copies of RAILROAD STORIES. I have read them again and again. Your stories are fine, photos excellent, and poems and "On the Spot" are well worth reading more than once. If anyone can spare back numbers before 1932, I should appreciate them.—DONALD E. BENNETT, 153 High St., Danversport, Mass.

* * *

BEST and most human story I have ever read was J. W. Earp's yarn, "Nothing But the Rules" (July issue). I have met types of officials he described.—A. SKINNER, 4119 W. Madison Ave., Chicago.

* * *

"THE BOOMERS COME TO TOWN," by Earle Davis (July issue) was the best story you ever published. You absolutely gotta print this in the "Spot" department, because I think I'm voicing the sentiments of 99% of the readers.—MELVIN NELSON, 6602 S. Richmond St., Chicago.

* * *

EACH month as soon as I get RAILROAD STORIES I remove with a razor blade all fiction except The Engine Picture Kid. Then I trim top, sides and bottom flush. This makes pages easier to turn. Most of your issues lack a juice fans' page. Why?—HOWARD DOBSON, 3300 W. 123rd St., Cleveland, O.

Motive Power Enthusiasts

LOCOMOTIVE "J. W. Miller" (pictured in July issue) of the N. Y., P. & B., built by Rhode Is. Locomotive Works in 1887, was the last engine designated by a name. The first through passenger train on that road (now the Shore Line) left Boston 11.10 A.M., Dec. 12, 1859. Prior to this passengers were transferred at New London and Saybrook, Conn.

The illustration on page 48, July issue, shows a Mason engine completed May 29, 1871, and shipped on flat cars on account of a difference in gage. Of 81 locomotives owned in 1871 by the A., M. & O. R. R., 36 were built by Wm. Mason. When the road was changed to standard gage, the bells were transferred from old broad-gage to standard-gage engines so that for years Mason bells were heard in the valley.—CHAS. E. FISHER, president, Ry. & Loco. Historical Soc., Inc., 6 Orkney Rd., Brookline, Mass.

* * *

A COUPLE of readers sent me chain letters, which I didn't want. Why not send locomotive pictures instead? I used to be a boomer.—BLACKIE B. LEVINE, 203 W. 98th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

I GOT good results from listing in the International Engine Picture Club. Now have a number of regular correspondents for trading. My address was wrong; you printed "Synden" instead of "Lynden."—GEO. E. TILLITSON, Lynden, Wash.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Error was due to the fact that you write "L" very much like "S." We are not handwriting experts. Other letter writers, please note.)*

* * *

I BET a gallon of Ozark sorghum that most people won't distinguish between handsome and picturesque in voting for the handsomest passenger engine. Must we choose from diamond stack 4-4-0 type? If so I nominate the Roswell Beebe, No. 1, of the Cairo & Fulton (now part of Mo. P. Lines). For most picturesque, William Mason, B. & O. No. 25. Most colorful, the red Thatcher Perkins with yellow coaches.—PAUL A. WOBUS, Manchester, Mo.

* * *

OF all photos of American passenger power, by far the most awe-inspiring is N. Y. C. 5200 class with squat stack, dome and sandbox and huge wheels with thin rims, giving impression of immense speed.—ARTHUR RUMP, 10 Buckingham St., Brighton, 1, England.

* * *

IN June issue was a reference to the "America," or so-called "Silver Engine," built for Paris Exposition, 1867. While working for the Rock Island agent at De Pue, Ill., I often saw this engine. She certainly was a beauty.—L. H. JACKSON, Waterford, Pa.

A Canadian Pacific Freight Leaving Town, Pulled by Engine No. 900, 4-6-0 Type, Class D-10g

READING engine No. 108 is hereby nominated as the most beautiful. Small stack with stripe around top, striped dome, sandbox and steam chest, slender pipe along boiler, polished nickel cylinder heads; sleek and slender looking.—S. ECKMAN, Veltman Ave., W. New Brighton, N. Y.

* * *

WHY not make International Engine Picture Club badges of metal and sell them at nominal cost? Badges would be better than the pins now used, and would harmonize with railroad uniforms.—F. W. WILLMOTH, 45 St. Evans Road, London, W.10, England.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The idea is good but we prefer to see the I. E. P. C. run on a non-expense basis.)*

* * *

REFERRING to comment in June issue regarding difficulty of obtaining permission to enter railroad property to take photographs, the R. R. Club of Chicago finds little trouble in obtaining such permission. Although organized only a few months ago, our members have visited numerous yards, shops and interlocking towers. Many more trips are planned. New members welcome. If interested, write the secretary, D. Johnson, 3300 N. Southport Ave., Chicago,

* * *

MY I. E. P. C. pin got me into the A. C. & Y. roundhouse, where I took all kinds of pictures and was given a short ride in a cab.—BILL WHITE, 1722 1st St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.

The Information Booth

WHO can tell about the old W. Va. Southern? It extended from Malden on C. & O. main line 6 miles s.w. to a coal mine. When mining company failed the road was abandoned. Roadbed is partly washed out. One old loco. is now on C. & O. tracks at Malden. I understand that this road, even though abandoned, still pays rent to C. & O., also taxes.

Two interesting old hogs are standing on deserted tracks of Coal River Collieries Co. in mountains near here. Tracks are partly covered by a country highway. Can any reader give details? Also, I want to know about the abandoned Cincinnati & Westwood.

Here's a novelty: The Nicholas, Fayette & Greenbrier R. R. in W. Va. is operated by C. & O. in even years (1932, 1934, etc.) and by N. Y. C. in odd years (1935, etc.). Each company uses its own engines, its own frt. and pass. crews, etc., but C. & O. always has charge of accounts.—EUGENE GALLAGHER, 1527 Dixie St., Charleston, W. Va.

* * *

AN Erie clerk tells me there are 8 roads running trains at a 100 m.p.h.; can any reader verify this?

Print more engine stories. The only way us furloughed men can railroad is by reading such stories. Recently I did some firing on a yard goat. It sure felt good to have that scoop in my hands again.—JOHN KUELLING (furloughed N. Y. C. fireman), 27 Covington Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.

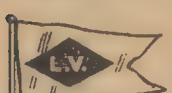
* * *

IN your July issue, Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, was touted as having the only steam railroad entirely on an island in America. How about U. S. Govt. railroad on League Island, Philadelphia? It has all steam power.—J. H. FRETZ, 537 Derstine Ave., Lansdale, Pa.

* * *

CAN any reader supply words of song, "I was riding along, Singin' this song Out on the old Ess Pee"?—CHAS. UNRUH, 1313 Perkins St., Lansing, Mich.

* * *



AT South Plainfield, N. J., I recently saw an old Lehigh Valley hog, No. 1639. Who can tell me about her?—EDWARD GARDNER, 47 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J.

* * *

WHO knows about a standard-gage pike connecting Harrodsburg and Burgin, Ky.? I knew an ex-fireman who told yarns about engine crew hunting rabbits there because there was no traffic.—L. BOGGESS, 884 Nottingham Road, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

WANTED: information, anecdotes etc., about the Penna., Poughkeepsie & Boston R. R. (now part of the Lehigh & New England).—PETER TURANILA, Box 54, Danielsville, Pa.

A YEAR ago you ran a story about America's shortest railroad, 1¼ miles long. That was a trunk line compared with the Sanford & Northern, running between Sand Pit, Texas, and its junction with the C., R. I. & G. at Sanford, ¾ of a mile. Its rates were listed in freight tariffs, hence it was a common carrier. In boom days the S. & N. was busy hauling gravel. Sand Pit station was once the luxurious private car of Hetty Green, America's richest woman, now deceased. It was burned recently through a watchman's carelessness.—EVERETT BAIR (operator, A. T. & S. F.), Borger, Texas.

* * *

REGARDING photo of Engine 26 (page 94, July issue): Can some New Haven old-timer tell me definitely if the engineer shown there is Daniel E. Knowles? Dan was the only engineer I knew who wore a straw hat on duty, practically all the time. Photo shows engineer wearing straw hat. Evidently it was made on St. James St. bridge, Fair Haven, on old layout of Shore Div.

Dan was electrocuted in the East End Cut at New Haven shortly after it was put in operation. He'd been having trouble in making the bell ring. Being stopped in the Cut by signals, Dan grabbed his oilcan, went out the front window, and climbed up on the boiler to give it a little oil. His head was too near the high-tension wire, there was a flash, and that was the end. I'd like to hear from anyone who knew him.—D. W. PECKHAM (pensioned train dispatcher), Middlefield, Conn.

* * *

JOHN KNOWLTON, 345 N. 18th St., Decatur, Ill., has an unusually fine collection of old Wabash engine photos. He displays it at our annual picnics. I used to be Wabash op and trainman. — EDGAR SUTTON, 3101 Altura St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

A LARGE proportion of Panama R. R. employees are colored British subjects. Many others are U. S. Negroes. Did any U. S. railroad ever have a colored locomotive engineer or conductor?—Y. N. KEE, Corozal, Canal Zone.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We don't know. Maybe some reader can answer that one. However, we do know that the first electric trolley car on this continent was run by a Negro, Lindon Clark Brooks, on May 24, 1886, at Windsor, Ont., Canada. Brooks was born in 1853 at Shelbyville, Ind., and died at Windsor last January.)*

* * *

STEPHENSON loco. works, the world's oldest, is no longer located at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, as your June almanac states. In 1900 it moved to Darlington, more than 30 miles distant. Darlington is a terminal of the pioneer Stockton & Darlington Ry.—HUGH WHITE, Liverpool, England.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks for correction, Mr. White. We will use your illustrated feature article on Stephenson Works in near future.*)

I AM trying to uncover the histories of a dozen defunct short lines in and around Chicago. I want mileage, gage, motive power, equipment, principal dates. Where can I look for such data?—C. E. HESSELBAUM, 611 McCormick Bldg., Chicago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Consult back numbers of Poor's and Moody's railroad manuals and Moody's Manual of Industrials. These may be found in Chicago Public Library. Or write the Bureau of Railway Economics, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.)*

* * *

CAN anyone tell about the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling, known as "Cannonball Line," surveyed between Marin and Wheeling, W. Va., 50 years ago?—McKINLEY CROWLEY, 2311 4th St., N.W., Canton, O.

* * *

ENGLISH railroad mentioned by John Thomas in July issue was Birmingham & Gloucester; not Bristol & Gloucester, as stated. The Mr. Edward Bury whom he mentioned was not head of the principal railroad, but was a member of the firm of Bury, Curtis & Kennedy of Liverpool, which sold numerous engines to early American roads. Their designs influenced early American builders.—THOS. NORRELL, 2228 Cranston St., Cranston, R. I.

* * *

BOB BRIGGS of Athol, Mass., sent us an unusual cachet June 1, 1935, commemorating "Last day of Railway Mail Service on the last trip of The Rabbit, the Hunter's special; Athol-Springfield, B. & A. Railroad, after 60 years of service." It was autographed by the crew.

We also received a cachet from Reliable Cachet Club, Moberly, Mo., for first regular service trip of U. P. streamliner "City of Portland," carried on first eastbound trip—Portland, Ore., to Chicago—postmarked at Chicago, June 8.—EDITOR.

WHO can furnish pictures of bridges washed out in 1913 on P. R. R., Eastern Div., between Lucas and Loudonville, O.? Also details of locomotive explosion in S. P. roundhouse at San Antonio, Tex. about 20 yrs. ago?—H. RHINELANDER, Elks Club, San Antonio, Tex.

* * *

I SEEK information about a wreck on N. Y. & Long Branch R. R. of a train carrying Gen. U. S. Grant. Train went through a draw over Shrewsbury River between Red Bank and Long Branch in 1882.

Also, who has details on an old wood-burning locomotive owned by the Manasseh Marl Co., which had a marl pit south of Farmingdale. The spur track ran to the N. J. Central but marl trains ran over the whole Central system. The company folded up 50 years ago.—DELBERT COOK, R. D. 1, Farmingdale, N. J.

* * *

DETAILS wanted on collision one Christmas Eve between Nos. 41 and 3 near Vedersburg, Ind., on Clover Leaf (now part of Nickel Plate). Also I want facts on the time No. 5 was cut off behind engine and set off the rails by a cyclone on same road between Landisville and Marion, Ind.—A. H. CROOK, P. O. Box 163, Martinsville, Ind.

* * *

CAN anyone tell me the cause of the derailment of a Chicago Great Western passenger train a few months ago, in which the engine turned over in a woman's front yard?—PATRICK O. REGAN, 113 Winter St., St. Paul, Minn.

"30"

GRIFF CRAWFORD is dead. The popular train dispatcher at Wellington, Kansas, who achieved fame as an author, answered the last call on June 23rd at the age of sixty. Griff was born in Ohio, but traveled all over the country, working on the Pennsy, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Rock Island, the Kansas City Southern, the Katy, the Mop, the M.R.&B.T., and finally the Santa Fe. His life story was told in "The Boomers' Corner," January, 1934.

Twenty-one Crawford stories have appeared in this magazine, beginning with the first "Porky" yarn in March, 1930, and ending with "Interference," April, 1935. His poem, "Track Walkin' Blues" (March, 1932) says, in closing:

"Mebbe up in Heaven
I kin find a quiet nest
Where a tired old feller
Kin set down an' have a rest."

A Page for Juice Fans

NEIGHBORLY steam engines are always ready to help out new-fangled Diesels. On May 20 "Flying Yankee," B. & M. streamlined train, Boston to Portland, was indisposed. A steam locomotive took over and made time all right for 3 days new-fangled engine was out.—WM. ELMER, 12 Cross St., Saco, Me.

* * *

RECENTLY when the gas bug (motor car) on the Tyler-Lufkin branch broke down, a steam locomotive (Cotton Belt No. 48, 4-4-0) was placed in service. Steam is still supreme.—"LOCOMOTIVE BILL" SHERMAN, Rusk, Texas.

* * *

WOMEN rarely ride in engine cabs, but Mrs. H. E. Reed enjoyed this thrill June 17 with her husband, a radio news commentator. The Reeds took a round trip between N. Y. City and Washington, D. C., in cabs of the new Pennsy G-G1 streamlined electric locomotives—world's most powerful juice engines. This trip, 226½ miles each way, takes 4 hrs. 10 mins. each way. The Pennsy dining-car dept. served luncheon and dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Reed on the locomotives.

* * *

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RY, had its share of wrecks in earlier days. The worst occurred at 9 P.M. July 13, 1913. A 3-car train from Venice bound for Los Angeles, stalled and left in darkness by a fuse blowing out in the power-house, was telescoped near Vineland by a following 3-car train taking power from another feeder. As soon as the first train stopped, the flagman ran back, placed a red fusee on the track 200 ft. distant and continued toward the second train waving his red lantern. The green motorman ignored all signals and crashed into the stalled train, killing 13 persons and injuring 125.

Conductor Tom Gates, of the stalled train, who lost an arm and had one leg mangled, leaned against a bank and directed rescue work. A man with broken leg, on being taken to a hospital, found himself in charge of a nurse who proved to be his long lost wife.

A woman who was thrown clear of the wreck in some mysterious manner, located her husband in a heap of dead and injured. Together they found their baby without a scratch. Many who were not near the wreck collected damages from the company.—JOSEPH FELIX, 208 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif.

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OCEAN SHORE R. R., in California, abandoned in 1920, is to resume operations as soon as litigation is cleared up. That's good news.—R. W. DEMORO, San Francisco.

* * *

TELLING of his "long ride for a nickel" on N. Y. City subway-elevated lines, Harry Cotterell, Jr., said in July issue that the only place on Astoria subway where one could change from B. M. T. to I. R. T. without paying another fare was at Astoria station. This is a slight mistake. One can also change at Broadway and Main St. stations. When a connection between the Culver line of B. M. T. and the city-operated Independent system is finished, it may be possible to travel on all 3 systems for one fare!—DONALD MAPES, 317 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

SOMETIMES you print stories about how ruthless railroad managements used to rip the Brotherhoods up the back. (Editor's note: Dellinger's "Hog Law," for instance.) Once in a while labor unions also become overbearing. Take the case of recent efforts of the Electricians' Union to *force* members of the Brotherhood of Railway Signalmen out of their jobs of installing the signal systems in new sections of the Independent Subway, N. Y. City. The union gave 2 reasons for this outrage: (1) That the Brotherhood men were not organized labor, a charge too ridiculous to consider, and (2) that they were not residents of the city, a charge which investigation proved to be false.—JAMES MUNROE, 120 Hobart St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

* * *

I AM a street-car operator and like juice stories. Let's have more of them.—E. C. PIRTLE, 4207 13th St., Tampa, Fla.

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R. GARFINKLE wants dope on the Palatine, Lake Zurich & Wauconda R. R. (June issue). This road was originally part of an electric system which was to connect Waukegan, Wis., with Rockford and Elgin, Ill. However, it was operated as a steam road from Palatine to Wauconda, passing through Lake Zurich. No. 108, "Maud," a 4-4-0 type locomotive was first owned by the Milwaukee Road in the '90's. She was renumbered 451 and sold to the P. L. Z. & W. in 1912. The engineer never acted as fireman, as Mr. Garfinkle states, but was member of a full crew; nor did the passengers have to get out and walk when the "Maud" reached hill. She might have puffed and strained, but she never had to double the hill. Road was abandoned in 1924 and the "Maud" disappeared, after I took a picture of her.—E. R. THOMPSON, Montague, Mich.

* * *

"OLD MAUD," last of the 4 L. Z. & W. engines, was sold to a sand company in Michigan, where it is still in use. Cars burned up 5 years ago. All that is left of them is the wheels. Only rails left are those under the engines. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 had brass driving rods which disappeared long ago. When the line was first opened the C. & N. W. backed one or two of its trains into Wauconda to pick up Sunday night crowds.—JOSEPH MCDERMOTT, 4037 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago.

* * *

REPLYING to L. C. F. (July issue): Cars of New London-Norwich line in Thamesville barn were burned or sold. Nos. 201-210 are still running on the North end.—G. T. W., New London, Conn.

An Air-Conditioned Beanery! This Lunch Counter on Wheels Is a New Feature of the Dining Car of the B. & O. Streamliner "Royal Blue Special," Which Runs Between N. Y. (Jersey City) and Washington, 224 Miles, in Four Hours Flat

The Bus and Truck Situation

DO railroads really want to face the situation confronting them? They own truck and bus lines paying poor wages, while railroad men sit idly on the extra board trusting to management to overcome results of 5 years of depression. Railroads have ample backing of votes to force Government to place all forms of transportation under I. C. C. That would put more men to work. Also, the roads might try cheaper rates; door-to-door frt. service; faster frt. service; better, faster, cleaner passenger service; lower salaries for officials; week-end excursions to unknown destinations, etc.—LAWRENCE DIXON, 3610 Baring St., Phila., Pa.; treas., Quaker City R. R. Society.

* * *

PUBLICATION of wreck photos in your magazine is criticized from time to time; but I do not believe any harm comes from it. I imagine most readers are familiar with railroad safety records.—EARL MCKENZIE, 1717 H St., Sacramento, Calif.

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SPEAKING of accidents, railroads have one fatality per 400,000,000 passenger miles; air transport one per 24,000,000 passenger miles; automobiles, one per 11,000,000 miles.—R. S. LITTLEFIELD, Regional Research Director, Asso. of American Railroads, 30 Vesey St., N. Y. City.

IN fining a bus driver for driving at 58 m.p.h. through Albany, Police Justice Francis Bergan said: "I know of no greater danger than a speeding bus on a city street. As between public safety and public service, public safety is paramount and controlling. It is the duty of the company offering a service in a municipality to test schedules which will allow conformity with speed regulations."—EARL SMITH, 13 McDonald Rd., Albany, N. Y.

* * *

BUSINESS hereabouts has picked up. One day I switched 32 carloads of farm machinery out of Deere & Co.'s factory at E. Moline. Others are doing just as well. Our road is putting on a third switch engine. Saw a letter from Deere & Co. to all dealers directing them to discourage sending farm machinery by motor trucks because they are too expensive and inconvenient.

The new Middle West passenger schedules are the fastest ever known; about 70 m.p.h. on some divisions. Nothing slow about freight schedules, either. We have 2 sections through Moline at 70 m.p.h. through yard limits and no block signals. I get the jitters every time I have an extra man working with me, and am glad when I have only old heads on the job.—DANA MAVITY, 2504 13th Ave., Moline, Ill.

The British Empire Heard From

THE L. M. S. has just retired the most famous of its 8000 engines, No. 14010 (formerly No. 123, pictured in Aug. issue) after a career of 49 years during which she covered 780,900 miles. This engine will be preserved for posterity in L. M. S. works, St. Rollox, Scotland. She was not only the last "single-wheeler" to survive in public passenger service in Great Britain, but also one of the few locomotives surviving all those which took part in the "Race to Edinburgh" in 1888. She was built in 1886 by Neilson & Co., Glasgow (now North British Locomotive Co.) for Edinburgh Exhibition, and later acquired by Caledonian Ry. Her chief feature of interest was the single pair of driving wheels 7 ft. in diameter. Modern express engines usually employ 6 coupled driving wheels of from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 9 ins. diameter. She is said to have been the most photographed loco. in Great Britain.—ASSOCIATED BRITISH RYS., 551 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

ARE readers interested in New Zealand government railways? There are romance, "juice" stories, unusual locomotive types, and histories of American power on our roads. We have 4,886 miles of single track, 1,482 miles of double track and 272 miles of electric urban line. Some limiteds ply between cities of 200,000 people over 2,000 to 6,000 feet climbs in places. Locomotive types are American rather than British but are becoming individual now. We have lonely lines in new country, too.—ROBERT CURRIE, Murphy's Lane, Featherston, New Zealand.

* * *

SEVERAL English locomotives have exceeded 100 m.p.h. since the "City of Truro" set a record of 108, so why should it not be possible for U. S. roads? American Atlantic and Pacific types are regarded here as the finest examples of locomotive construction. Englishmen are struck by the high acceleration of American locomotives, quicker than is ever seen over here.—W. L. JENNINGS, 5 Cleveland House, Torchester Rd., Weymouth, England.

* * *

AUSTRALIANS find that railroads are mighty handy when highways become impassable and autos fail. Recently a party of motorists from South Australia were caught in floods at Sale. They loaded their 120 automobiles on open railroad trucks and returned home.—ROY PEARSON, 85 Lord St., Richmond, E. I., Victoria, Australia.

* * *

MORE fact, less fiction in your magazine would have greater appeal to railroad men. Your locomotive rosters alone are worth the cost of the magazine. I send old copies to Scotland and Japan, where they are highly appreciated.

L. N. W. loco. No. 955, "Chas. Dickens," covered more than 2,000,000 miles of British main lines before retirement. Is this a record?—L. R. MCLEOD, 570 Yates St., Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Photo by W. H. Larsen, 6½ Hedderwick St., Essendon W. 5, Melbourne, Australia

The Sydney Limited, Pride of Australia, Said to Be Fastest Train South of Equator. She Makes 190 Miles in 4½ Hours

BEING a South African Rys. stenographer, I enjoy RAILROAD STORIES. Our system traverses hundreds of miles of lonely countryside where often the station masters, signalmen, gangers (members of section gangs) and other railway workers are the only inhabitants.

Once I noticed a long goods train (freight) standing on the siding at a country station. A thin veil of smoke was rising from a tarpaulin-covered car. As I watched, a native ran down the platform carrying a heavy hose. This he attached to a tap and sprayed the car liberally. As the fire seemed to spread to the next car, he proceeded from one to another. By the time his foreman came on the scene, the blaze had assumed alarming dimensions.

Those cars contained unslaked lime. The native, instead of being a hero, was dismissed, since he had acted without authority and wrecked 20 cars. —(Miss) THELMA WOODWARD, South African Rys. Hdqrs., Room 34, Motor Service Section, Johannesburg, Africa.

* * *

DELLINGER is your best author. I also like true tales. Will some engine driver please write to me?—J. R. COOK (call boy), Cadd St., Hilton Park, Fremantle, West Australia.

I AM much interested in American railroads and their history. There is more romance in American locomotives than in British. To read about them is to be with them. I carried a photograph of N. Y. C.'s famous "999" engine through the World War; not that I believe in mascots, but still I was lucky.—GEORGE MORLEY, 33 Shakespeare Road, Exeter, Devon, England.

ENGINEER L. MACINTOSH died with one hand on the throttle, the other on the air-brake valve, April 17, when the C. N. R. Sydney-Halifax express climbed the rails and nosed into a swamp near Heatherton. The fireman and 3 tramps also were killed.—DOUGLAS CAMERON, Glasgow, N. S.

Railways on Which You Can Ride Free

SOME TIME ago "Railroad Stories" printed an item about a railway at Viti Levu (in the Fiji Islands) which serves some of the large plantations there and on which native passengers are permitted to ride free of charge. England has at least two lines that carry all passengers without charge, in addition to a couple of industrial concerns which convey their employees and visitors to their plants free.

One is operated by the War Department. It is the Woolmer Instructional Military Railway on Salisbury Plain, Britain's well-known training ground. The W.I.M.Ry. connects Borden, a Southern Railway branch terminal, with Liss, another Southern station on a different route, and serves two important encampments and the village of Longmoor, its main stem being a single-track, standard-gage, crooked route of eight miles or more. It has a two-mile loop and several short branches that are continually being taken up and relaid to provide training for the Royal Engineers in track-laying, bridge-building, etc.

Soldiers from the camps ride free when not on duty. So do civilians, but they must apply at a "booking office" for tickets, on which are printed: "W.I.M.R. Permission to travel is granted on the understanding that the passenger travels entirely at his own risk." Six trains per day run in each direction, and the line has four different alternative systems of signaling, in order to give the troops of the Royal Engineers Ry. division an opportunity for training in all the usual systems.

The passenger rolling stock is a converted war-time ambulance train of eleven coaches, together with about 100 freight cars. Power is provided by half a dozen small tank engines. Some of these were built for war service in France; others are old suburban passenger locomotives which had already done forty years' service.

Normal service is three trains each way daily in summer and six in winter, with seventeen minutes' running time; but this service varies, as does the length of the road, depending upon which tracks are being taken up or relaid. Sometimes this line is five miles long, with six and three quarters miles of sidings and branches with ponds on which to practice bridge-building. The Royal Engineers, most of whom are keen railway fans, have a lot of fun in this kind of training. They have extensive shops, several "big hooks," a pile driver, steam shovel, a track-laying machine, a signaling school with complete equipment, and a lot of other things which are to be found on big railways.

The other free line in England is the standard-gage Whittingham Railway near Preston, Lancashire. It is operated by the County Medical Hospital authorities, and connects Whittingham Mental Hospital with Grimsargh, a station on the L.M.S. branch nearly two miles distant. A unique feature of this road is that the L.M.S. branch has discontinued passenger service, and the Whittingham-Grimsargh line can be reached only by bus! In former years this line used to convey more than a thousand passengers a week, chiefly folk visiting patients at the hospital.

The locomotive always pushes her train ahead from Whittingham, hauling it back from Grimsargh in the normal manner. There are only three coaches—ancient four-wheelers off some bigger road. The asylum station at Grimsargh consists of a small platform and a waiting room. The two locomotives were both built by Andrew Barclay, of Kilmarnock; one is an 0-4-2 side tank, constructed in 1904; and the other, built in 1888 and now used only as a spare engine, is an 0-4-0 saddle tank, with a round window in each side of the cab.

On the Whittingham Railway you don't have to ask for a ticket. Just get aboard and travel!

Rebuilding a Tinplate Hopper Car

By CHARLES G. CUNNINGHAM

FREE-LANCING is just about all you can call the process of rebuilding a tinplate hopper car to the somewhat near scale looks of a real job. The car to start with is not made to scale, and naturally all our "fixings" must be by the old "eye proportion" method. The instructions given here are not to be considered as the only way to do over your car. When you find a new way of doing something, write in and tell us about it. In any event, send us a sharp, clear photo of your finished model; if it is good we may use it in the magazine.

Well, let's get started on the hopper car. First take off the *two* brake wheels, ladders, trucks, name-plates and the couplers. (Next month we will print an article on making couplers and bar frame trucks.) After removing all the outside accessories, you need a fine saw, which may be purchased for 20 cents in five-and-dime stores. With this saw, cut away the two slanting braces which are at each end of the car. Now, as you have quite a lot of easy soldering to do, it would be better to remove all the paint. If you remove the paint only from the spot where you are soldering—and not from the rest of the car—the heat would melt the paint, permitting it to run down into your work.

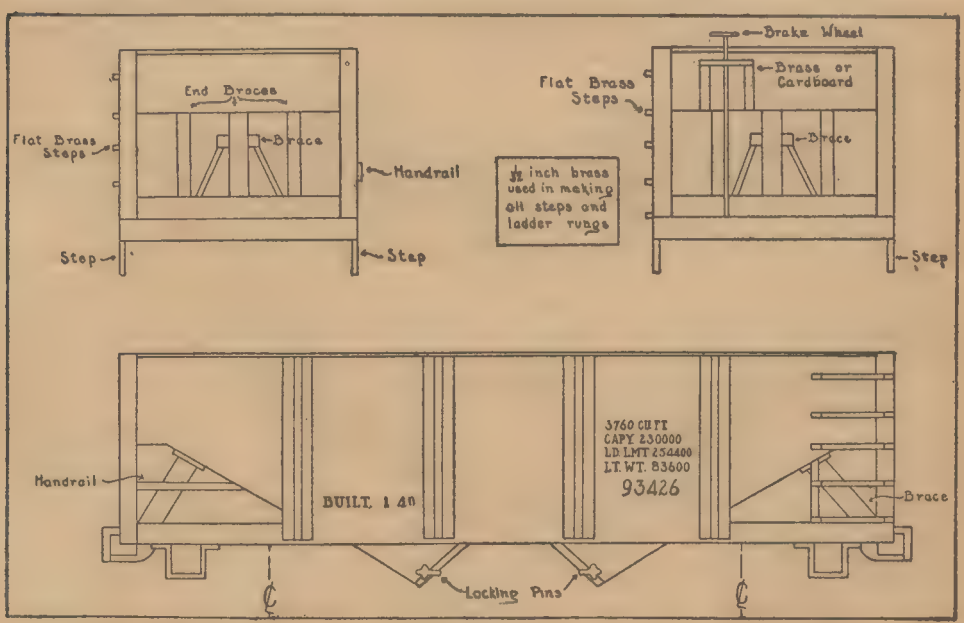
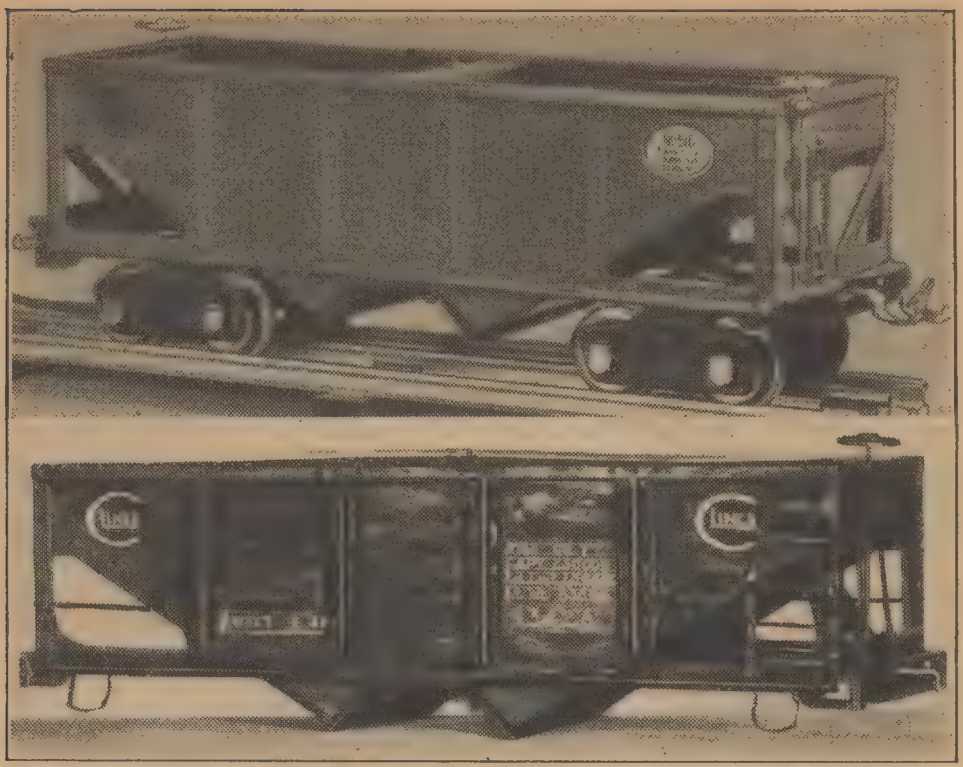


Diagram Showing End and Front Views of Tinplate Hopper Car, Reconstructed



These Comparative Photos Show How Rebuilding (by the Author) Makes a Tinplate Hopper Car More Realistic. The Lower One Is, of Course, Not Yet Completed

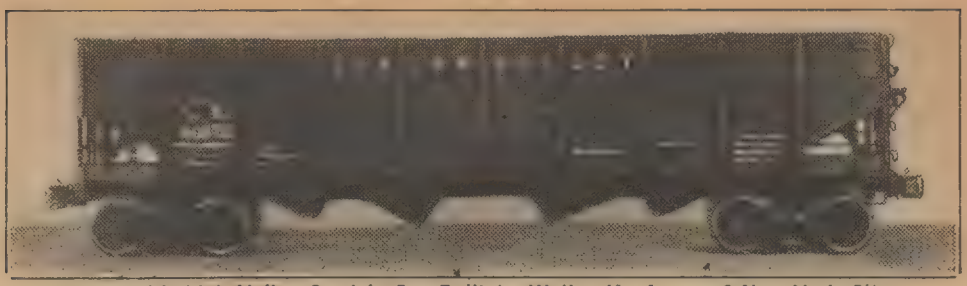
For the handrails, ladders, and end braces you may use brass 1/32″ thick; although tin cans would serve just as well, provided you use a strong soldering salt to take off the coating. The bottom steps are made of brass 1/8″ wide by 1/16″ thick. They hang down for ½″ and are ½″ wide. Solder all four steps into position, wiping away the excess solder. If you find that the place where the steps are to go on your car is rounded, *peen* the brass on the side you are going to solder. (" Peen," by the way, means to bend the metal with blows of a hammer.) This enables you to fit the steps closer.

Next place the braces in position. They are made of brass ½″ wide by 1/16″ or 3/32″ thick, depending upon what you have in the scrap box. If you have no scrap box, get one and use it to hold small bits of metal which you ordinarily discard.

In preparing the braces, cut the first one from heavy paper or cardboard and try it. When this fits as you desire, cut the brass ones, using the cardboard as a pattern. No waste of metal that way. Making and cutting of the end braces is simplicity itself. You need four thin ones 3/16″ wide by 1/32″ or 1/16″ thick and 1-1/4″ long. The center end braces are the same thickness and length but are 1/4″ wide. Space them all by eye.

Handrails may be made of flat brass or round bell-wire which costs about 10 cents or less. If you use flat brass make it 3/32″ wide and 1/32″ thick, and in using bell-wire punch or drill your holes through the sides of the car. Insert the wire, putting a touch of solder on the back side to prevent it from withdrawing.

Ladders are made of the same thickness and width of material you used in making the handrails. Along the top edge of the car, solder brass strips to form a small overhang. Make the strip 3/16″ wide by 1/32″ thick. In soldering these strips,



Model of Lehigh Valley Gondola Car Built by Walter Kaufman, of New York City

tack them in several places, then go back and complete the soldering of the entire strip. By tacking them in place you prevent the work from moving, thus making the whole job much easier.

The brake platform is a rectangle of either brass or cardboard 1/16" thick by ¾" long and 3/8" wide. Braces for the platform are 1/32" brass. The locking pins on the bottom of the hoppers may be cut from the cardboard cover of paper matches and pasted on.

To cover the indentations which were left when you removed the name-plates of the manufacturer, use brass plates the same size. Cover the back of each plate with solder, and let solder flow around the crack that will appear between the plate and the side of the car. Scrape this smooth with a knife. If you do not want to go to that much work you could paste thin sheets of cardboard in the hollows and place paper over all. Then put back into place the original brake wheel which came with the car, which is now ready for painting.

Before applying the "coverer of many sins" you should prepare the car. Wipe off the excess flux or soldering paste, then soak the car in gasoline. *Do this in the open air,* for safety's sake. With all the grease and flux removed, you can now apply the first coat. Permit it to dry well, then sand very lightly. The second coat of black paint should be a flat type.

Your lettering may be a hard job. Either put it directly on the car or else do your lettering on black paper and then paste it on the sides of the car. If you use black paper, give it a thin coat of the same paint you gave the car. White ink, of a rather heavy mixture, produces good results with a very thin pointed brush.

Model Engineers and Clubs

COLLECTOR shoes on my tinplate locos. catch on switch points and derail the locos. Can any reader help me correct this trouble?—N. E. Brown, 94 Sylvester St., Rochester, N. Y.

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COLUMBUS R. R. CLUB is making a big drive for new members. Telephone Evergreen 3763.—V. C. Underwood, 885 Sheridan Ave., Bexley, Columbus, O.

* * *

EAST BAY MODEL ENGINEERS SOC. recently held their first annual exhibition. Prizes were awarded for finished and unfinished models. —James Ford, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

* * *

I AM building a 4-6-2 Pacific type loco.—Harry Treloar, 2126 Maple St., Butte, Mont.

* * *

CUYAHOGA BELT R.R. is the name of my layout.—Wm. White, 1722 7th St., Cuyahoga Falls, O.

* * *

ON May 25, 1935, the R.I. Brotherhood of Model Railroaders was organized with 9 members. Larry Bishop was elected pres. We plan to build 100 ft. of double track for speed tryouts for our models, and promote model railroading in this state. For details write Robt. Summers, secretary, 76 Whitmarsh St., Providence, R. I.

BOYS under 15 who want to organize a junior model engineers club, write John Haley, 499 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHY don't you have a page for beginners, with instructions for building simple model equipment?—Delbert McDonough, 955 N. 16th St., Salem, Ore. **(Note: We are glad to print a page for beginners if enough desire it.)**

* * *

TROLLEY fans, write. Also I'd like to hear from men who worked on the Baltimore street car lines years ago.—Paul Willis, 1737 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

SOUTH NEW JERSEY MODEL R.R. CLUB was organized May 6, 1935. It is building a ¼" scale 2-rail system. Any fan in this locality is invited to attend a meeting.—E. L. Pardee, 626 Park Ave., Collingswood, N. J.

* * *

MODEL makers in this vicinity wishing to organize, please write.—W. B. Francis, Jr., 506 Rigsbee Ave., Durham, N. C.

* * *

THE LITTLE SOUTHERN RY. invites all fans who have 17/64" scale models to use our track for tryouts. On a recent Saturday we operated a 51-car train to entertain 36 visitors. —W. W. Haverly, Jr., 708 S. 23rd Ave., Bellwood, Ill.

Model Trading Post

WANTED: Lionel locos. Nos. 150, 152, or what have you?—G. Archer, 353 E. 169th St., Bronx, N. Y. City.

* * *

I HAVE Keystone motion picture machine, film, radio to trade for O gage equipt.—Elmer Collins, 427 8th Ave., Dayton, Ky.

* * *

TELL the fans there are some nice loco. models on sale at five and dime stores.—Dick Bloomfield, 525 12th St., Boone, Ia.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for my Dorfan Nos. 52, 3261, Ives elec., Lionel Pullmans Nos. 603, 604? I need Ives or A. F. 6½" frt. cars.—J. E. Condey, 5329 Skittman Ave., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE set of electrical eng. books to trade for strd. gage model equip.—U. N. Corson, 9 Fernald Ave., Haverhill, Mass.

* * *

MY 4-6-2 Pacific type loco. is 38" long, nickel side rods, no motor. What am I offered for her?—J. Gherna, Florence, Colo.

* * *

WHAT do you offer for book of air brake charts with 66 diagrams?—Kenneth Hersey, 41 Dearborn St., Portsmouth, N. H.

* * *

WANTED: strd. gage equipt.—K. Kerr, 15 Park Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE 6 Lionel O gage locos., 2 frt. and 10 pass. cars; what offers?—LeRoy O. King, Jr., 3114 N St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

WHO will trade Lionel or Ives O gage equipt. for my 7 tube radio?—H. R. Lewis, 3426 W. Coulter St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I WILL swap my stamp collection of 3000 stamps for O gage equipt.—C. Maillian, Jr., 6118 Annunciation, New Orleans, La.

* * *

I HAVE the following strd. gage equipt. to trade for O gage No. 8 elec. type engine, Nos. 332 bagg., 337 Pullman, 338 ob. car, switches, etc.—J. W. Manning, 100 Ardmore Ave., Westmont, N. J.

* * *

WHO has sporting goods or camera to trade for my ¼" scale steel lift bridge with motor?—H. A. Mattheus, 7927 Fletcher St., Chicago.

* * *

I WANT ¼" scale steam loco. in exchange for mechanical magazines and "Railroad Stories," '30-'34.—A. McArthur, 6 Forrer Blvd., Dayton, O.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel or Ives steam type loco., double truck frt. cars.—R. A. Schill, 1309 Scott St., McKeesport, Pa.

* * *

WHO wants my detective magazines in exchange for A. F. caboose No. 3211 or Lionel strd. No. 517.—Patrick O'Regan, 113 Winter St., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

WILL trade my O gage switch points and crossings for Ives steam type loco. No. 1122. Australian fans, please write.—Roy Pearson, 85 Lord St., Richmond E.1, Victoria, Australia.

* * *

I HAVE chemistry lab., Erector set to trade for strd. gage Lionel equipt.—E. C. Pieper, 72 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

* * *

WHO has employee timecards or engine pictures of steam roads to trade for my 28 pieces of strd. gage track, switches, Lionel No. 8 loco., etc?—R. E. Prince, Jr., 1141 Larchmont Cres., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

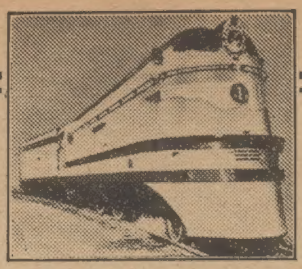
WANTED: Lionel trucks with journal boxes in exchange for 2 prs. driving wheels from 262 loco.—Wm. Quinn, 2128 W. 80th St., Los Angeles.

* * *

I WILL trade home-made ¼" scale pass. and frt. cars for O gage steam type locos. and 8-wheel hopper cars.—C. Smock, Jr., 2334 N. Talbott St., Indianapolis.

* * *

WANTED: O gage A. F. frt. cars.—Russell Stokes, Sewell, N. J.



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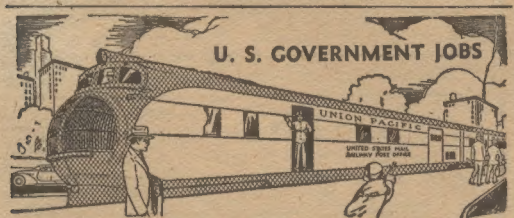

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WILL trade my No. 42 loco., coaches, strd. gage track, etc., for coal-burning loco.—Albert Fockler, Jr., 1017 Fairdale St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE Ives trans., Lionel elect. type loco. driving wheels, car wheels to trade for back issues of "Railroad Stories."—Francis Zahn, 105 Cooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for ¼" scale blueprint of N. Y. C. Hudson loco.? I'd like 6 back numbers of "Railroad Stories."—T. H. Core, Minnelusa P. O., Big Bear Lake, Calif.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for 20 O-gage cars?—John Rougeau, 29 West St., Bordentown, N. J.

* * *

I WANT to swap my 19th Century $6 stamp album, no stamps in it, for O gage Lionel, Ives or Dorfan freight, tank, gondola, box or flat cars.—E. H. Sprangers, 2550 W. Seltzer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

WHAT have you in standard gage steam type locos.? I prefer Lionel 400. State condition and price.—R. Rand, Clinton St., Haverhill, Mass.

* * *

I'LL trade large size Lionel transformer, 25 cycle, pass. timetables and Canadian Ry. Guide of 70 different roads for 6 hand switches, 10 curved and 15 straight Lionel track, 2¼" gage, and one 4-wheel truck tank car.—W. Ewald, 116 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont., Canada.

* * *

QUARTER-INCH scale Brill gas-electric blueprints for what have you? All offers considered. —Wesley Massey, 146 Hampden St., W. Springfield, Mass.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for 20 section new A. F. straight track, $2 purchase price?—Paul Johnson, Rte. 3, Box 220, Mt. Vernon, Wash.

* * *

I HAVE 47 back issues "Railroad Stories," Sept. '31 to Aug. '35, to trade for an O gage outfit or loco, with reverse; write first.—Walter Zaleski, 155 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel 262-E or 260-E loco. and Ives and Lionel 8-wheel frt. cars in good shape. Will buy or trade O gage equipt. Also want a used model lathe.—Chas. Higgins, 8229 Nelson St., New Orleans, La.

* * *

I WISH to dispose of pair of Ives strd. gage switches and track; want Ives strd. gage 4-4-2 steam type.—J. J. Brophy, 74 Andrew St., Kingston, N. Y.

* * *

WHO has Santa Fe 3457 for 7¼" gage; also B. & A. 1400, N. Y. C. 4-8-2 and 4-6-4, C. & O. 475 and 493 and exact scale cars? I plan to build S. F. 3457 Hudson type. Will buy Buddy L cars.—Earl Williamson, 13010 Kercheval Apts., Detroit, Mich.

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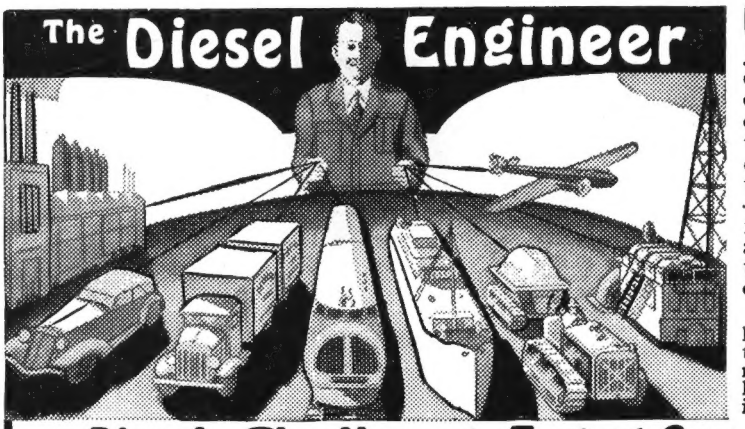

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